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Lives of the Lindsays;

OR,

A MEMOIR OF THE HOUSES OF

CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES,

BY LORD LINDSAY.

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TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

EXTRACTS FROM THE
OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF ALEXANDER SIXTH EARL OF BALCARRES,
DURING THE MAROON WAR;

TOGETHER WITH

PERSONAL NARRATIVES BY HIS BROTHERS,
THE HON. ROBERT, COLIN, JAMES, JOHN, AND HUGH LINDSAY;
AND BY HIS SISTER, LADY ANNE BARNARD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

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LIVES OF THE LINDSAYS.

CHAPTER XIV.

" —Wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water and beneath clear skies."

COWPER.

" And with them came the valiant people nurst
On fair Balcarres' sunward-sloping farms,
Beneath their valiant lord, whose soul athirst
For glory kindles at the war's alarms,
As to the sun, expanded broad and fair,
His gilded banner flaps its many stars in air."

TENNANT.

SECTION I.

LORD MENMUIR was succeeded in his estate of Balcarres by his eldest son, John Lindsay. " I askit him," says his mother, " earnestly of the Lord; and sa far as in me is, I have dedicate him to the Lord." * He died, however, while yet a youth and unmarried, in January, 1601. He had been affianced to Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter and heiress of Archibald Earl of Angus, in 1590, the year after her father's death, in consequence, as it was supposed, of witchcraft,—Lord Menmuir and William Earl of Angus, her nearest but distant relation, being the contracting parties. She too died young, " a maid and unmarried, about the age of fifteen years." † Her mother was the well-dowered widow, to whose acceptance King James had so earnestly recommended his friend and chamberlain, Lord Spynie.

David, Lord Menmuir's second son, succeeded his brother at the age of fourteen, and passed the remaining years of his minority

* Testament, cited in the last chapter.

† Godscroft's *Hist. House of Douglas*, tom. ii. p. 288.

under the care of his father's intimate friend, Alexander Earl of Dunfermline, brother of the Earl of Wintoun, and Chancellor of Scotland, to whose "faithful friendliness" and guardianship he had commended him on his deathbed.* An early attachment seems thus to have sprung up between himself and Lord Dunfermline's third daughter, Lady Sophia Seyton, his future spouse.†

He was but twenty years old, when the whole family were plunged into trouble and perplexity by the fatal encounter on the High Street of Edinburgh between the young Laird of Edzell and the Master of Crawford, in which Lord Spynie was slain. The following letter will show how peculiarly painful his position was between the hostile parties, with both of whom he was equally connected—his elder sister Catherine being the wife of Sir John Lindsay of Balinscho, Lord Spynie's brother. The letter was addressed to him by Sir John almost immediately after the catastrophe:—

"Right honourable and very loving brother!

"I received your letter. I pray you to have me excusit that I tuik not my leave at you afore my coming out of Edinburgh; for the slaughter of my brother movit me sa meikle that, in guid faith, I wist not what I did. Advertise me, with the bearer, how soon ye think to make out of the country, that I may come over and take you be the hand; for I will assure you, ye shall have me, so lang as I live, als faithful ane brother to you as any man in the warld shall have. I will request you to send me word in writ, that in case anything happen to fall out betwix the House of Edzell and us, that I may ever find you ane faithful brother, except I failzie (fail) to yourself in particular,—for they could not have devisit to have done so evil ane turn to me as they

* Testament, already cited.—Lord Dunfermline is described by John second Earl of Perth as endued "with most virtuous, learned, and heroic qualities," and as "having spent a great part of his youth in the best towns of Italy and France, where all good literature was professed,—a man most just and wise, deserving greater commendation than paper can contain." *Autobiography, Miscellany of the Spalding Club*, tom. ii. p. 396.

† Her mother, Lilias Drummond, being the daughter of Lord Menmuir's sister Elizabeth, Lady Sophia was thus Sir David's cousin-german, once removed, but, owing to Lady Drummond having married long before Lord Menmuir, they were nearly of the same age.

have done.—But I will not break my guid will from yourself, nor none of your bairn-teem.*

"Sa, to meeting, I rest

"Your brother ever to be commandit,

"S. JOHN LYNDESAY.

"Woodwray, 26 Aug. 1607.

"Not forgetting my sons', John and Alexander's, commendations, wha, I hope, God willing, shall be men to serve you."

—A letter which could not have been read without sympathy, though coming from one familiar with bloodshed, and belonging to an age of violence with which the young heir of Balcarres had no sympathy. But, as I have already remarked, the strongest contrasts of character flourished side by side in those days of transition.

The following month brought him a more agreeable missive—a "licence" or permission from the King for "our lovit David Lindsay of Balcarres" to "pass furth of the realm of Scotland to the realm of France, or ony others parts beyond sea he please, there to remain for the space of seven years next efter the date hereof, that in the mean time he may attain to learning and haif the insight of their languages and behaviour,"†—a permission he instantly availed himself of, and turned to good account during his residence in France and elsewhere.

He returned to Scotland in, or before, 1612,—received the honour of knighthood, married, and from that moment devoted himself to the pursuit of science, letters, and domestic happiness. Nor were the Muses deaf to his summons. He was learned,—he added to his father's library till it became one of the best then to be met with in Scotland, and found in it ample compensation for a life of ambition. Wisdom was the pursuit and delight of his life,—"he thought that day misspent," says his daughter-in-law, "on which he knew not a new thing."‡ Natural philosophy, particularly chemistry and the then fashionable quest of the elixir vitæ and the philosopher's stone, occupied much of his attention, but it was the spirit of science and philanthropy, not of lucre, that

* "Bairn-teme. Brood of children, all the children of one mother." *Jamieson.*

† Licence, &c., 24 Sept. 1607. *Haigh Muniment-room.*

‡ Letter to Colin Earl of Balcarres from his mother. *Ibid.*

animated his researches; and during the last year of his life we shall find the guardian of his daughter-in-law admonishing her, on her marriage with the Master of Balcarres, not to set her heart on expensive trifles, lest the kind-hearted alchymist should impoverish himself in his anxiety to gratify her. Ten volumes of transcripts and translations from the works of the Rosicrucians and others, models of correct calligraphy, "which I remember seeing," says one of his descendants,* "in our library, covered over with the venerable dust (not gold dust) of antiquity," survived their author, but have now dwindled to four, which still hold their place in the library of his representative, along with his father's well-read Plato—the favourite author, I have little doubt, of the son likewise. His love for mysticism and occult science may probably have been imbibed during his early travels on the continent. It is not impossible indeed that he may have become a brother of the "Rosy Cross"—if indeed that celebrated Society ever existed,—its labours having been professedly devoted to the glory of God and the good of mankind. But a spirit of method, order, and practical common sense mingled in his character with these more imaginative influences, in very unusual combination.

The following letter from William Drummond, the classic bard of Hawthornden, Sir David's friend and brother book-lover, bears witness to the excellence of his library, his assiduity in augmenting it, and the liberality with which, like Peiresc and Grollier, he valued his literary treasures by the pleasure the communication of them afforded his friends. It accompanied a copy of the 'Flowers of Zion,' which the poet, it would appear, had printed privately; a fact which, if I mistake not, has escaped the notice of modern bibliographers:—

"*To the right worshipful Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres, Knight.*

"Sir, "July 26, 1622.

"Though I be not ever able to acquit, yet do I never forget, received courtesies, but most when they are bestowed by the worthiest and such as is yourself,—to whom I have been many times obliged, and last, when in your house you so kindly received me with the sight of your library, and gift of your Amiratus.† I

* Lady Anne Barnard. † Probably some work of Scipio Ammirato.

would often since have answered your book, though unable those other courtesies, but, considering what a difficulty it were to send you a book which ye (perhaps) had not already, or a new one, ye having so good intelligence abroad, I have been bold to present you with this of mine own, which, though of small worth, is a new one, and only singular in this, that it is not to be found in any library, I having caused print only some copies equalling the number of my friends and those to whom I am beholden, which are not, the world knows, many,—among whom I have ever esteemed and found you. Thus, if my error will not admit defence, it may excuse, proceeding from the affection of him, Sir! who desireth in what is within the compass of his power to serve you,

"WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

"My humble duty and service remembered to your all-worthy lady."

Nor is the following letter, addressed to Sir David some years earlier by the celebrated Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet, less interesting in a literary point of view:—

"Right honourable,

"My humble duty premittit, your accustomed kindness to me makes me at this present to presume thus far with your worship; the occasion whereof is this. At the desire of Sir William Alexander, of Menstrie,* and mine, Mr. John Rea, our auld minister, has undertaken the collecting and setting togidder of our Scottish poets, in the imitation of the French and Italians, whereof we have gadderit (gathered) a good number already, and I am doing all that I can to get in those that we want, among whilk there is ane whilk your worship hes, viz. Bodius' † Answers to the haill Epistles of Ovid, whilk I will entreat your worship to do me the favour as to send me with this bearer.‡ It shall be safely keepit to your worship, and honestly redeliverit. And likeways that ye wald be pleasit to luik out any epigrams either of your father's or Chancellor Maitland's, whereof I know ye have

* Afterwards the celebrated Earl of Stirling.

† Mark Alexander Boyd's.

‡ "Sent to him, and sindry other papers."—*MS. Note by Sir David.*

numbers, and either send me them now, or acquaint me be your letter whereof ye can be able to help us in these, for we know they were baith excellent in that airt. And finally, gif ye have any others good written poesies of our countrymen, to communicate them also with me, who shall be answerable to your worship for the redelivery of them upon my credit. As likeways, if ye have any of Melvin's * printed verses. I hope, Sir! your discretion will appardon my boldness in this behalf, seeing it proceeds from so honest a cause and tends to so good an end as the honour of our country, whilk I know your worship respects als much as any gentleman in the samyn, and wha yourself yield to few of your estate in that métier of learning.

"So, my humble service rememberit to yourself, and attending your will in thir particulars, I rest

"Your humble servitor at command,

"J. SCOTT OF SCOTTISTARVETT.

"Thridpart, 5 April, 1615."

The scheme indeed dropped to the ground, and it was not till twenty-two years afterwards that the 'Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum' appeared at Amsterdam. I cannot however suppress a sigh in transcribing this letter—a sigh of mournful regret—that the representative of Sir Michael Scott should not have anticipated his clansman of the Border, and enwreathed an "Evergreen" of the ancient ballads and poems, historical and romantic, then existing in the vernacular tongue of Scotland. But sighs are unavailing. The tendency of the age was to classic composition, and indeed, till that age, the unsettled and shifting character both of the English and Scottish dialects seemed to justify the creed so beautifully expressed by Waller,

"Poets that lasting marble seek
Must carve in Latin or in Greek;
We write in sand—our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows."

Even on the few Scottish writers who wisely dissented from this doctrine, and foresaw the glorious destiny of English, this classical bias exercised a deep and trammelling influence. Drummond of

* Andrew Melville's.

Hawthornden, whose letter you have just read, affords an example of this.

But another observation here suggests itself, by anticipation. The generation we are now dwelling upon, that of Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres, was the last which wrote the pure old Scottish dialect, as spoken by the poets and chroniclers of ancient Scotland,—the succeeding one wrote English; you will see the change at work in the idiom and expression of many of the familiar epistles scattered through the following pages. Various causes contributed to this,—the sudden growth and richness of English literature was one; but another far more powerful and controlling was the migration of the Court to England. Just as the old Provençal, the tongue of love and chivalry, was gradually abandoned by the upper classes after the transfer of sovereignty to Paris, so the Scottish, an idiom richer in some respects than the English, more picturesque and racy in expression, and more Italian in its sound, was abandoned at once in literature, and gradually disused in the ordinary speech of society. Half a century after the accession of King James effected this change—a mournful but an inevitable one. Till that era, the sister languages, like two noble streams descending from the same distant fount, had held a distinct but parallel course, now rushing confusedly through ravines and gullies, now expanding into calm clear lakes, which Cowley would have named after Barbour, Dunbar, Douglas—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare; but then, instead of uniting into one broad stream, and rolling majestically and melodiously on together, the Scottish tongue, like the ancient river of Palmyra, sank into the earth and was lost; and the Virgil of Douglas, the Thistle and the Rose of Dunbar, the Bruce of Barbour—those temples upreared by Scottish genius to the Scottish Muse—survive only, like the solitary ruins of the city of Zenobia, to mark the scene which it once fertilized.—I do not forget Burns, nor would I undervalue him, but we must look back three hundred years, to the day when Scottish was spoken by the wise, the experienced, the refined—in the presence-chamber of Holyrood as well as on the Braes of Yarrow—for the golden age of the Scottish language and literature. The mightiest poets of a nation must not merely re-echo the love of freedom or personal independence which every manly mind possesses, but also plant their feet on the very highest platform of

moral and intellectual excellence reared by their predecessors, and rise too above it on the wings of their own genius, till their labours have raised the pyramid higher by another step.

But I must recall your thoughts and my own to the more immediate subject of our interest, Sir David Lindsay—whose literary tastes indeed occasioned this digression. I have little more to add, as respects his private character, than that he was a pious and humble Christian, kind to his family, and deeply anxious for their eternal welfare. "All his delight," says his son's biographer, "was in his book and some few friends, and all his care was to have [his] children educated in the knowledge of Christ, and to be worthy their noble birth." *

He had married, as I have already intimated, in 1612, † his cousin Lady Sophia Seyton—the playmate and associate of his childish years, the object of his deeper and enduring affection in riper age, and whose merits fully justified his choice.—She was, indeed, an "all-worthy lady"—religious, amiable, and wise; few, even of "fremit folk," ‡ allude to her in the correspondence of the day without epithets of endearment or respect. Of her four sisters, Lady Anne was married to Alexander Lord Fentoun, and was ancestress of the Earls of Kellie; Lady Jean espoused John Lord Yester, afterwards Earl of Tweeddale; Lady Margaret, the "wise and virtuous" wife of Colin Earl of Seaforth, was mother of Lady Anna MacKenzie, afterwards Countess of Balcarres; while Lady Isabel married the son of Chancellor Maitland, John Earl of Lauderdale, who, with much of his father's talent, inherited also his good will to the House of Balcarres. His friendship, indeed, with Sir David, founded on mutual esteem, and cemented by the tender affection of their wives, grew into one of those real friendships which, begun on earth, we have reason to hope will contribute to our happiness in heaven.

Yielding only to the Lauderdale family in the affections of Sir David and Lady Sophia, their kindred of the houses of Edzell, Southesk, Wintoun, Dunfermline, Seaforth, Perth, and Rothes, seem to have completed the family circle during the earlier half of the seventeenth century. And a happy circle they were! they served their God in this world, loving each other in the humble

* Memoir of Alex. Earl of Balcarres, MS., *Haigh Muniment-room.*

† Contract of Marriage, 16 Feb. 1612. *Ibid.* ‡ Strangers.

expectation of reunion in the next, drawing the bonds of love closer, and acquiescing in the will of God, whenever He called a brother or a sister to his rest.*

Sir David and Lady Sophia were blessed with a family of "most hopeful and virtuous children," who seem to have rivalled their mother in the affections of all who knew them. Margaret, the eldest, was one of those favoured children, whom their Redeemer, in his mercy, removes in the bud of youth from the bosom of their earthly parents to his own. She left this world on the 17th of April, 1630, just after entering upon her fifteenth spring.—"This day in the morning," writes her father to his constant friend, "it pleasit Almighty God to call our dochter Margaret to the joys of heaven; her end was painless and allways happy, blessed be our Maker! God give us grace to make the right use of it, and, though the Lord should slay us, yet that we may trust in Him who knows and gives us that which is our best, and whose mercies are infinite to those that depend upon His holy providence; as we hope in His Majesty's love that we shall ever do.

"The grief of your lordship's sweet lady and dochter† aug-

* Among Sir David's papers are some letters, written in a beautiful Italian hand, from one Ludovick Fouler, an officer in the army, whose motherless children he and Lady Balcarres had taken charge of during their father's absence on duty abroad. One of them, "my poor little Sophia," died at Balcarres, in 1635; the acknowledgments of the bereaved parent for all their kindness, to her in particular, are most touchingly expressed; "she was no orphan," he writes to Lady B., "being sheltered under your roof."—A few letters of the time will be found in the Appendix, No. XXXIII., specimens of ordinary, commonplace, family correspondence two hundred years ago. But the déshabille of our ancestors is more interesting than their court-suits.

† That "most choice, holy, comely, and gentle virgin, to whose divine wit and industry nothing ever appeared difficult which did become a noble and chaste maid,"[a] Jean Maitland, who died the year after her little cousin Margaret, at the

[a] "Janæ Mætellanæ, virgini lectissimæ, cujus divino ingenio atque industriæ nihil difficile unquam visum est, quod nobilem pudicamque puellam deceret; cujus vera pietas, formæ venustas, eximia castitas, morum suavitas, et indolis, præter sexum, præter ætatem, miraculum, invidiam Parcarum excitarunt: Joannes Mætellanus, Lauderiæ Comes, et Isabella Setonia, parentes, præpostero Naturæ ordine superstites relicti, insperatum hoc memoriæ sacrum statuerunt. Vixit annos 19, m. 2, d. 8. Vitam mortalem exuit, 6 Id. Dec. 1631." — *Epitaph, in Monteith's Theatre of Mortality.* — It might have been said of her in the words of the Book of Wisdom, "She pleased God, and was beloved of him, so that, living among sinners, she was translated. For her soul pleased the Lord, therefore hasted he to take her away from among the wicked."

ments ours, and your lordship has ever been pleasit to give us many proofs to knaw what thir news will be to your lordship's self; but we must all kiss the rod that comes from so loving a hand. God bless and preserve your lordship and your sweet lady,

early age of nineteen,—and to whose memory Drummond has dedicated some of his sweetest stanzas.

"Fond wight! who dream'st of greatness, glory, state,
And worlds of pleasures, honours, dost devise;
Awake, learn how that here thou art not great,
Nor glorious,—by this monument turn wise.

A beauty here it holds, alas! too fast,
Than whom no blooming rose was more refined,
Nor morning's blush more radiant ever shined;
Ah! too, too like the morn and rose at last.

It holds her who in wit's ascendant far
Did years and sex transcend; to whom the heaven
More virtue than to all this age had given;
For virtue meteor turned when she a star.

Fair Mirth, sweet Conversation, Modesty,
And what those kings of numbers did conceive
By Muses nine and Graces more than three,
Lie closed within the compass of this grave.

* * * * * *

'Lost have our meads their beauty, hills their gems,
Our brooks their crystal, groves their pleasant shade;
The fairest flower of all our anadems
Death cropped hath; the Lesbia chaste is dead!'

Thus sighed the Tyne, then shrunk within his urn,
And meads, brooks, rivers, hills about did mourn.

* * * * * *

Beauty to heaven is fled, sweet Modesty
No more appears; she whose harmonious sounds
Did ravish sense and charm mind's deepest wounds,
Embalmed with many a tear now low doth lie!

Fair hopes now vanished are. She would have graced
A prince's marriage-bed; but lo! in heaven
Blest paramours to her were to be given!
She lived an angel, now with them is placed.

Virtue is but a name abstractly trimmed,
Interpreting what she was in effect;
A shadow from her frame which did reflect,
A portrait by her excellences limned.

Thou whom free-will or chance hath hither brought,
And read'st, here lies a branch of Maitland's stem
And Seyton's offspring; know that either name
Designs all worth yet reached by human thought.

Tombs elsewhere use life to their guests to give,
These ashes can frail monuments make live."

and all yours, whom if we wanted, (as we pray God to guard you,) all our earthly comforts from flesh and blood were endit."

The following letter from the kind and good Lord Lauderdale, written before the melancholy news of his niece's death reached him, though, it would seem, without a hope of her recovery, must have soothed and comforted the stricken hearts of her parents:—

"Right honourable and loving brother,

"The receipt of your other letter, bearing that your daughter was grown better, did not so much refresh me as this, your last, has dejected me; but when man is weakest God is strongest, whom I heartily pray, either to restore that child to health, and make her an honour and comfort to us all, or, if His holy determination be other, to dispose your hearts who are her parents, and my wife's, who no doubt will very far participate of your grief, in all humility to acquiesce to His holy will, who best knoweth what is best for us. If other men's shawing of sorrow might make it either less or more supportable to those who have chief interest, yours might be so much the lighter that I want not my awin pairt in it; for I may justly swear my affection and weill-wishing to that child was no less nor if I had begotten her; but, brother, I am sure your awin worth and knowledge will sufficiently arm you against this assault,—'Suadeat ratio quod tempus persuadebit;' be constant yourself, and confirm and strengthen your lady and my wife, and again I pray God Almighty comfort you all."—"Before your last came to my hands," he writes about a month afterwards, "I did receive that which bore the woful news of the death of your daughter, whom I swear I did ever esteem in that same degree to myself, which hath drowned the regret which perhaps otherwise I might have had for another of my awin who followed her soon; but God knoweth best what is best for us all, and I am glad ye resolve so weill to make the right use of this visitation of God's, neither doubted I ever but your wisdom and knowledge wald furnish you both patience and resolution; for my sister I am more afraid, who hath a good mind lodged in a weak body, and now both hath gotten so sore an essay,—if God Almighty who hath made the wound do not apply the cure."—So humbly and so confidently

did these good men lean on that arm of mercy which never fails those that trust in it for support.

To the sisters and brothers of this dear child let the following hearty letter of an old family friend introduce you:—

"My very honourable lord and most worthy lady!

"My service rememberit towards your lordship, and to the Master, my loving sweet friend, and to wise and sweet Mistress Isabelle, and to sweet and bonnie Sophia, and to the twa smaller, John and David, I pray your lordship to send me word of your lordship's guid health and all your family; for ye are my only comfort, hope, and trust in this world, except God only; for when I either rise or go to bed, I think upon your lordship.

"Yours to command till death,

"JOHN AUCHMUTIE."

The "wise and sweet Mistress Isabelle" became, in process of time, the loving spouse of Boyd of Pinkill, a baron of ancient family in Ayrshire; "sweet and bonnie Sophia" married "that good man and accomplished gentleman, my dear and excellent friend," as Evelyn calls him, Sir Robert Moray, the first president —"the life and soul," of the Royal Society,—justice-clerk and secretary of Scotland;* while "the twa smaller," David and John, served as cavaliers in the king's army during the Rebellion, and died unmarried.†

* For Burnet's character of Sir Robert, "the wisest and worthiest man of his age," see a note to the third section of the following chapter of these 'Lives.'

† Sir David and Lady Sophia had several other children, who died in infancy. . . . Should the eye of any one, mourning over such bereavements, grow dim as she reads this, let me add a few words from a beautiful essay, entitled the 'Tears of Parents,' in the Christian Observer (tom. xxxii. p. 587).—"Have we been called to resign a child in the tender hours of infancy? He is safe, eternally safe; happy, eternally happy. He is redeemed by the blood of that Saviour, whom he lived not to know upon earth, but whom he knows in heaven with a distinctness, and loves with an affection, surpassingly beyond all that we, who are left behind, can conceive. We would not, in our serious conviction, bring back the sheltered lamb to this bleak clime; we would not, in our better mind, wish to see the emancipated spirit struggling with the sins and sorrows which infest the thorny and dangerous path of human life. Yet natural affection pleads—yes, and let it plead; only let it not murmur; let it weep, but let it in weeping rejoice, while faith rises triumphant in the bosom, and acknowledges the tenderness of the hand that gathered to a world of cloudless sunshine the tender exotic which might have withered and been lost upon earth."

Alexander, Master of Balcarres, Sir David's eldest son, was born on the 6th of July, 1618, at day-break. His character early declared itself. Bright talents, with the invaluable endowment of steady application, were blended even in his childhood with sweetness of disposition, and guided aright by firm religious principle. He was sent in May, 1627, when on the point of attaining his ninth year, to the school at Haddington, under the careful private superintendence of Mr. David Forret, "a pious and learned gentleman,"* in after years a minister of high account in the kirk of Scotland, and whose letters bear testimony to the superior abilities displayed even at that age by his pupil. "Neither is it my mind," says he, "so to hold him at his book as to restrain him from that measure of play whilk is fit either for his recreation or health, seeing I know his ingyne (genius) is such that in half a day he can do all that either the master or I desires him do in a whole day. Concerning his education," he proceeds, "without bitter chiding, or any other sort of severity, I have ever thought it the best way to deal with a good nature calmly and without austereness; thus I resolve to deal with him. I thank God for it, his nature is such that I may very well promise this; indeed, if it were such as there is many, I could hardly do it."—"When he was but nine years of age," says a manuscript memoir, written apparently soon after his death in exile at Breda, "he began to seek God, and to be so taken up with thoughts of God and His goodness to him, that it wald keep him awake in the night, and this increased with his years; and, when he was at the university in St. Andrews, he took such delight in learning, that he wald often be making his own and his neighbours' lessons when they were at their recreations abroad." His father's letter to him, on returning to college after one of the vacations, is so characteristic of the parent, and at the same time comprises within so short a compass all that one could wish addressed to a son on such an occasion, that I shall make no apology for inserting it here:—

"Alexander:— [1635.]

"Let me remember you again of what your mother and I spake to you before your going there, for the long vacance and

* *Memoir of Alexander Earl of Balcarres*, MS.

jolliness that ye have seen this lang time bygane makes me think that ye will have mister (need) to be halden in mind of your awin weal; for I knaw what difficulty it is to one of your constitution and years to apply their mind to study after so long a intermission. And, first of all, we recommend to you again the true fear of God your Maker, which is the beginning of all wisdom, and that, evening and morning, ye cease not to incall for His divine blessing to be upon you and all your enterprises:—Secondly, that ye apply your mind to virtue, which cannot be acquired without learning, and, seeing ye are there for that end, redeem your time, and lose it not, and be not carried away with the innumerable conceits and follies incident to youth; for the man is happy for ever that governs weill his youthhead, and spends that time weill above all the time of his life; for youth is the tempest of life, wherein we are in most peril, and has maist mister of God, the great Pilot of the world, to save us. Therefore, as ye wald wish the blessing of God to be upon you, and the blessing of us your parents, remember and do what is both said and written to you. Also, forget not to carry yourself discreetly to all, and use maist the company that we tauld you of. Many wald be glad to have the happiness of guid direction of life, which ye want not,—and the fault will be in you and not in us, your parents, if ye mak not guid use of your golden time,—and ye may be doubly blamed, seeing God has indued you with ingyne (genius) and capacity for learning, if ye apply it not the right way, being so kindly exhorted to it; for the cost, that is waired (bestowed) upon you, we will think all weill bestowit, if ye mak yourself answerable to our desires,—which is, to spend your time weill, in learning to fear God aright, and to be a virtuous man, as I have said.—Last, forget not to keep your person always neat and cleanly, and your clothes or any things ye have, see they be not abused; and press to be a guid manager, for things are very easily misguidit or lost, but not easily acquirit, and sloth and carelessness are the ways to want. I will expect a compt from you of your carriage shortly, and how ye have ta'en thir things to heart. God Almighty direct you and bless you!"

SECTION II.

The hour was however approaching when this halcyon sky of peace and security was to be overclouded—when the torch of strife and discord, civil and religious, was to be lighted once more in Scotland. I must briefly recapitulate the causes which led to this result.

Episcopacy, as you will remember, had been reestablished in Scotland, but it was in a modified form, controlled by caveats and provisions calculated to check the possible abuses of the system,—it was not so much, in fact, a reestablishment as an engraftment on Presbyterianism, an infusion into it of the blood and life of Catholicism,—while on the one hand the Apostolical Succession and the blessings conveyed by it were regained, and the licence of the pulpit was effectually curbed, the power of the Bishops on the other was balanced by that of the General Assembly, and the form of worship remained still essentially Presbyterian. All would seem thus to have been attained which the idiosyncracy of the Scottish nation was susceptible of. But as years rolled on, this could not satisfy the hierarchical body, who bent their eyes continually on the comparative independence of their English brethren, and, retreating upon antiquity in the struggle to maintain their authority, deemed even that independence servitude, when compared with the patriarchal powers of the primitive Church. It was impossible but that men holding views like these should wish to produce a change, to improve their position, and to acquire the power in reality which they held in appearance; but such views were peculiarly dangerous in a country where Catholicism had been so much more corrupt than in England, where Puritanism had taken deeper root and attained a recognised and independent development, and where the reaction from any attempt to bend the bough in a direction contrary to the national genius would necessarily be so much more violent. Such views nevertheless were natural and pardonable under the circumstances,—and it is to the Sovereign therefore rather than to the Church that the responsibility of the result chiefly attaches. Had James I. and his successor checked and moderated these views instead of encouraging them,—had they respected the na-

tional independence instead of violating it,—had they watched and yielded its due rights to the advancing development of human nature, and been content to rule as constitutional monarchs over men instead of aspiring to be despots over babes,—had they in fact had the experience then which enables us now, at this interval of time, to sit in judgment on their memory, Britain collectively might have anticipated her maturity by two centuries, and Scotland in particular might have retained her Episcopal government and communion to this day. By following a contrary policy—and the lesson may not be useless to ourselves as regards posterity—they made Catholicism odious by allying it with political despotism, and gave undue impulse and prominence to the Puritan element by identifying it with the cause of Constitutional Government and Liberty. Whether things would have been better for us in the long run had they been guided otherwise is another question. The errors of right intention are usually overruled to completer ultimate good in the designs of Providence.

King James's wish to assimilate as much as possible the religion of the two kingdoms was the principal object of a visit which he paid, in 1617, to his native country. A General Assembly was held the following year at Perth, at which certain points of Episcopal discipline—the observance of Christmas, Easter, and other festivals; the attitude of kneeling at the Lord's Supper; the private administration of the Sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist in extreme cases; and the order of Confirmation of children—were engrafted on the Scottish worship,—to the extreme distress of the more rigid Presbyterians, who looked upon these innovations as so many approximations to Popery. Dr. David Lindsay, minister of Dundee, a descendant (it is said) of the House of Edzell, a learned and able divine, and of high and irreproachable private character,* published on this occasion his 'Reasons of a Pastor's Resolution touching the Reverend Receiving of the Holy Communion,'—a work which led to his appointment, in November, 1619, to the see of Brechin, which he governed for several years.† A 'True Narration' appeared subsequently by

* He was Laird of Dunkeny, in Angus.

† He was consecrated on the 23rd Nov. 1619, in the Castle of St. Andrews. *Calderwood*, tom. vii. p. 396.—He had also been a principal speaker and had attracted the King's notice in the disputations in divinity held before his Majesty at St. Andrews in July, 1617. *Ibid.*, p. 259; *Nichols' Progresses*, tom. iii.

his pen, "of the Proceedings in the General Assembly holden at Perth, 1618," at which the "Five Articles," as they were called, had been passed.* A terrific thunderstorm took place on the day of their ratification in Parliament, which was long and emphatically remembered in Scotland as "Black Saturday." Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres, whose hereditary and early prepossessions were in favour of Episcopacy, received a letter of "hearty thanks" from King James on this occasion, in acknowledgment of his "forwardness in the advancement of God's service and ours at this last General Assembly—to our due satisfaction and great contentment."†

The ill-fated Charles I. succeeded, in 1625, to the throne of Britain, to the exaggerated notions which his father had entertained of the royal prerogative, and to his resolution to conform the Kirk of Scotland in all respects to the Church of England.—It is with pain that I approach the period now before me, for there is no character in history that sets the sympathies and the judgment in fiercer opposition than that of this unhappy monarch—a tyrant on his throne, a martyr in the piety of his "grey discrowned head," ascending to the scaffold. Saint-like in all the relations of private life, and sincere in his creed of absolutism, spiritual and temporal, it was the one fatal maxim of his inheritance—that the end justifies the means, that evil may be done that good may come of it—which proved his ruin. Hence his insincerity; hence the distrust of his subjects; hence their invasions of his prerogative in order to disqualify him from again abusing it; hence—but I will not here anticipate the "royal woe" of January, 1649.

Great offence was given to the Scottish nobility and gentry almost immediately after King Charles's accession by the resumption of the Church-tiends, or tithes, which had been appropriated by their ancestors during the Reformation. Many of them were much impoverished by the measure, and the compensation, nine years' purchase, was considered inadequate. Nor did the purpose

* These works were published at London, in small quarto, in 1619 and 1621. He was celebrated also for his Latin epigrams, some of which have grace and point. His works were in the list of the projected publications of the late Spottiswoode Society.

† *Balcarres Papers*, Adv. Lib., tom. vi.

to which the sums thus obtained were applied, the re-endowment of the Episcopal sees, tend to propitiate the Presbyterian ministry, who had always claimed the tithes as their own rightful provision. Sir David Lindsay held by inheritance from his father, and by purchase of his trustees during his minority, about 1200*l.* a-year of Church-tiends, which were thus resumed,*—a resumption which, I may observe, Lord Menmuir had recommended in his "plat," or scheme, for the planting of the Kirk, though against his own interest. Sir David had acted with much liberality in all his compositions and dealings connected with these tiends, and, as he affirms in a letter to his cousin, the Bishop of Ross, intended for the eyes of the King, had "doubled, if not tripled, the Parson's stipend."† But this could not salve the original defect of tenure.

King Charles visited Scotland in 1633, and, notwithstanding the discontent his recent measures and rumoured intentions had excited, was welcomed with great delight by his subjects. He was crowned in the chapel of Holyroodhouse on the 8th of June, 1633, three days after his arrival, by that "prime scholar," Dr. David Lindsay, Bishop of Brechin, who had previously preached on the text, "And all the people cried, God save King Solomon!"‡ Spotswood, Archbishop of St. Andrews, Alexander Lindsay of Evelick, Bishop of Dunkeld, and other prelates, assisted at the ceremony. Patrick Lindsay, the aged Archbishop of Glasgow, was present, but did not officiate.§ Anxious and jealous eyes watched the whole proceedings, and a contemporary annalist graphically depicts the scene. The Bishop of Brechin and his brethren, who "served about the coronation," were dressed, he says, "in white rochets and white sleeves, and loops of gold, having blue silk to their foot; the Bishop of Moray was made Lord Elymosinar, who, at the coronation, threw out of his hand, amongst the throng of the people within the kirk, certain

* *Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres*, MS. *Haigh Muniment-room.*

† Letter, 7 Feb. 1626. *Ibid.*

‡ Spalding's *Hist. of the Troubles*, tom. i. p. 17, Bann. edit.—"At the King's coronation," says Row, "Dr. Lindsay, Bishop of Brechin, taught a sermon, wherein he had some good exhortations to his Majesty, for the well of this Kirk and Kingdom, but uttered in so general and ambiguous a way, that they might have been applied divers ways." *Hist.*, p. 362.

§ *Spalding*, tom. i. p. 18.

coined pieces of silver, strucken for the purpose, in token of joy. Now it was remarked that there was ane four-nooked tafle (table), in manner of an altar, standing within the kirk, having standing thereupon two books, at least resembling clasped books, called 'blind books,' with two chandlers (candelabra) and two wax candles, whilk were unlight, and ane bason wherein there was nothing; at the back of this altar, (covered with tapestry,) there was ane rich tapestry, wherein the crucifix was curiously wrought; and as thir bishops who were in service passed by this crucifix, they were seen to bow their knee and beck, which, with their habit, was noted, and bred great fear of inbringing of popery. The Archbishop of Glasgow, and remanent of the Bishops there present, who was not in service, changed not their habit, but ware their black gowns, without rochets or white sleeves."*—These innovations were all ascribed, and justly so, to Laud, who had accompanied Charles to Scotland; and "it was observed," says Mr. Laing, "at the coronation, that he displaced the Archbishop of Glasgow with the most indecent violence from the King's side, because that moderate prelate scrupled to officiate in the embroidered habits prescribed for his order."† Laud was in fact the keystone of that mighty arch of spiritual rule which bespanned the united kingdoms during these early years of the seventeenth century—beautiful as the rainbow, as unsubstantial, and as evanescent—the natural birth of the reaction in both countries from the intolerance and unloveliness of Puritanism.

During this royal visit, Sir David Lindsay was created Lord Lindsay of Balcarres, "in regaird of the good services done to his Majesty and his late royal father, of blessed memory, by him and his predecessors;"‡ and John, tenth Lord Lindsay of the Byres—grandson of the James Lord Lindsay of the 17th November, 1596, and who had been born that same year—was similarly advanced to the honours of Earl of Lindsay and Lord Parbroath, §—but as he joined almost immediately afterwards in the

* *Spalding*, tom. i. pp. 17, 18. † *Hist. of Scotland*, tom. iii. p. 110.

‡ Patent, 27 June, 1633. *Haigh Muniment-room.*—The original "Signature" bears that the King ordains letters patent, &c., for creating "Sir David Lord Lyndesay of Balneill and Viscount of Balcarres." *Ibid.*

§ By patent, 8 May, 1633.—"John Lord Lindsay," says Sir James Dalrymple, "in anno 1633 was the first Lord in the rolls of Parliament; and there being a

opposition to the Court, the patent of these latter dignities was not issued till 1640.*

In 1634, the year after the King's visit, Bishop Lindsay of Brechin was promoted to the see of Edinburgh,† and appointed one of the members of the Court of High Commission,‡ a tribunal now of many years' standing in Scotland, and which was viewed from the first with the most intense jealousy and hatred, as a foreign judicatory, an "imperium in imperio," arbitrarily erected without the consent either of Parliament or Church, and subversive of all religious liberty and independence.§

Hitherto Bishop Lindsay, though devoted to the cause of Episcopacy and its ablest advocate in Scotland, had been averse to extreme measures; "he it was," writes a contemporary, who "chiefly obtained that we should be quit of the surplice, cross, Apocrypha, Saints' days, and some other trash of the English Liturgy;" ‖ but, finding the King and his brethren determined upon their course, and having deeply at heart the result they aimed at, he seems to have submitted his judgment to theirs, and thrown the whole weight of his talents and influence into the scale accordingly.

Ulterior measures soon declared themselves. Prayer, in the Scottish Kirk, had been oral hitherto—without book or pre-

question of precedency betwixt the Lords of Parliament and the Earls' eldest sons, anciently called Masters, and then Lords, according to the custom of England, the decision being in favour of the latter, the Lord Lindsay was created Earl of Lindsay." *Hist. Collections*, p. 353.—The second title of Struthers, though not in the patent, was frequently added to that of Parbroath in legal papers.

* "The Parliament," says Crawford, "being to sit quickly thereafter, the warrant was not given out till the Court should see that he had testified by his behaviour that he merited the honour. But in the session of Parliament having joined with the party that opposed the measures of the Court, so upon that the warrant for the patent was kept up and did not pass the seals. But afterwards in the Parliament [of 1640] the King having set himself to give full contentment to his subjects of Scotland, he got his title of Earl of Lindsay allowed, conform to the warrant in the 1633." *Hist. of the Lindsays*, MS.—This adherence to principle ought to be remembered, in appreciating Lord Lindsay's character hereafter.

† Keith's *Scottish Bishops*, p. 61.

‡ *Royal Warrant, Oct.* 1634; Baillie's *Letters and Journals*, tom. i. p. 425, Bann. edit.

§ See Calderwood's observations on the original establishment of the High Commission in Scotland, in 1610, tom. vii. p. 62; and Rothes' Affairs of the Kirk, 1638, and the Supplications, &c., printed in Baillie's Journals, *passim*.

‖ Baillie's *Letters*, tom. i. p. 4.

scribed formula. A compilation, resembling the English Book of Common Prayer, and usually known as the Service Book, was now sent down to Scotland, and directed to be used throughout the kingdom,—it was the drop which made the cup overflow—the finishing touch which discharged at one outlet the gathered discontent of many years.

The new Liturgy was received with almost unanimous disgust. The day fixed for its introduction was Sunday, the 23rd of July, 1637, when the Archbishop of St. Andrews, the Lords of Session, and magistrates of Edinburgh, with a vast concourse of the people, attended in the Cathedral of St. Giles.

Full accounts of this memorable day are given by the contemporary chroniclers—unfavourable, for the most part, it must be remembered, to Episcopacy. "The Bishop, Dr. David Lindsay, came that morning sooner than his ordinar time, it being his intention to countenance the *intrado* of this new Litany with his presence."* But no sooner was he seen than "many mouths were opened to his disgrace. 'False Antichristian,' 'Wolf,' 'Beastly Belly-god,' and 'Crafty Fox,' were the best epithets and titles of honour which were given him." The Dean, Dr. Hannay, ascended the reading-desk and commenced the Litany, but "was mightily upbraided. Some cried, 'He is a son of a witch's breeding and the devil's get; no healthsome water can come forth from such a polluted fountain.' Others cried, 'Ill-hanged thief! if at that time when thou wentest to court thou hadst been well hanged, thou hadst not been here to be a pest to God's Church this day.'"—A herb-woman, named Jenny Geddes, "did cast a stool at him, intending to have given him a ticket of remembrance; but jouking (ducking) became his safeguard at that time."† The tumult increasing, the Bishop "stept into the pulpit, above the Dean, intending to appease it, minding them of the place where they were, and entreating them to desist from profaning it. But he met with as little reverence, albeit more

* *Hist. of Scots Affairs*, 1637–41, *by James Gordon, Parson of Rothiemay*, Spalding Club, tom. i. p. 7.

† Contemporary Account of the attack on the Bishop, printed in the Appendix to the Earl of Rothes' *Relation of Proceedings concerning the Affairs of the Kirk*, p. 198.—According to other accounts, "a woman named Janet Geddes, hearing the Dean announcing the Collect for the day, exclaimed 'Deil colic the wame o' ye!' and aimed the stool at his head." Lyon's *Hist. St. Andrews*, tom. i. p. 468.

violence as [than] the Dean had found; for they were more enraged and began to throw at him stools, and their very Bibles, and what arms were in the way of fury. And it is reported that he hardly escaped the blow of a stool, which one present diverted from touching the Bishop. Nor were their tongues idler than their hands." *

"Upon this," continues the annalist, "John Spotswood, Archbishop of St. Andrews, then Lord Chancellor, and some others, offering for to assist the Bishop in quieting the multitude, were made partners of the suffering of all these curses and imprecations. The Archbishop, finding himself unable to prevail with the people, was forced to call down from their gallery (a loft where they usually sit) the provost and baillies, and others of the town council of Edinburgh, who at length, with much tumult and confusion, thrust the unruly rabble out of the church, and made fast the church doors.

"The multitude being removed, the Dean falls again to read, in presence of the better sort who stayed behind." † Some, however, of the more zealous devotees could not effect their escape, and it is specially recorded that "a good Christian woman, much desirous to remove, perceiving she could get no passage patent, betook herself to her Bible in a remote corner of the church. As she was there stopping her ears at the voice of Popish charmers, a young man sitting behind her began to sound forth Amen! At the hearing whereof she quickly turned her about, and after she had warmed both his cheeks with the weight of her hands, she thus shot against him the thunderbolt of her zeal,—'False thief!' said she, 'is there no other part of the kirk to sing mass in, but thou must sing it at my lug?'—The young man, being dashed with such an hot unexpected rencounter, gave place to silence in sign of his recantation." ‡

"All this while those who had been presently turned out of doors kept such a quarter, with clamours without and rapping at the church doors, and pelting the windows with stones, [that] this put the Baillies once more to the pains for to come down from their seat, and interpose with the multitude without for to make them quiet." §

* *Gordon of Rothiemay*, ut supra.
† *Ibid.*
‡ *Narrative, Rothes, &c., App.*, ut supra.
§ *Gordon of Rothiemay*, ut supra.

" In the midst of these clamours, the service was brought to an end, but the people's fury not quite settled."*—" The Bishop thought to have removed himself peaceably to his lodging, but no sooner was he seen upon the streets, when [than] the confused multitude rushed violently upon him, and furiously pursued after him with railing and clodding; and if their hands could have been as active as their minds were willing, they had doubtless demolished the great butt they aimed at.† The Bishop, perceiving himself to be the chief object of the people's fury, was forced suddenly to have recourse to a citizen's house by the way. A female servant of that family, taking notice of his coming, made the door's cheek and his mouth to be both in ane category, whereupon his greatness was straitened with such danger, that he had never more need to have put the Pope's keys to trial. A certain woman cried, 'Fy! if I could get the thropple (windpipe) out of him!' And when one replied, that, 'Though she obtained her desire, yet there might perchance come one much worse in his room,'—she answered, 'After Cardinal Bethune was sticked, we had never another Cardinal sinsyne; and if that false Judas (meaning the Bishop) were now stobbed (stabbed) and cut off, his place would be thought so prodigious and ominous, that scarce any man durst hazard or undertake to be his successor.' These speeches, I persuade myself," adds the writer, in bitter irony," " proceeded not from any particular revenge or inveterate malice which could be conceived against the Bishop's person, but only from a zeal to God's glory, wherewith the woman's heart was burnt up; for had she not discerned the image of the Beast in the Bishop's bowels of conformity, she had never set against him with such a sharp-tongued assault."‡

The Bishop was at last saved by the interposition of the Earl of Wemyss, who " sent his servants for to rescue him, who got him at last, almost breathless and in much amazement, into his lodging."

Means were taken by the Privy Council and magistrates to prevent similar disorders in the afternoon, so that the service was " read, both in the Great Church of Edinburgh and the other

* *Gordon of Rothiemay*, ut supra. † A brutal allusion to his unwieldy size.
‡ *Rothes, &c., App.*, ut supra.

churches of the town, without any such hubbub or disturbance as it had met with in the morning."*

But the multitude without were still more incensed, and the Bishop at his departure was again in extreme peril, when "the Earl of Roxburgh received him with himself in coach, and took the protection of him till he come to the Abbey; but he got many a stone by the way, *propter vicinum malum*, for an ill neighbour. And if the coach had been als sensible as the Bishop was made fearful, I am sure," says the writer, "it would have cried out with many a bitter lamentation. A nobleman, beholding the numerous multitude which ran after the coach, took occasion thus merrily to break his silence,—'I will write up to the King,' (said he,) 'and tell him that the Court is here changed; for my Lord Traquair, Treasurer, used ever before to get the greatest backing, but now the Earl of Roxburgh and the Bishop of Edinburgh have the greatest number of followers.' The coachman received plenty of hard lapidary coin for his drink-silver. The Bishop's footman and his mantled horse received for their lordly master's sake many stony rewards upon the high-way that evening,—there needed no collectors to gather up the people's liberality at that season; for, since the first Reformation of religion, our prelates and church canonists got never readier payment."†

It was supposed, adds the chronicler, that "there wanted not some men clad in women's attire, who assisted to the storming of the Bishop and the coach,"‡—as in the similar case of the Porteous mob.

The Service Book was received everywhere else with the like hostility. At Glasgow the "devouter sex" displayed something of the spirit of their sisters of Edinburgh. Mr. Annan, who read the Book by command of Archbishop Lindsay, was bitterly reviled by them after morning and evening service, but no personal violence was offered till about nine o'clock in the evening, when, on leaving his house to wait on the Archbishop, they attacked him with fists and cudgels, and inflicted on him a hearty drubbing.

The King was informed, and truly so, that these outrages had

* *Gordon of Rothiemay*, ut supra. † *Rothes, &c., App.*, ut supra.

‡ *Gordon of Rothiemay*, ut supra.—This day was long remembered and spoken of as 'Stony Sunday.'

arisen only among the lowest rabble,—but he had no conception of the depth of dislike entertained by the upper classes in general against these novelties, and merely directed that the offenders should be punished, and that the new Liturgy should be persevered in as if nothing had happened.

A few of the ringleaders were taken up, but leniently dealt with; the Privy Council were lukewarm in the cause of Episcopacy, and, while the King—ignorant of the true state of the case, ignorant of the character of Scotland, of the power and haughty spirit of the nobles, of the stubborn will and dogged resolution of the commons, and of the jealousy of both for the national independence, now, as they conceived, so rudely menaced—sent repeated and peremptory messages, dissatisfaction at his conduct spread wider and wider throughout the country, and at last settled into a spirit of determined resistance. A large proportion of the nation formed themselves into a solemn league of alliance against the Service Book and Popery, which they classed together; four separate Tables, or Committees, were appointed, each consisting of four members,—that of the nobility, which had the chief direction of affairs, being composed of the Earls of Rothes, Loudoun, Montrose—afterwards the illustrious champion of King Charles—and Lindsay of the Byres.*

The Scottish Bishops were now in a most critical situation,—hated by the country, looked coldly upon by the Privy Council, and with scarce a friend save the King, whose measures for their support brought additional odium on both. They retired from the Council, where they had long ceased to possess any influence.

Petition after petition had in the mean while found its way to Charles's footstool—petitions most firm but most respectful in their language—protesting against measures which were distinctly in violation of the ecclesiastical and civil liberties of Scotland, and, with most earnest and especial emphasis, against the Court of High Commission, which barred all redress or remonstrance, and against the principle which the whole proceedings implied, that the sovereign's will was law, superseding precedent, and admitting of no reply but obedience. And not only collectively and publicly but privately and individually did good and wise men implore their well-meaning but mistaken sovereign to adopt a more lenient

* Baillie's *Letters*, tom. i. p. 44.

course.* But all was fruitless—no redress was obtained; and the Earl of Traquair, the Treasurer, their last envoy to England, returned to Scotland with a proclamation announcing the King's approbation of the Service Book and his determination to uphold it—approving of the Bishops and the Court of High Commission—declaring that the petitions were derogatory to the royal dignity—and forbidding all further meetings or convocation of the lieges under the penalties of treason: This proclamation was to be kept secret till the moment of publication, and Traquair accordingly denied having any instructions from the King. A copy was however secretly obtained by the Tables, who were thus enabled to enter their protest against it at the very instant of its promulgation.

"The circumstances," says Mr. Chambers, "under which this terrible edict was issued are very remarkable, and as such have been most minutely narrated by the chroniclers of the period. Traquair, after maintaining a grave face for a week, at length, about two o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 19th of February, sent for his horses from the inn at Edinburgh where they were disposed, and rode off to Stirling, where the Council and Session then sat, expecting to get the business managed there without opposition from the dreaded Tables, all of whom he supposed to be at this time sound asleep in their lodgings throughout the capital. By a singular chance, the Lord Lindsay, one of the very principal men, sleeping that night at the inn where the Treasurer's horses lay, was apprised by his servant, a drinking companion of the Treasurer's messenger, of the purpose which his Lordship had in view by being thus early astir. He, of course, lost no time in awakening the rest of the party, who had wonderfully increased in numbers during the week which had elapsed since the Treasurer's

* See a 'Supplication of certain Ministers of Fife,' and others, printed in Baillie's *Letters*, tom. i. p. 449,—others too in Rothes' *Affairs of the Kirk*, pp. 84, 94, &c. And compare Rothes' statement of the "desires of the Supplicants," in the account of his conversation with the Treasurer Traquair, p. 56.[a]

[a] Rothes gives another curious conversation he had with the Chancellor in 1637, wherein, in reply to his blaming the Service Book, the latter "laughed, caring little of the cause of just grief [there] was in the land, and said, What needit this resistance? If the King wald turn papist, we behoved to obey. Who could resist Princes? When King Edward was a Protestant and made a Reformation, Queen Mary changed it, and Queen Elizabeth altered it again, and so there was no resisting of Princes, and there was no Kirk without troubles."—*Affairs*, p. 10.

return from Court. Within an hour, thousands of anxious faces were assembled on the street, and it was instantly determined that the Lords Home and Lindsay should take post after the Treasurer, endeavour to overtake him, and, if possible, make their protest at the moment he uttered the proclamation. These two noblemen immediately set out, and such was their speed, compared with that of the Treasurer, that they passed him at the Norwood, some miles from Stirling, where they arrived an hour before him. At ten in the forenoon, the ceremony was performed upon the market-cross of the borough; and the two noblemen took instruments in the hands of a notary, protesting against the proclamation in the most firm and eloquent terms, though without any expression that could be construed into disrespect for the King." *

This decisive step was followed up by a national covenant, or bond, for the maintenance of the civil and religious liberties of Scotland,—a covenant which, to use the emphatic language of Sir Walter Scott, "was sworn to by hundreds, thousands, and hundreds of thousands of every age and description, vowing with uplifted hands and weeping eyes that, with the divine assistance, they would dedicate life and fortune to maintain the object of their solemn engagement."

At a General Assembly held at Glasgow, in December 1638, the bishops were deposed and prelacy was abolished.† The spirit of the hour and of the opposition may be best illustrated by an enumeration of the charges brought against our kinsman of Edinburgh. They involved—"beside the general crimes objected to all the bishops, viz. the breach of the caveats" provided for the integrity of the Kirk, and usurpation of undue authority—the following distinct points of indictment:—"That he had pressed the practice of the Service Book and the Five Articles, and had gone before others in the practice thereof, and of the Book of Canons, and had obtruded all these innovations extremely upon ministers; that he had refused to give the order of presbyter to any but such as had first been created deacons,—That he did kneel before the altar,—That he had put on the rochet and other

* Baillie's *Letters*, tom. i. p. 50; Rothes' *Affairs of the Kirk*, p. 63; Sir J. Balfour's *Annals*, tom. ii. p. 333; Chambers' *Hist. of the Rebellion*, 1638-1660, tom. i. p. 86.

† Balfour's *Annals*, tom. i. p. 309; *Spalding*, tom. i. pp. 61, 181.

mass-like apparel at divine service,—That he had given licence to some to marry without thrice proclamation of their banns,—That he used the rite of elevation very solemnly at the Communion,—That he suffered erroneous doctrine to be preached within his diocese by some of the ministers of Edinburgh, and, being advertised thereof, did connive at it,—That he had defended the error of the ubiquity of Christ's body, in his book which he printed in defence of the Assembly of Perth, where he maintaineth kneeling before the elements, in respect of Christ his bodily presence there, that we should worship Christ's body and flesh there,*—That, at the King's coronation, he had used popish toys in the chapel royal,—That he would not consecrate ane church at the Queen's Ferry, because he was not able to open the door thereof himself, which was *conditio sine quâ non,* and because he was therefore reproved by the rest of his colleagues that were with him; as also for that he would have casten holy water upon it, which they were not satisfied with, therefore he gave over the work and left the church unconsecrated. For all which crimes, which were proven and never a witness excepted against,—as also, for that he had subscribed the declinator" (or protest) "against the Synod, and had added contumacy to all his former crimes, therefore," says the record, "the Synod, with an unanimous vote, depose him from being not only a bishop but also a minister, and withal ordain him to be excommunicated." †

He fled immediately to his royal master in England, where he died two years afterwards, in 1640.‡ Of our other episcopal clansmen, Alexander of Dunkeld, who had been most averse to the arbitrary imposition of the Service Book, submitted, as the phrase went, to presbyterian purity, and resumed his former office as minister of St. Mado's. But Patrick, the venerable,

* "To believe," he said, "that the body of Christ is present in the Divine Person, wherein it subsisteth, albeit locally the same be in heaven, is no error. . . It is no error to believe the spiritual, powerful, and personal presence of Christ's body at the Sacrament, and in that respect to worship his flesh and blood there." *True Relation, &c.*, p. 142.—"These passages," says Baillie, "stood twenty years untouched by any that I heard of, till I pointed at them to our presbytery about a year ago." *Letters*, tom. i. p. 135.

† *Gordon of Rothiemay*, tom. ii. p. 131.

‡ *Spalding*, tom. i. p. 61.—A portrait of the Bishop is in the possession of Thomas Carnegie, Esq. of Craigo, Forfarshire, who, I believe, is his descendant.

moderate, and excellent Archbishop of Glasgow, being "old and tender," and "lying bedfast," remained some time longer in Scotland, till at last he too was forced "to fly to the King for refuge and relief," *—he lived for some time in London, with his family, "in great poverty and misery," † and then removed to York, where, his infirmities increasing, he died about the end of June, 1644, in his seventy-eighth year,—in such utter destitution that he was buried by the charity of the governor of the town, and accompanied to the churchyard by a few poor men only—the governor being summoned to the battle of Marstonmoor at the very moment when he was about to perform the last offices to his remains. ‡

The question, you will remember, in all this "beginning of troubles," was, not whether Episcopacy or the Church of England, in the abstract, were superior to Presbyterianism; but whether, the constitution of the Kirk being such as it was, as settled by the General Assembly of 1597, Charles had a right arbitrarily and despotically to undermine and overthrow it. My own sympathies go with the Church Episcopal, or Catholic,—but I cannot deny that the attempt of Charles was unconstitutional. His best friends thought so. "The cause of these troubles," write Montrose and Napier to the King, even three years later than the period I am dwelling upon, but in the spirit of those earlier 'Supplications' which he had treated with disdain, "is a fear and apprehension, not without some reason," on the part of the Scottish nation, "of changes in religion, and that superstitious worship shall be brought in upon it, and therewith all their laws infringed and their liberties invaded. Free them, Sir! from this fear, as you are free from any such thoughts; and undoubtedly ye shall thereby settle that state in a firm obedience to

* *Spalding*, ibid.; Keith's *Scottish Bishops*, p. 265.

† Letter from London, 28 Dec. 1640. Baillie's *Letters*, tom. i. p. 288.

‡ Baillie's *Letters*, tom. ii. p. 213. "The judgments of God," he adds, "are to be observed and adored!"—The pious Puritans had not scrupled to taste of his hospitality in earlier years, when (in 1635) Sir William Brereton, afterwards the celebrated Parliamentary general, describes his having been entertained by the Archbishop's daughter, "an handsome and well-bred proper gentlewoman," in the archiepiscopal palace at Glasgow, "with much civil respect, and would not suffer me to depart until I had drunk Scotch ale, which was the best I had tasted in Scotland." *Travels, &c.*, Chetham Society, p. 117.

your Majesty in all time coming. They have no other end but to preserve their religion in purity and their liberties entire." * Happy, had Charles listened to these admonitions,—but, alas! he shut his ears to the voice of the charmer, and the result was ruin. And it should not be overlooked that it is Montrose and Napier, the loyalest of the loyal, who thus bear testimony to the justice of the cause and the purity of the motives of the original Covenanters of Scotland.

Preparations for war were now actively carried on by both parties,—and the "East Nuik" of Fife and Balcarres Craig, silent for many a long year except to the song of the reaper or the scream of the curlew, resounded once more with the trampling of steeds and the ringing of corslets and carabines, as Lord Balcarres—the philosopher, the man of peace—roused from his retirement by the sorrows of his country—unfurled his banner, marshalled his men, and rode off at their head for the rendezvous.

Charles marched towards Scotland at the head of twenty-three thousand men, while the Scots, under the celebrated Sir Alexander Leslie, a veteran trained in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, took up their position on the broomy slope of Dunselaw, in Berwickshire. The scene was picturesque in the extreme. "Our hill," says Baillie, "was garnished on the top, towards the south and east, with our mounted cannon, well near to the number of forty, great and small. Our regiments lay on the sides of the hill, almost round about; the place was not a mile in circle, a pretty round, rising in a declivity, without steepness, to the height of a bow-shot,—on the top, somewhat plain; about a quarter of a mile in length, and as much in breadth, as I remember, capable of tents for forty thousand men. The Crowners (Colonels) lay in kennous (canvas) lodges, high and wide; their Captains about them, in lesser ones; the sojours (soldiers) about all, in huts of timber, covered with divot (peat) or straw. Our Crowners for the most part were noblemen; Rothes, Lindsay, Sinclair, had among them two full regiments at least, from Fife,—Balcarres, a horse-troop; Loudoun, Montgomery, Erskine, Boyd, Fleming, Kirkcudbright, Yester, Dalhousie, Eglintoun, Cassillis, and others, either with whole or half regiments. Montrose's regiment was

* Napier's *Life of Montrose*, p. 154.

above fifteen hundred men, in the Castle of Edinburgh; himself was expected, but detained. Argyle came, but few of his people with him. Our Captains, for the most part, [were] barons or gentlemen of good note,—our Lieutenants almost all sojours who had served over sea in good charges. Every company had flying at the Captain's tent-door a brave new colour, stamped with the Scottish arms, and this ditton (motto), 'For Christ's Crown and Covenant,' in golden letters. . . . Our sojours grew in experience of arms, in courage, in favour daily; every one encouraged another; the sight of the nobles and their beloved pastors daily raised their hearts; the good sermons and prayers, morning and even, under the roof of heaven, to which their drums did call them for bells; the remonstrances very frequent of the goodness of their cause, of their conduct hitherto by a hand clearly divine; also Leslie his skill and fortune, made them all so resolute for battle as could be wished. We were feared that emulation among our nobles might have done harm, when they should be met in the fields; but such was the wisdom and authority of that old little crooked soldier, that all, with an incredible submission, from the beginning to the end, gave over themselves to be guided by him, as if he had been Great Solyman." *—The spirit of a crusade, in fact, reigned throughout that vast assemblage—it was the early enthusiasm of love, to God and their country, at the commencement of the long twenty years' struggle, and before the inevitable alloy of meaner motives had debased its purity. The exactest order was observed throughout the camp—among these descendants of the rough riders of the sixteenth century; the nobles bore their share in every hardship, sleeping on the ground wrapped in their watch-cloaks, and wearing the national bonnet, ornamented with a "bunch of blue ribbons," the device adopted by the chivalrous Montrose, and which became the badge of their party.† "The general tone of the army," says Sir Walter Scott, "was one of devout feeling towards God and of confident hope against their

* Baillie's *Letters*, tom. i. p. 211.

† "At this time likewise the Covenanters began to wear and take for their colours blue ribbons, which they carried above them scarf-wise, or as some orders of knighthood wear their ribbands. This was Montrose' whimsy." *Gordon of Rothiemay*, tom. ii. p. 222.—Alexander Lord Balcarres's portrait, at Haigh, exhibits the scarf disposed across the breast in this manner.

enemies. 'They felt,' to use the beautiful language of Baillie, 'the favour of God shining upon them, and a sweet, meek, humble, yet strong and vehement spirit leading them along.'"*

Often must Lord Balcarres—standing at his tent-door, and watching his banner curling in the evening breeze—often must he have looked back, with a smile at his present warlike array, on the peaceful hour when, sitting in his study, he devised the pavilion azure, semée of stars, or, (long ago alluded to,) for his crest, in symbolism at once of the Christian pilgrimage and the goal it leads to.—Little did he then think he should ever lay down the crucible for the broadsword. The hour however had arrived, the tocsin sounded—the spirit of the day was upon him, and he joined the host, "resolved," as he expresses it in a letter to his friend Lord Rothes, "to wair (spend) life and all in this cause."

His heroism was not, however, put to a further test, and I dare say he was not ill pleased when, after an insignificant skirmish, a treaty was entered into at Berwick which dismissed him home—a treaty, by which the King consented to leave the question of church government to the decision of another General Assembly, and all civil questions to that of a Parliament to be presently summoned for their discussion, while the Covenanters, on their side, disbanded their forces and surrendered the fortresses they had taken while in arms.

The peace was but of short duration. The Assembly confirmed all that had been done at Glasgow, and renewed the Covenant, while the Parliament demanded additional privileges, and that the Estates should be convened every three years. Charles, in high dissatisfaction, resolved on renewing the war, and the Covenanters once more collected their forces, and prepared for resistance.

SECTION III.

In the midst of these "wars' alarms," the young Alexander, Master of Balcarres, now entering upon his twenty-first year, and "so hopeful a youth, that he had the respect and love of all that

* Baillie's *Letters*, tom i. p. 211; Chambers' *Hist. Rebellion*, tom. i. p. 174.

knew him,"* had fallen deeply in love with his cousin-german, Lady Anna MacKenzie, the orphan daughter and co-heiress of the late Earl of Seaforth,†—the most powerful of the Highland chiefs, next to Argyle. The attachment was mutual, and the union of the lovers was warmly advocated by the friends of both parties, with the exception of the young lady's uncle and chief, the new Earl of Seaforth, who had calculated on gaining through her marriage a new alliance. Some time elapsed before this difficulty was surmounted, but at last the course of true love did run smooth, the Earl signified his consent, and the youthful pair were united in the spring of 1640.

A few specimens of the correspondence that passed between the families on this occasion will, after the lapse of two hundred years, be read with curiosity and interest. The series opens with a letter from Lord Balcarres to Lauderdale; informing him of his son's attachment and Seaforth's opposition—followed by Lauderdale's reply, and a note to the young Master, who had also entreated his friendly offices. A kind billet from Lady Balcarres to the fair occasion of the correspondence intervenes.

David Lord Balcarres to John Earl of Lauderdale.

(Copy.)

"My Lord, "November, 1639.

"Ever since I had the happiness of your lordship's friendship, nothing concerned me whereof I expected any good, but I was accustomed to acquaint your lordship with it, first of any,—and minds (intend) never to change. The week after I pairted from your lordship last, our son told my wife and me of his affection to Lady Anna MacKenzie:—In truth, it was inexpected to us, although he says it has been rooted in his heart this long time, and [he] could conceal it no longer; I never saw one more bent on a purpose, so that we are glad to give him way. Lady

* *MS. Memoir, Haigh Muniment-room.*

† A brief but interesting notice of this Lord Seaforth is given in a MS. in the possession of Lauchlan MacKinnon, Esq., of Letterfearn:—"He was a most religious and virtuous Lord. He caused build the castle of Brahan, and in every barony of his highlands caused build a church, and left a donation to ilk church to maintain a minister, and also he left a donation to the town of Channorie, called Fortrose, to hold up a grammar-school. He was much liked by his King and by all those that ever was with him. His noble spirit vanished out of this life the 15th day of April, 1633." *Kindly communicated by the Rev. James Henry Hughes.*

Grisel (as she will write to your lordship), coming here from Dunfermline by Leslie (our son being with her), spoke of it to my Lord Rothes, who says he will be very well pleased with anything he thinks to be for his weill; but because my Lord Seaforth, being at Leslie two or three days before they come, (he knew not how,) suspecting some such thing, seemed not to be well pleased, because he thought he had no new allya (alliance) by it, your lordship will hear by Lady Grisel's letter what my Lord Rothes thinks to be the fittest way for having his consent to it. It is a thing wherewith we shall be very well pleased, since that both we like her very well, and our son is so earnest in it, that he will not be put off it. This I must tell your lordship, that our love is so to him that we are resolved to do all we can to give him content, for nothing in this earth could give us any if any evil befell him."

Sophia Lady Balcarres to Lady Anna MacKenzie.

(Copy.)

"12 Dec. 1639.

"Three days before you went from this, our son told me of his affection to you, and was very desirous that I should have spoken to you of it, and said he had never shown any such thing to you by word, but could contain himself no longer, and was so desirous to go to Dunfermline that my sister might acquaint my Lord Rothes and my lady with it, as we could not refuse. All-so, I would not speak to you till they first heard of it, for I thought you would not take it well to hear any such thing from me while (till) you first knew their mind.—And now, dear niece, all I can say [is] I ever loved you, and now I confess you have tied me more in that you are pleased to take a pairt with him, gif your friends do not hinder. I am sure he has no respect but that which God has ordained, and, I assure you, we that are his parents loves him so well that we will do all that we can for our awin pairt to give you and him content, for, in truth, we see it will not be well with him, gif he be crossed in it. Gif your friends do their pairt als well, I trust in God you may live happily, but gif my Lord Rothes and Seaforth be against it, I, knawing your love and respect to Rothes, will fear it the more. Howsoever, you may be assurit of all we can do, for I shall ever be," &c.

John Earl of Lauderdale to David Lord Balcarres.

"My noble Lord and loving Brother,

"I thank God from my heart to understand by your lordship's of the 11th that my sister is no worse than she was when I was with you, hoping that, being no worse in this dead time of year, she shall recover more strength when it shall draw towards the spring.

"The very next morning after I received your letter and my Lady Grisel's (which Captain Walter Stewart delivered me the 25th day), I acquainted the Marquis of Hamilton with that purpose concerning your son and Lady Anna MacKenzie, and, because her uncle Seaforth, I heard, was not so willing to it as others her more affectionate friends, I desired the Marquis to acquaint him by his letter with his willingness that the match should go on, because it is so well liked of by all the rest of that young lady's friends; whose father, I understood, had, on his death-bed, recommended his children to his lordship's care and protection. He answered, that he could not see how, with good manners, he could write to the Earl of Seaforth, with whom he hath so small acquaintance, since he never heard that the late Earl of Seaforth had made any mention at all of him in his testament; which when I heard him affirm, and never having heard any such thing myself before, I could press him no further,—he gave me, likeways, another reason, which is more convenient to be tauld you when it shall please God we meet, nor to be committed to paper.

"If Seaforth be such a man, as that in the marriage of his niece he looks to nothing but his awin ends, and, when your son's affection and hers are so settled on other, and all the rest of her friends are pleased with the match, he will only be averse from it because it brings him no new alliance; I think his consent is not absolutely necessar, but that, if he be wilful, she may go on with the approbation of the rest of her friends, especially the Earl of Rothes, whose care of her hath proven much more real than ever her uncle's did. And albeit the band granted by her father for her provision tie her in her marriage to his consent more particularly nor others her friends, yet, in my opinion, that will not work much in law; for I remember of a decision in a cause

betwixt Balmerinoch and his sister, who married herself on a mean gentleman without his advice and her other friends', with whose consent she was obliged to marry; and he, being sued for payment of the tocher, having proponed that exception of her marrying without consent, if I remember right, it was repelled, 'quia matrimonia debent esse libera.' I believe, likeways, there may be some other practiques found of this nature. And this case differeth far from that, for here she marrieth to one who, in birth, and condition, and all other qualities considerable in a marriage, may absolutely be esteemed her match,—beside the consent of all others her friends, who have no other ends on her. But this I remit to your lordship's better consideration, and to them whose knowledge is better nor mine; but, if the case were my awin, I wald gladly go about to obtain his consent, but, if he should prove too difficile, I wald, as the proverb is, 'thank God and be doing,' without his approbation. In the mean time, I think your lordship and my sister do nobly and wisely to give way to the desires of those young folks who have made so good a choice one of another. God give his blessing to it; which that both you and they may have in all your actions shall be the hearty wish and prayer of

"Your lordship's most [affectionate]
"brother and [servant],
"LAUDERDAILL.

"King-street (London),
28th of December, [1639].

"To my very honourable
good Lord and loving Brother,
my Lord Balcarres."

John Earl of Lauderdale to Alex. Master of Balcarres.

"Sir,

"I received from Captain Walter Stewart, the 25th, a letter of yours without date, pointing at a purpose which my lord your father, and Lady Grisel, their letters (to the which yours is relative) express to me more plainly. The next morning I spake the Marquis of Hamilton thereanent, with whose answer I have acquainted them, and will not trouble you with repetition of it. It were very fit that Seaforth's consent and approbation should be obtained to your match, but, if he be inexorable, and his dissent be no better grounded nor upon his awin ends, because he findeth no new friendship by matching of his niece with you, I

do verily think the concurring assent of her other kinder friends nor he, and your awin worth, shall sufficiently vindicate the young lady from the censure of a rash choice. Neither do I think his consent so absolutely necessar as at first it wald appear to be, as I have written more particularly to my brother.

"You need not use any ceremonial excuse to me, for your desires shall be to me als little troublesome, and my readiness als great to advance them with my best endeavours, as if you were the son of

"Your affectionate uncle and servant,

"LAUDERDAILL.

"King-street, 28th of December, 1639.

"To my worthy and well-beloved Nephew, The Maister of Balcarres."

In the mean while John Lord Lindsay of the Byres, a near relation and friend of Lord Seaforth, addressed the following letter to Lord Balcarres, evidently supposing it a mere match of interest:—

John Earl of Lindsay to David Lord Balcarres.

"My Lord,

"I had a purpose this while past to have waitit on you at your own house, but could not have leisure till this last Wednesday, and then I fand ye were gone to St. Andrews; not knowing when my occasions will permit me wait on you, I have taken the boldness to write what I should have spoken.—The Earl of Seaforth, at his being in Leslie, was earnest to have his niece, Lady Anna MacKenzie, north, whilk she declined; then, being enquired of the cause, she told that your lordship's son, the Maister, had made love to her. I do believe my Lord Seaforth will be loath to match her in this country; so will all his friends,—a north-country allyas (alliance) being fitter for him and them. His respect to you and your son makes him wish that that proposition should rather presently cease, than any more be entertained betwix the parties, since it is a thing he will never condescend (consent) to, and if he do not, her provision will be questionable, as I am informed. If there be any more said or done, I do believe ye shall very publicly see him testify his averseness, and make known that power he has over his niece and

her means. He desired me speak this in fair general terms; I thought good to write freely, since it is a thing that so nearly does concern both yourself and your son, who I wish so weill.

"So, wishing your lady her health, and you all happiness, I rest

"Your lordship's affectionate cousin and servant.

"LINDESAY.

"Struther, the
27th December [1639].

"For my honorit Lord
My Lord Balcarres
These."

—An interference to which Lord Balcarres replied very naturally, and evidently with a slight pique, that he was "very innocent" in the matter, for "I never dreamt of it (says he), and far less with the Earl of Seaforth's allya. He may have his own ends, which I leave to himself, but for the affections of young folks I cannot be answerable."

A few days afterwards, however, the following letter from the Master changed—as will be found from the two next in the series—Lord Lindsay's opposition into warm advocacy of his cause with Seaforth:—

Alex. Master of Balcarres to John Earl of Lindsay.

(Copy.)

"My Lord,

"This night, since I come home, my father shew me a letter from your lordship to him, concerning a match betwixt Lady Anna MacKenzie and me, wherein you show my Lord Seaforth his averseness from it, as not being a fit allya for him and his friends. Indeed, my lord, I shall be very glad to have his consent to it, and shall use all means for it, since he is her uncle, but, if he will not, I believe your lordship shall as publicly see how little power he has either of her or her means, and that I am as little curious for alliance with him as he is with me, if I had no other end before me; for, in truth, it is neither his allya, nor her means, has made me intend it. I cannot but give your lordship thanks for your well-wishes to me, but, indeed, I could have wished your lordship had expressed them in another way than by dissuading my father from that which I desire most; but

I am persuaded that, if your lordship had known how far my affection leads me beyond all these considerations whereof you write, that your lordship would rather have assisted me at my Lord Seaforth's hands, and not written so to my father. So now, since your lordship knows how happy I shall think myself in this, if your lordship wish my weill, I am confident ye will rather be a helper than a hinderer of it, since it so nearly concerns him who shall ever strive to approve himself," &c. &c.

"Jan. 1640."

John Earl of Lindsay to Alex. Master of Balcarres.

"Right honourable and löving Cousin:—

"Having the honour to be the Earl of Seaforth's near cousin, he made his first visit here of purpose (as I suppose) that he might make his mind known by me to you, whilk I gladly would have shunned if he had not been earnest to me to do; and I would rather have chused to speak than write, (if I could both have found my lord and you at home,) that so I might have both shown his part and mine.

"I am sorry ye should take my using of his arguments for a desire I have to dissuade your father from any purpose ye desire so much; if I did not so, I should neither have acquit myself to Seaforth nor you. Lest I should make his part or mine worse, I will rather refer it to a discourse than a letter, and in the mean time continue desirous to do you service, and willing to express it at all occasions, as

"Your affectionate cousin and servant,

"LINDESAY.

"Jan. 1640.

"If I had leisure to stir from hence I should wait on you and speak in this business.

"For my honourable and respected Cousin
The Minister of Balcarres,
These."

John Earl of Lindsay to George Earl of Seaforth.

"My noble Lord,

"So soon as conveniently I could, I did, according to your lordship's command, discharge what I had in commission from

you to my lord and the Maister of Balcarres, but the Maister's affection is so engagit to your niece, and, I knaw, finds such a meeting on her pairt, that no unwillingness of friends nor thought of wanting her tocher (whilk the Maister does not consider) will be any impediment. Since your lordship's disassenting cannot hinder the marriage, nor your niece her marriage without your consent hinder her from obtaining her portion, notwithstanding of any direction her father left her to marry by the advice of such friends, it will be your lordship's best to give way to that ye cannot stop, and pay that willingly whilk law will make you do, although unwillingly,—and gain those to be your friends, who has an earnest desire so to be, if your awin doing hinder not. I hope ye will pardon this free letter, and fallow it, since it is the best advice that can be given you by

"Your lordship's most affectionate cousin
"and willing servant,
"LINDESAY.

"Edinbrugh, Jan. 1640.

"P. S. Since this marriage will be, ye can take no better way for procuring your friends' help in paying the tocher than by your ready condescending to the purpose, and shawing them how worthy & choice your niece has made, and how accomplished and fit allya you will have. If ye shaw any dislike, in my opinion, ye will find many prejudices, and the want of their help amang the rest. I knaw ye will pardon my freedom, since it proceeds from a great deal of affection.

"To my very honourable guid Lord, the Earl of Seaforth."

This last letter was followed up by simultaneous appeals to Seaforth from the Earls of Winton and Dunfermline, in favour of the young Master, their nephew,* whose own letters I must not

* The honesty, sincerity, good sense, and good feeling of their letters induce me to subjoin them, though in a note—for fear of wearying the reader. But nothing is worthless that conduces to a due appreciation of our forefathers:—

"My very honourable Lord,

"Hearing a little more of ane purpose does concern my young cousin, your lordship's niece, than in what I heard of at your lordship's here-being with me, gives me now occasion to be thus familiar free with your lordship as to shaw you my best thought thereof; which is, truly, to wish them both all the best fortune and happiness I could, as having alike interest in both,—but, seeing I find both their minds are so resolutely disposed to join their hearts together, I think it will not be our best pairt, as friends, to prefer what may be our private gain to that must be their greatest comfort during life.

suppress, as their firm but respectful tone doubtless went far to obtain the reluctant chief's consent:—

Alex. Master of Balcarres to George Earl of Seaforth.

(Copy.)

"My Lord, "18 Jan. 1640.

"If I had known you had been to go out of this country so soon as you did, I would have spoken to your lordship that which now I am forced to write,—for I can forbear no longer to tell your lordship of my affection to your niece, and to be an earnest suitor to your lordship for your consent to that wherein only I can think myself happy. The Earl of Rothes and my Lord Lindsay has shawn me how averse your lordship was from it, and in truth I was very sorry for it. They have both laboured, more nor I desired them, to divert me from it, as a thing which

Wherefore, my guid lord, let me entreat ye be content with what other friends are pleased of, for her weill-being [is] their only respect, and what is gained of farther tie in friendship is only yours. If the man may be spoken of, we find he wes no fool that thought the Lord Balcarres his father[a] ane man very considerable in his time, and we find it nothing impaired, but rather better. So I could heartily wish your lordship do make no scruple to give your best approbation, seeing your lordship's unnecessary bearing out may make you lose that which both Nature and duty ties unto you by affection. This being my foolish opinion, never to lose friends where they may be keeped with small prejudice.—Refers the rest to your lordship's more mature consideration of what ye think more fitting to be your pairt,—not omitting my heartliest duty, as ever, rests

"Your lordship's loving true friend
"and ready servant,
"WINTOUN.

"Seyton, 17 Jan. 1640.

"To my very honourable Lord, the Earl of Seaforth."

"My Lord,

"Since your lordship went from this, my nephew, the Master of Balcarres, told me of his affection to our niece. I am sorry that I was not acquainted with it before, that I might have spoken to you in it. Your lordship will have the advantage of allya by it, which I will want, having already alike interest in them both; but when I consider his worth, which every one that knoweth him must acknowledge, and his extreme affection to her, which hath gained her unalterable consent, I dispense with my own loss, and will contribute my best for the effectuating of their desires, and will deal with his father and mother for that effect, and also with your lordship for your consent, by which I dare promise you the alliance of as fine a young man as I know; and though his fortune be none of the greatest, yet I know it is free, and no worse nor when my sister was married, and I am confident my father would never have bestowed her but where there was a competent estate for one of her quality. So I hope your lordship will not be averse from this without sufficient grounds, and you shall oblige me ever to be

"Your lordship's friend and servant,
"DUNFERMELINE.

"At Edinbrugh,
22 Jan. 1640.

"For my very honourable Lord, the Earl of Seaforth."

[a] Lord Menmuir.

wald never have your lordship's approbation, without which she could not have that portion which her father left her; but I profess to your lordship, as I have done to them, that my affection leads me beyond any consideration of that kind, for (God knows) it was not her means made me intend it,—and therefore, my lord, since, both by the law of God and man, marriage should be free, and that she whom it concerns most nearly is pleased to think me worthy of her love, I am confident that your lordship, who is in stead of a father to her, will not continue in your averseness from it, but even look to that which she, who has greatest interest, thinks to be for her weal; for none but one's self can be judge of their awin happiness.

"If it shall seem good to your lordship to give me that favourable answer which I expect from your hands, since (as I hear) your lordship is not to be in this country shortly, I hope ye will be pleased to entrust some of your friends here who may meet about the business with my father, and I believe your lordship shall get all just satisfaction in the conditions. I hope your lordship shall never have cause to repent of your consent to this, for, though you get no great new allya, yet your lordship will keep that which you have had before, and gain one who is extreme desirous, and shall at all occasions be most willing, to be

"Your lordship's most humble servant,

"A. LYNDESAY.

"At Edinbruch,
18 Jan. 1640.

"To my very honourable and noble Lord, the Earl of Seaforth, These."

Alex. Master of Balcarres to George Earl of Seaforth.

"My Lord,

"I have received your lordship's letter, showing me that you could not give a present answer to that whereof I writ to you in my last, because the rest of your lordship's niece her friends had not been acquainted with it before. I believe your lordship needs not to be long in advising with them, for if your lordship show a willingness, I think none of them will be averse. And therefore, since your lordship already knows the mind of her nearest friends here, who will be very careful of her weal, I hope your lordship will delay no longer in giving your consent to

this, which is more than any earthly thing longed for by him whose desire is to be

" Your lordship's most humble servant,
" A. LYNDESAY.

" At Balcarres,
Feb. 14, 1640.

" I expect that your lordship will give a resolute answer with John Maclean, who can tell your lordship more of my mind than I have written."

Alex. Master of Balcarres to George Earl of Seaforth.

(Copy.)

" My Lord, " March, 1640.

" I was glad to hear that your lordship, with the rest of your friends there, had resolved to give way to this purpose concerning your lordship's niece and me; but I expected that your lordship should have had one here before this time, that it might [have] been put to an end. Therefore now, it is my earnest desire that your lordship would, as soon as you can, send a warrand to any of your friends here, whom ye will entrust to meet with my father, that so this business may at last go on, without any unnecessar delays, which can neither do your lordship nor me any good.

" I should think myself very unworthy if I were not more careful nor any body else that she be well provided; I know my father will do all he can, and I hope your lordship and all the rest of her friends shall see my care in this hereafter.

" I can say no more now; but—since your lordship has given your consent, which adds a great deal to that happiness which I promise to myself by your alliance—I hope ye will no longer delay sending one hither, (as you promised,) whereby I shall ever think myself obliged, in what I can, to be

" Your lordship's most humble servant,
" ALEXANDER LYNDESAY."

The marriage took place in April,* and the correspondence closes with the following homely but warm-hearted letter from Lord Rothes to " my honorit lady, my Lady Anna MacKenzie," now the " Mistress of Balcarres."

* Contract of Marriage, 22 and 25 April, 1640. *Haigh Muniment-room.*

John Earl of Rothes to Anna Mistress of Balcarres.

"My heart, "Leslie, 15 May, 1640.

"I have sent Mr. David Ayton with your compts since my intromission;* they are very clear and weill instructed, but truly your expence hath been over large this last year; it will be about 3600 merks, which indeed did discontent me when I looked on it. I hope ye will mend it in time coming, and give me leave, as bound both by obligation and affection, to remember you that you must accommodate yourself to that estate whereof you are to be mistress, and be rather an example of parsimony nor (than) a mover of it† in that family. Your husband hath a very noble heart, and much larger than his fortune, and, except you be both an example and exhorter of him to be sparing, he will go over far,—both he, my lord and lady, loves you so weill that if ye incline to have those things that will beget expence, they will not be wanting, although it should do them harm,—they being all of a right noble disposition; therefore a sparing disposition and practice on your part will not only benefit you in so far as concerns your own personal expence, but it will make your husband's expence and your good-sister's‡ the less also, for your and their expence being all to come out of one purse, what is spent will spend to you, and what is spared is to your behoof, for I hope your good-father and good-mother§ will turn all they have to the behoof of your husband and you, except the provision of their other children, and the more will be spared, that your personal expences be little,—therefore go very plain in your clothes, and play very little, and seek God heartily, who can alone make your life contented here, and give you that chief content, the hope of happiness hereafter. The Lord bless you!

"I am your faithful friend and servant,

"ROTHES."

This good advice was not thrown away. Never did any marriage turn out happier. Lady Anna proved a most affectionate wife, a most kind and judicious mother, and though of the "mild nature" and "sweet disposition," praised by Lord Balcarres in a

* That is, "since I acted in your affairs." † I do not understand this phrase.
‡ Sister-in-law. § Father and mother-in-law.

letter which I have omitted,* was truly, as he adds, "wise withal," and capable, as events afterwards proved, of heroic firmness and the most undaunted resolution.

David Lord Balcarres died in March, 1641, less than a year after his son's marriage, commending his soul "to the Almighty God, Maker of Heaven and Earth, in full assurance to be made partaker of the resurrection of the just, in the only merit of my Lord and Saviour, blessed for ever!" He left his "dearest spouse," Lady Sophia Seyton, sole executrix, "being fully persuadit and having the true experience of her wisdom and guid government, and knawing her sincere and tender affection towards our children, and to the standing and continuance of my house."† Fifty-four years were the limit of his span, but the appointed hour is always that of mercy and wisdom, however man may misapprehend it,—and such, more evidently to ourselves, was the case with Lord Balcarres. I cannot but account him the happiest and most favoured of the whole line of Lindsays—happy in himself, in his wife and children, in his friends, in the time when he lived, and the moment when he died,—his character and life reflecting and symbolizing the lull in the century which succeeded the fall of feudalism, and preceded the great struggle for liberty and constitutional government.‡

* To David Lindsay of Edzell, head of the family,—the unfortunate slayer of Lord Spynie. It was carried to Edzell by the young Master. "All the particulars," says Lord Balcarres, "since the first beginning of his affection to that young lady, he will tell you himself. Her friends here, and his also, are pleased with it, for in truth she is of as mild a nature and sweet a disposition as any I know could be for him, and wise withal; and his affection is so bent that way that I have left it to his own arbitrement, and now he is come over to get your approbation and assistance to it."—This letter and visit must have awakened sad reflections in Edzell's heart. He was living on in a disappointed and saddened old age, his only son having died but two years before, leaving a daughter merely,—as if in final retribution for his having deprived the infant family of Lord Spynie of their father. Perhaps the graceful presence and ardent character of the young Master may have induced him to adopt those intentions in his favour of which Lord Lauderdale speaks in a letter presently to be inserted.

† *Testament*, 1 June, 1640. *Haigh Muniment-room.*

‡ I cannot but repeat here my remark upon the contrarieties of character displayed side by side in that early dawn of civilization. Lord Balcarres spends his life, as we have just seen, in the graceful repose of a modern country gentleman. An affectionate domestic circle is gathered round him—his hours are spent alter-

He was interred in the Chapel of Balcarres, built by himself in the Gothic style of the revival under Charles I., as a burial-place for his posterity—now a picturesque ruin, overgrown with lichens and ivy—embowered, but not secluded in wood—and cherished by the descendants of the founder with pious reverence as the most precious spot he has bequeathed to them,—feelings of old tradition that have expressed themselves in the following

INSCRIPTION.

"Sacred to one dear name, these groves embrace
No foreign dust, no strangers to our race;
In death united, in one hope, they dwell,
Son laid next father's, wife next husband's cell,
The infant's lip beside the mother's breast,
Each by the one most loved, all hushed to rest.
* * * * * * * * *
Light be their slumber, mild the dews that shed
Beauty and fragrance o'er each honoured head,—
Hallowed the spot where loving mother earth
Tenderly guards them till their second birth!
The star-beams, struggling through the foliage deep,
Smile on the mossy hillocks where they sleep,—
Yet oft, or legends err, at evening-tide
From grave to grave the awakened spirits glide,
And, dimly flitting in the moon's pale ray,
Hold sweet communion till the dawn of day."

I cannot close this chapter more appropriately than with the following letter from

John Earl of Lauderdale to Alex. Lord Balcarres.

"My honourable Lord,

"The death of my noble lord, your father, I may justly say, was als grievous to me as to any other whosoever, next to my

nately in his laboratory and his library—he is the associate and friend of Drummond of Hawthornden. And during many years of this lifetime of tranquillity, his chief, David the Prodigal Earl of Crawford, the murderer of his uncle, Sir Walter Lindsay of Balgawies, is (as we shall presently see) confined a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh, by his own immediate family, and from no apparent motives of unkindness, but simply in order to prevent his utterly dilapidating the family estates. And during the whole period of this lifetime of peace and sunshine, David of Edzell, Lord Balcarres' cousin-german, and the avenger of Sir Walter on the innocent Lord Spynie, survives as his contemporary, in his lonely halls and in the anguish of his recollections.

sister and her children, not only for the loss which I perceive now, and will feel more sensibly when it shall please God to bring me home, of so worthy and kind a brother, but even for the want which the public will sustain of one of so great worth, whose service might have been so useful both to the King and State. But one thing doth comfort us all, who had so near interest in him, that it hath pleased God to bless him with a son of such abilities as God hath endued your lordship with; who, I am confident, shall succeed no less to his virtues than to his inheritance, so that it may be truly said, 'Mortuus est pater, sed quasi non mortuus, quia filium similem reliquit sibi.'

"Nor do I think it a small token of God's care and provision for you and your noble family, that he hath moved your cousin, the Laird of Edzell, to provide his estate to you, wherein he sheweth himself a wise man, and careful of the standing of so ancient a house. My Lady Roxburgh,* his noble kind friend and yours, is wonderful glad of it, and will not only express her good liking of it to the Lady Edzell, but will shew her good reasons why it will be better for her and her grandchild that her husband keep on that course, and provide the child to such a tocher as may match her to als great a fortune, nor (than) that the succession of the estate had been settled on her, and she tied to have married a Lindsay, seeing the event of such bargains prove oftentimes very hazardous, especially to so young a child as she is. The solemnity at this time of the marriage of the Princess Mary to the Prince of Orange his son, (the ceremonies whereof were performed on Sunday,) ties her to so diligent attendance in the court, that she cannot write with this post, but within a day or two she will have her letter ready, that it may go this day eight days, or sooner if occasion serve, and so come in time good enough to your hands before that meeting which you have appointed with Edzell in the beginning of June. As for the change of your style and title, truly I think it a thing most rea-

* Jean Countess of Roxburgh, third daughter of Patrick third Lord Drummond, by Lady Margaret, sister of Lord Menmuir. She was "a lady," says Lord Strathallan, "of excellent parts, for which she was preferred before all the ladies of both kingdoms to be governess of the young children of King Charles the First; which she performed with great applause and satisfaction of both King and Queen." —*Geneal. of the House of Drummond*, p. 196.—She died October, 1643.

sonable that the Laird have his will in that, nor do I think the King will make great difficulty in it.*

"This is all I can remember for the present concerning this purpose; if any other thing occur to me, I shall make mention of it in that which I write to my good lady, your mother, in whose letter I cannot tell you how far it rejoiced me to read what contentment and comfort she hath in your lordship. Go on, my noble lord! in that way of respect to so worthy a mother, and God no doubt will bless you, and your friends will honour you, and none more than I—who, albeit I can be very little useful to any, yet, as I am, none shall have more power nor (than) yourself to command

"Your most affectionate uncle and servant,

"LAUDERDAILL."†

* This proposed settlement never came to anything. The estate was unentailed; but there was a nearer heir-male, who ultimately succeeded. His prodigal character may have induced Edzell at first to design his exclusion from the succession.

† Lauderdale died four years afterwards, of grief at the miseries of his country. The following sonnets to his memory were written by Drummond of Hawthornden:—

"Of those rare worthies who adorned our North
And shined like constellations, thou alone
Remainedst last, great Maitland! charged with worth,
Second in virtue's theatre to none.
But, finding all eccentric in our times,
Religion into superstition turned,
Justice silènced, exilèd, or inurned,
Truth, faith, and charity reputed crimes,
The young men destinate by sword to fall
And trophies of their country's spoils to rear,
Strange laws the aged and prudent to appal,
And forced sad yokes of tyranny to bear,
And for nor great nor virtuous minds a room—
Disdaining life, thou shroud'st thee in thy tomb!"

"Do not repine, blest soul! that humble wits
Do make thy worth the matter of their verse;
No high-strained muse our times and sorrows fits,
And we do sigh, not sing, to crown thy hearse.
The wisest prince e'er managed Britain's state
Did not disdain, in numbers clear and brave,
The virtues of thy sire to celebrate,
And fix a rich memorial on his grave.
Thou didst deserve no less, and here—in jet,
Gold, touch, brass, porphyry, or Parian stone—
That by a prince's hand no lines are set
For thee, the cause is, now this land hath none.
Such giant moods our parity forth brings,
We all will nothing be, or all be kings."

CHAPTER XV.

" God of Heaven, the just that freeest
From oppression's iron chain,
Thou that thine Anointed secest
Crushed beneath a rebel's reign;
Rise and bring
Home the King,
With healing wing
Annul his pain,—
While King Charles in exile fleeeth,
God forbid that we complain!"

EARL LUDOVIC'S FAREWELL.

" The sun was trembling on the sea,
Winds were low and clouds were high,
And one bird sang on the old oak-tree,
When Lindsay laid him down to die.
It sung a song of early days,
Rich, rich with childhood's fairy lays.
Thus the robin sung on the linden bough,
In the home of his youth, as it call'd to him now;
'Twas a carol of heaven it chanted him then,
And the selfsame song it was chanting again."

ERNEST JONES.

SECTION I.

THE civil commotions pleaded by the Master of Balcarres, in a letter omitted in the preceding correspondence, as an excuse for hastening his marriage, speedily called him into active public life. But before tracing his brief but interesting career, I must bring up the history of the descendants of the Wicked Master, the main stem of the House of Crawford, to the period we have now arrived at, the year 1640,—to the threshold, as it were, of the great civil war of the seventeenth century. It is a melancholy tale,—a malignant star, or rather, apparently, an hereditary curse, pursued even the worthiest of them to degradation and ruin.

I have already mentioned that David, tenth Earl of Crawford, the son of the Wicked Master, had left four sons, David the eleventh Earl, Sir Henry the thirteenth, Sir John of Balinscho,

and Alexander, the first Lord Spynie. Earl David, the eldest of these brothers, had died, as we have seen, in 1607, and was succeeded by his son David, the twelfth or "Prodigal Earl," whom you have already become familiar with as the murderer of Sir Walter of Balgawies, and the enemy of Sir David of Edzell and his son. Much indeed may be said in palliation of his excesses,—his life was one of suffering from the cradle to the tomb. Left motherless at an early age and neglected by his father, (whose suspicious heart may possibly have wronged his second wife, as he had previously broken the heart of the bride of his youth, the fair Lilias Drummond,) the young Master was left entirely to the care and superintendence of Mr. Peter Nairn, his "pedagogue," whose letters to Edzell and Lord Menmuir from the University of St. Andrews pourtray most touchingly the desolation in which they lived.—"Our letters," he writes in 1598, "are not received, the bearers boasted and threatened, our board is not paid in time—our meat therefore is 'panis angustiæ' to us—we are in all men's mouth for the same,—three years since the Master gat any clothing, saif one stand (suit) at the King's beand in our town. I have supplyit thir defects as my poverty and credit could serve,—there is no hope of redress but either to steal of the town, or sell our insight (furniture), or get some extraordinar help, gif it were possible. Haifing therefore used your Lordship's mediation, [I] thought guid to crave your counsel in this straitness—as it were betwix shame and despair. The Master, beand now become ane man in stature and knowledge, takes this heavily but patiently, because he is, for his strait handling, in small accompt with his marrows,—yet, praisit be God! above all his equals in learning. We have usit," he adds, "since your Lordship's beand in St. Andrews, all possible moyen, in all reverence (as we ought) and humility," in dealing with the Earl, "but little or nothing mendit." —And an earlier letter mentions the tears shed by the Master when, after long expectancy, his father visited the town—and left it without seeing him. His heart crushed, his self-esteem wounded, his attempts to win his father's love rejected, all the sweet affections of his nature were turned to gall, his intellect ran to waste, and, on attaining the independence of manhood, he gathered a band of broken Lindsays around him, and revenged his childhood's misery upon society. Love might yet have reclaimed him,

but his marriage proved unfortunate—and a divorce released both wife and husband from what had become a mere bond of bitterness. I have little more to relate of him except the strange circumstances of his latter years. Reckless and profuse, and alienating the possessions of the Earldom in a manner which, however unjust, could not, it would seem, be legally prevented, a solemn council was held by the family, who determined to imprison him for life, in order to prevent further dilapidation; they accordingly confined him in Edinburgh Castle, where he spent his remaining years under surveillance, but acting in every respect otherwise as a free agent.* Hence the epithet by which he is frequently distinguished by contemporary genealogists, of "Comes Incarceratus," or the Captive Earl.† He died in the Castle, in February, 1621,‡ and was buried in the chapel of Holyrood-house,§ leaving only one child, Lady Jean Lindsay, an orphan, destitute and uncared for, and fated to still deeper debasement, having run away with a common "jockey with the horn," or public herald, and lived latterly by mendicancy—"a sturdy beggar," though mindful still of the sphere from which she had fallen, and "bitterly ashamed." An aged lady related her melancholy history to Crawford the antiquary, who flourished during the early years of last century, adding that she remembered seeing her begging when she herself

* This singular procedure is related as follows in an "Information," or Memorial, by Jean and Margaret Lindsay, daughters of Sir John Lindsay, K.B., eldest son of Sir Henry Lindsay, afterwards twelfth Earl of Crawford, "anent the feuing and wadsetting" (mortgaging) the lands of Finhaven and Carriston:—Earl David, they say, "being a great spender, his friends took upon them to put him in the Castle of Edinburgh, and give him ane provision yearly, all his friends consenting thereto, except Sir Harry, his uncle, who was our goodsire (grandfather), who was at London in the mean-time, and how soon he heard of his imprisonment, came to Scotland to see what the business meaned; so the said Earl David, knowing that Sir Harry was his nearest heir, the said Earl David, having but one daughter, presently enterit the said Sir Harry in his haill lands, [he] taking the burden of the debt upon him. The said Sir Harry sold Kilfauns and Charteris Hall, and payit the said debt," &c. *Haigh Muniment-room.*—Nevertheless, Earl David remained in duresse the rest of his life, though executing deeds, and carrying on correspondence, evidently proving that his confinement was not on account of mental incapacity.

† MS. genealogy of the Crawford family, and others, temp. Jac. I. *Adv. Lib.*

‡ *Crawford Case*, p. 86.

§ "This Earl died in prison in the Castle of Edinburgh, and was interred in the Abbey Church of Holyrood-house." *MS. Genealogy by Sir James Balfour*, Adv. Lib.

was young.* Shortly after the Restoration, King Charles II. granted her a pension of one hundred a-year, "in consideration of her eminent birth and necessitous condition,"† and this probably secured her comfort during the evening of her days.

Earl David was succeeded by his uncle, Sir Henry of Kinfauns, a baron who had done good service to Anne of Denmark, while acting as her Master of the Household,‡ but otherwise wild, prodigal, and tyrannical, like most of his contemporaries.§ He died in 1623, two years after his accession,‖ leaving three surviving sons, George, Alexander, and Ludovic—successively fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth Earls of Crawford.

Sir John Lindsay of Balinscho had in the mean while, as I have already mentioned, married the sister of Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres, and, dying not long afterwards, bequeathed his three sons, John, Alexander, and Henry, to his guardianship. Sir David educated them with the utmost care, and was repaid by their warm gratitude and love—"this not being the least," writes the youngest of the three, "among the benefits wherewith God hath bound us, that he hath given us in our orphanhood, not a mere protector in you, or a most closely conjoined friend, but a father; so that, even had our own parent survived, he could not have been so solicitous to bring us up in letters, in virtue, in piety, and in good manners."¶ Culture which was well bestowed, though not in every instance equally productive in the especial

* *Hist. of the Lindsays*, MS.

† Grant under the Privy Seal, 4 June, 1663. *Crawford Case*, p. 81.

‡ *Sir James Melville's Memoirs*, p. 399, edit. Bann.

§ Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, tom. i. p. 279.—He made an effort, however, to redeem the sinking fortunes of the House, and, in the words of the Genealogy of 1623, gathered "all he could together of the wrackit estate of the Earldom of Crawford,"—but the arrest was merely for a moment. He had a taste for pursuits more refined than the feudal rudeness in which he had been brought up, and in his younger days built the house of Caraldstone, now Carriston and belonging to Lord Fife, and which is described by Ochterlony as "a great and most delicate house, well built, brave lights, and of a most excellent contrivance, without debate the best gentleman's house in the shire,—delicate yards and gardens, &c."—*Desc. of Angus*, MS., Adv. Lib.

‖ "This Earl Henry died at his Castle of Finhaven, and was interred at the parish church there, in anno 1623." Sir J. Balfour's *MS. Geneal.*, Adv. Lib.

¶ "Inter singularia beneficia quibus Deo devinctus sum hoc non minimum est, quod non nobis duntaxat avunculum, aut amicum conjunctissimum, sed patrem nobis orphanis dedit. Si patrem superstitem haberemus, non ita solicitus fuisset ad nos in literis, virtute, pietate, ac bonis moribus educandos."

line Lord Balcarres would have preferred. The letter I have just quoted from is in elegant Latinity, from Naples; but an epistle from the elder brother, John, in very indifferent Scottish, pleads hard, and I believe successfully, for exemption from college life—" for neither," he states, " can I speak right Latin, nor make a theme, nor read Greek, and I cannot go to be a mocking-stock to the rest,"—and yet he did not make a less gallant soldier.

And finally, to complete this genealogical roll, Lord Spynie, the youngest of the four sons of David tenth Earl of Crawford, had left an only son, Alexander, his successor, the second Lord Spynie, whom I have mentioned as granting Letters of Slains, or remission, to Edzell for the blood of his father.

On these seven youths, therefore—Earl George, and his two brothers, the three brothers of Balinscho, and Lord Spynie—gallant cavaliers, full of ardour and enthusiasm, and all nearly of the same age—the hopes of the House of Crawford rested at the commencement of the reign of Charles I. And they shot brightly upwards, illumining the night—but soon to disappear, soon to be extinguished one after the other, and leave not a trace behind.

The removal of James's court to England had occasioned a great dearth of employment in Scotland, but the Thirty Years' War, the great struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism for the supremacy in Europe—a struggle for principles in which all were interested, and which all were justified in asserting—afforded an honourable field for the Scottish chivalry; and hosts of young adventurers entered the service of the various potentates whose power divided Europe. The majority preferred the banners of the Swedish monarch, Gustavus Adolphus, the bulwark of the North and of Protestantism, to those of Austria and Spain, the asserters of the Popish faith. Six of the seven Crawford cousins embraced the former service—one only the latter, Ludovic Lindsay, whose sympathies at least leant towards Catholicism.

The first to distinguish himself was Lord Spynie, who joined Gustavus in 1628 with a gallant regiment of Scots, and threw himself into Stralsund on the Baltic, then beleaguered by Wallenstein with a view to the command of the Northern Ocean, to the dictation of terms to Sweden and Denmark, and to the invasion of the latter kingdom,—Wallenstein urging the attack in

person "with incredible fury," and pledging himself to take it, "even though it hung in the air from heaven by a chain of adamant." Sir Alexander Leslie, afterwards Earl of Leven and the leader of the Covenanters at Dunselaw, was the governor; and resolving, according to the historian of the celebrated regiment of Lord Reay, also engaged in the defence, "to make an outfall (sally) upon the enemy, for the credit of his countrymen, he therefore made choice of Spynie's regiment, consisting of brave and valorous officers, being all worthy cavaliers, and of noble descent and good families, having action, valour, and breeding answerable to their charges. My Lord Spynie," he adds, "being present with his regiment, they were desirous to gain honour and credit," and therefore "went on with boldness and confident resolution, until they forced the enemy to retire even to the body of their army," *—a memorable day for Lord Spynie, and a glorious opportunity for winning his spurs; it being matter of history that the resistance at Stralsund, thus nobly commenced, first turned the tide of success from the Imperialists to the Protestant cause.

John Lindsay of Balinscho, an officer (I believe) in Spynie's regiment, received three dangerous wounds in this celebrated "outfall," † but recovered—to be killed, however, three years afterwards, in 1631, while holding the rank of Colonel, in the storming of New Brandenburg by Tilly. The place was defended, says the recent biographer of Wallenstein, by the Swedish general Kniphausen, with a garrison of two thousand men, one half of whom were Scotsmen. It was "only surrounded by an old wall and a moat nearly half filled up, and the artillery consisted of two falconets, or two-pounders, which the garrison had brought along with them. Resistance against a whole army, provided with an efficient battering train, seemed altogether hopeless; but Kniphausen expected to be relieved, and held out. He defended the town successfully for eight days; on the ninth, three wide breaches having been opened, he was, for the second time, summoned to surrender, and was advised to do so by the officers of the garrison. In reply, he produced a letter from the King of Sweden, containing a promise of relief, with an order to defend the place to the last extremity. Men and officers sub-

* *Expedition with the worthy Scots Regiment, &c., by* Colonel Monro, fol. 1637, Part I. p. 78. † *Ibid.*

mitted without a murmur; they all successively took the Sacrament in the different churches, which, from the commencement of the siege, had been crowded with the town's-people, imploring grace and protection, and then repaired to their posts, resolved to perform their duty to the utmost. After a repetition of fierce assaults, the place was entered, and the assailants, exasperated by the loss of more than two thousand men, put the garrison to the sword. Kniphausen, his wife and daughter, and about fifty soldiers, only escaped." Colonel Lindsay fell with his comrades, after defending his post, according to the old town-records from which this account is taken, long after all other resistance had ceased. He was aged only twenty-eight, and unmarried.* The second brother, Alexander, his successor in the barony of Balinscho, rose like John, to the rank of Colonel, and was slain in Bavaria not long afterwards.† But the youngest of the three, Colonel Henry, the correspondent of Sir David Lindsay, seems to have been the most distinguished of the brothers. He had been desperately wounded, while a mere boy, in covering the retreat of Gustavus from Wolgast in Pomerania, in 1628, almost immediately after raising the siege of Stralsund, but was saved by the affection of his brother officers. "Here," observes the historian of Lord Reay's regiment, "we see that sufferance in a noble manner causeth love; for that young cavalier, Henry Lindsay, then an ensign, not able to help himself, his camarades loving him dearly, and the more from his noble sufferance, they helped him off from the cruelty of his enemies, to preserve his life for a better occasion, who by God's providence was miraculously cured, having lost a great part of his shoulder by a cannon-bullet,—a miracle in an age, such wounds to be cured!"—Three years afterwards, he was made Captain of "his Majesty (Gustavus Adolphus)'s Life-regiment," and thereafter, "for reward of his virtue and valour,

* Colonel Mitchell's *Life of Wallenstein*, p. 191.—Colonel Lindsay is mentioned by a misapprehension of his rank, as "Earl Lintz, a Scotch nobleman," in the town-records. But *conf.* Monro's *Expedition*, &c., Part II. pp. 22, 23.—It appeared afterwards, adds Colonel Mitchell, "that an order had been despatched to Kniphausen, subsequent to the one on which he acted, directing him to evacuate the town on the approach of Tilly, and not to expose the garrison to an unequal contest. This order miscarried."

† Monro's *Expedition*, — List of Scottish Officers in Chief, inserted between Parts I. and II.

was preferred to be Lieutenant-Colonel; he was again desperately wounded at the battle of Lützen, in 1632, and left for almost dead in the field, but recovered,* and at last died at Hamburgh in 1639, unmarried, like his two elder brothers, leaving considerable property to Lord Balcarres, the Master of Spynie, and other friends and kinsmen, with a special legacy of five hundred rix-dollars for his funeral.†

Earl George, in the mean while, his affairs being hopelessly entangled, had sold Finhaven and the tombs of his ancestors to Lord Spynie, ‡ and quitted his country to return no more. He served with honour, as "Colonel of a foot-company of Dutch," or Germans, under Gustavus, § but was "basely killed, in 1633, by a Lieutenant of his own regiment, whom he had been provoked to battoon; and, a Council of War being held upon the said Lieutenant, he was acquitted of the slaughter, in regard it was contrary to the Swedish discipline to cudgel any officer,—this council of war consisting of Germans." But "General Leslie,‖ being then Governor of Staten, where the Earl was buried, as Major-General and Governor of the place, caused him to be immediately apprehended and shot at a post."¶—Earl George left an only child, Lady Margaret Lindsay, who died in 1655 in Caithness, apparently without a soul to love except her "mamie," or nurse, Janet Abernethy; whom she bequeaths to the care of her cousin-german, the Earl of Caithness, entreating him, "as he would have a blessing," to "grant her a small pension of livelihood," "and give her a house on some pairt of his lands to dwell in during her lifetime."**

Earl George was succeeded by his next brother, Colonel Alexander Lindsay, on whom the curse of the Wicked Master was

* Monro's *Expedition*, Part I. pp. 80, 81; Part II. pp. 28, 165.

† Testament (contemporary copy), 22 Feb. 1639. *Haigh Muniment-room.*

‡ Contract, 23 and 26 Sept. 1629, between George Earl of Crawford and Alex. Lord Spynie. *Ibid.*

§ Monro's *Expedition*, List of Scottish Officers, between Parts I. and II.; Sir Thomas Urquhart's *Works*, p. 213, edit. Maitland.

‖ Afterwards the commander-in-chief of the Covenanters at Dunselaw, and Earl of Leven.

¶ List of the Scottish Officers under Gustavus Adolphus, &c.,—printed from a scarce pamphlet entitled 'The Scots Nation and Union vindicated,' &c. Lond. 4to. 1714, in the *Spottiswoode Miscellany*, tom. i. p. 384.

** Testament, 24 May, 1655. *Crawford Case*, p. 90.

even more fearfully visited, as he became "frantic," or insane, and was kept in confinement till his death in 1639,* when the last surviving son of Earl Henry, Colonel Ludovic Lindsay—who had risen to that rank in the Spanish service,† succeeded as sixteenth Earl of Crawford, and returned to Scotland, in order to support the King in the difficulties that were then gathering round him. He and Lord Spynie were in that year the last survivors of the seven Crawford cousins who had started in life so gaily and hopefully not twenty years before.

During all this time, while the breeze of fortune was deserting the sails of the House of Crawford, it was swelling those of the line of Byres,—they were continually rising in opulence and power. Their representative in 1640 was the John Earl of Lindsay, already familiar to you as a leader of the Covenanters. The son of the celebrated Lady Christian Hamilton, better known by the name of her second husband as Lady Boyd, he had sucked in the tenets of Presbyterianism with his mother's milk,‡—independently of the heritage of similar traditions derived from his paternal ancestry, from Lord Patrick and Lord James of the Byres. He had received "a noble education, both at home and in foreign parts,"§ was a man of great talent, supple, subtle, and ambitious, occasionally trampling down all principle under his feet, occasionally sacrificing everything in support of it,—motives mingling in his character in inextricable confusion; a gallant, daring soldier, but without genius as a commander, political intrigue being his more congenial element. The great object of the House of Byres, to engross in themselves the Earldom of Crawford in exclusion of the legitimate heirs, was constantly held in view and finally accomplished by Earl John, as we shall see hereafter. Intrigues with this view had been at work early in the century. And we must not forget that the slaughter of Lord Spynie, and the feud consequent thereupon, together with the remembrance of earlier dissensions and the jealousy of obligation, had long predis-

* Sir James Balfour's *MS. Genealogy*, Adv. Lib.

† Crawford's *Hist. of the Lindsays*, MS.; Sir Thomas Urquhart's *Works*, p. 218.

‡ She was the eldest daughter of Thomas first Earl of Haddington, and, after the death of her first husband Robert ninth Lord Lindsay of the Byres, married Robert sixth Lord Boyd. She is described by Livingstone as "an eminent pattern of Christianity, grave, diligent, and prudent." *Memorable Characteristics*, p. 92.

§ Crawford's *Hist. Lindsays*, MS.

posed the direct line of Crawford against their nearer kinsmen of Edzell, inducing even Earl Ludovic, alas! to act unjustly. I anticipate thus much, in order to lessen the necessity for comment or explanation hereafter.

Earl Ludovic therefore, Alexander Lord Spynie, Alexander Lord Balcarres, and John Earl of Lindsay, were the leading members of the clan at the commencement of the year 1640; the two former were Cavaliers, but Lord Balcarres and Lord Lindsay continued for some years stedfast supporters of the Covenant. John Lindsay of Edzell, Sheriff of Angus, nephew and successor of the slayer of the first Lord Spynie, and grandson of Sir David, Lord Edzell, was also a Covenanter, and remained one long after the rest of his kinsmen had taken up arms for their Sovereign,—resentment, probably, at the exclusion of his family by Earl Ludovic and King Charles embittering him against royalty.* The subsequent history of the Edzell family is that of gradual decline.

SECTION II.

Among the very earliest to join King Charles was Ludovic, surnamed the "Loyal Earl" of Crawford,—"chief," exclaims Wishart, "of the most ancient and noble family of the Lindsays, a man renowned for military glory in foreign nations, among the Swedes, Imperialists, and Spaniards,"†—thus exultingly enumerating his qualifications as a worthy satellite to the sun of his idolatry, the illustrious Montrose.

The Covenanters, (to resume the historical thread of my narrative,) being informed of the King's intended march towards Scotland, determined to anticipate him, advanced into England, defeated the royalists at the battle of Newburn on the 28th of August, 1640,‡ and took Newcastle. Charles, disconcerted at

* Extracts from the Mercurius Politicus, 1653. *Spottiswoode Miscellany*, tom. i. p. 149.

† "Ludovicus Craufordiæ Comes, antiquissimæ et nobilissimæ Lindesiorum gentis princeps, militari gloriâ apud exteros, Suecos, Austriacosque, et Hispanos, clarus." *Vita*, &c., cap. xiv.

‡ Baillie's *Letters*, tom. i. p. 256.

this success, retreated to York, and entered into a treaty, which, after discussions protracted through many months, ended in his consent to all the demands of his Northern subjects, including of course his acquiescence in the Covenant and the ratification of their recent acts of Assembly and Parliament, ecclesiastical and civil. He followed up this concession by a personal visit to Edinburgh, with the view of gaining a clearer insight into the state of parties, and of winning over to his interest the more influential among his opponents—laying himself out in every way to conciliate them by conformity with their manners, attendance on their worship, and personal kindness and attention; but carrying on all the while secret intrigues with individual members of their party, and with the Cavaliers, who abhorred the Covenant. Nothing of all this escaped the eye of the Covenanters. Honours and offices were now heaped upon them, precisely, says Lord Clarendon, "according to the capacity and ability they had," individually, "of doing him mischief." Loudon, the Chancellor, was created an Earl, and the patent of the Earldom of Lindsay, which had been suppressed since 1633, was resuscitated and formally bestowed on Earl John, who was at the same time appointed an Extraordinary Lord of Session,* and, conjointly with Argyle, Glencairn, and Lothian, Treasurer of Scotland.† But these favours made no impression; they knew them to be dictated by policy, and distrusted their sovereign, "et dona ferentem." Lord Lindsay and the youthful Lord Balcarres were during this visit admitted into the Privy Council,‡ "the duties of which station," says the biographer of the latter nobleman, "he discharged with that gravity and wisdom, that he looked like a senator of much older standing."§

At first, as we have already seen, Montrose had been an adherent to the Covenant. A scheme, however, broached to him in conversation above a year before by Lord Lindsay—to elect Argyle Dictator in Scotland during the struggle with the King—had shaken his confidence;‖ and subsequent intercourse with Charles

* Nov. 13, 1641. *Acts Parl.*, tom. v. p. 464.

† Same date, *ibid.*, p. 463.

‡ Both on the same day, 16 Nov. 1641. Sir James Balfour's *Annals*, tom. iii. p. 150.

§ MS. Memoir, *Haigh Muniment-room.*

‖ Napier's *Life of Montrose*, p. 131.—The conversation took place in June, 1640.

himself determined him to embrace his quarrel. This correspondence being discovered, he was arrested and confined in Edinburgh Castle.*

A strange plot now came to light—ascertained but obscurely, and known in Scottish history by the mysterious epithet of "the Incident"—"one of the most wicked and horrible plots," says Baillie, "that has been heard of, that put us all for some days in a mighty fear."† It seems to have been the joint concoction of Montrose and Crawford, and was schemed, as Mr. Chambers remarks, completely in the spirit of an ancient Scottish raid.‡ Hamilton, Lanark, and Argyle, the most powerful of the Covenanting nobles, were to be suddenly and in the night-time summoned to attend his Majesty on urgent business,—they were to be arrested as traitors on their way to the royal bedchamber, and delivered to Crawford, who was to wait in readiness with his followers at the foot of the back stairs descending from the palace of Holyrood into the garden; he was then to convey them on board a vessel in Leith Roads, where they were to be detained till the King should gain such an ascendancy in the country as would enable him to try them as traitors; Crawford, with his men, was to seize Edinburgh the same night, capture the Castle, release Montrose, and deliver it into his hands as Governor;§ the Kers, Humes, Johnstones, and other border clans, were to march straight to Edinburgh, and a rising was to take place simultaneously among the Roman Catholics in Ireland.‖ "Probably," observes

* "It was at this time," says Mr. William Row, the continuer of his father-in-law Mr. Robert Blair's Autobiography, "while the army lay in and about Newcastle, that the Earl of Montrose kept secret correspondence with the King by letters, contrary to an Act of the Committee of Estates and Council of War with the army; which, when it was found out, he deserted their meetings, vowing to cause Scotland swim in blood if he were not avenged on the Lord Lindsay; for he defended his writing to the King, alleging he did but what the Lord Lindsay did, in writing to the Marquess of Hamilton, his brother-in-law. But Lindsay replied, that when he wrote he did (according to the Act of the Council of War) shew his letters to the General, and sent them, they being allowed, not in a clandestine way, as Montrose did, but avowedly. This did so stir and enrage the proud spirit of Montrose, that he proved *transfuga*, and in end a most cruel and bloody enemy to his mother Kirk and country." *Autob.*, p. 164.

† *Letters*, tom. i. p. 392.

‡ *Hist. of the Rebellion*, tom. i. p. 242.

§ Baillie's *Letters*, ut supra; Sir Thomas Hope's *Diary*, p. 153.

‖ This actually took place in the Irish Rebellion.

Mr. Chambers, "it was contemplated that, the chief men being cut off, the people overawed, the seat of government seized, and the Parliament subjected to the royal will, matters in Scotland would once more revert to their ancient channels, and Charles be enabled to appear before his English Parliament with a force sufficient to suppress it."

The plot was discovered through the information of a gentleman who was invited to join in it, but refused. "All the city," says Baillie, "was in a flought." Hamilton, Argyle, and Lanark fled to Kinneil. The citizens kept a strong guard during the night, and on the morrow "the King came up in a coach to the Parliament, and near five hundred of sojours, and the worst affected men about him, with their arms in a menacing way," and "brake into the midst," complaining of the flight of the three nobles, and demanding that they should not be permitted to return till the plot had been thoroughly investigated; offering in the mean while his own conduct and innocence to the scrutiny of Parliament.* All this had little effect; every one was persuaded that the plot had the King's concurrence, and distrust deepened more and more.*

Nothing in fact is more mysterious in this affair of the Incident than the manner in which it was hushed up. Hamilton, Lanark, and Argyle returned to Edinburgh two days after its discovery, and were reassumed into the royal counsels. Crawford was arrested, and for a time it might be supposed his life was in danger; but the cloud passed away, and he was released, without "caution" or security, in little more than a month afterwards—the day before the King's departure from Scotland.†

But if uninfluential in public and primary consequences, the Incident was most important to the Lindsays in its private and remote effects, having been the occasion, apparently, of the exclusion of the House of Edzell and Balcarres for two hundred years from their rightful inheritance in the honours of Crawford.—It seems to have been at the moment of its discovery,

* Baillie's *Letters*, ut supra.

† Sir J. Balfour's *Annals*, tom. iii. pp. 99, sqq.; *Spalding*, tom. i. p. 351; Bp. Guthry's *Memoirs*, p. 100, edit. 1747.—The Captain or Governor of Edinburgh Castle at this time was Colonel James Lindsay of Belstane, (representative of a branch of the House of Covington,) frequently mentioned by Balfour. He was afterwards, in 1644, appointed Governor of Berwick. *Acts Parl.*, tom. vi. p. 69.

of Earl Ludovic's arrest, and of the imminent peril of his head, that Earl John of the Byres paid him a visit in prison, and proposed to save his life on condition of his resigning his Earldom into the King's hands for new investiture, with a substitution of himself, Earl John, between Earl Ludovic and his heirs-male collateral, the House of Edzell. Ludovic is said to have assented to this proposal, and thereby, through Lindsay's interest, to have escaped punishment.* But the whole affair of the Incident, in its essence and accessaries, is, I must again repeat, involved in impenetrable mystery.

There is no doubt, however, of the fact, that, two months afterwards, on the 15th of January, 1642, Earl Ludovic resigned his Earldom of Crawford into the King's hands at Windsor, and received it back again, in the old feudal manner, "with all its ancient privileges and precedency," as enjoyed "by the ancient Earls of Crawford for many centuries past," "from the date of their first creation as Earls,"—but with a new destination—to himself, Earl Ludovic, and the heirs-male of his body, if any, in the first instance; to John Earl of Lindsay and the heirs-male of his body, in the second; and finally, in the event of both lines failing, to his own (Earl Ludovic's) heirs-male collateral for ever,†—Earl John and his male descendants, a branch, as you will remember, sprung off before the creation of the Earldom, being thus interpolated in the succession, in violation of the rights of the House of Edzell, as secured by the settlements of 1546, 1554, and 1587—they being the next and lawful male heirs, failing the descendants of the Wicked Master. It is difficult to understand how King Charles could have sanctioned such injustice—unless with a hope, as fruitless as before, of propitiating Lord Lindsay,—but, unjust as it might be, the patent was not the less valid, flowing from the royal authority, the sole fount of honour; Earl John succeeded under it, eventually, as seventeenth Earl of Crawford; and on the death of George, the twenty-second Earl, his last male descendant, in 1808, the late

* *Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres*, MS.—This transaction is there assigned to the year 1644, after Earl Ludovic's capture at Newcastle, but this must be erroneous, as the patent bringing in the Byres line had been already granted in 1642. Its transference in the text to 1641 was suggested by some observations of Mr. Riddell, *Crawford Case*, p. 24, note O.

† The patent is printed in the *Crawford Case*, p. 24.—And see p. 95.

Alexander Earl of Balcarres thus became twenty-third Earl, as nearest heir-male of Ludovic.* But I must proceed with more public matters.

Scarcely had Charles recrossed the Tweed before his quarrel with the English Parliament broke out fiercer than ever. That he was hardly used, there can be no doubt. All his usurpations, all his encroachments had been already extorted from his unwilling grasp, and every subsequent act of the Parliament was a violation of his prerogative.† A deep sense of distrust, generated by the whole tenor of his political conduct, and rendering them fearful of leaving a single weapon in his hand that he could use against them, is their sole excuse. The result was the assumption of an attitude on the part both of King and Parliament, which rendered all further political negotiation useless, and King Charles proclaimed war and raised the royal standard at Nottingham on the 25th of August, 1642.

Earl Ludovic joined him there immediately, "was made welcome," says Spalding, "and create commander of the Volunteers."‡ He had raised a noble regiment of horse, which greatly distinguished itself throughout the ensuing campaigns. He fought gallantly under Charles at the unfortunate battle of Edgehill, 23 October, 1642.§ His subsequent encounters were chiefly with the Parliamentary general Sir William Waller. The first was disastrous. He had left a detachment of his regiment in Chichester, which Waller laid siege to, and took after eight days' defence. Colonel, Major, and Captain Lindsays of Crawford's regiment, with about sixty other officers, chiefly Scotsmen, were

* This patent, which for two hundred years excluded the Balcarres family, has not been without its advantage, in securing to them the succession, after the heirs-male of the body of Earl John, as heirs-male collateral of Earl Ludovic. Had this last remainder or destination not been specified, the succession might have been presumed in favour of the heirs-male collateral of Earl John of the Byres.

† No one has stated this more clearly than Mr. Hallam, in the concluding pages of the ninth chapter of his Constitutional History of England. Subsequently to the early months of the Long Parliament, he says, "law, justice, and moderation, once ranged against" the King, "had gone over to his banner." And "of the Parliament," he continues at the beginning of the succeeding chapter, "it may be said, I think, with not greater severity than truth, that scarce two or three public acts of justice, humanity, or generosity, and very few of political wisdom or courage, are recorded of them from their quarrel with the King to their expulsion by Cromwell."

‡ *Spalding*, tom. ii. p. 75.

§ *Spalding*, tom. ii. p. 93.

taken and sent prisoners to London. "All their brave horses, which were dainty ones indeed," says Vicars, "with four hundred excellent dragooners, and three or four hundred foot-soldiers," were captured at the same time.* Crawford had however recruited his regiment shortly afterwards, and commanded it at the battle of Lansdowne, on the 5th July, 1643.† Shortly afterwards, being sent for a supply of powder, he was intercepted by Sir William, and routed with the loss of his ammunition, and a troop or two of his regiment. The royalists were now far outnumbered, and in a very critical situation, being unable either to continue their march or hazard a battle. In this emergency, they despatched the cavalry to Oxford to demand reinforcements from the King; a large body of horse were sent to their aid, and, to the surprise and disappointment of the roundheads, "Sir William Waller, alias the Conqueror, was bravely defeatit and routit by the Earl of Crawford, Commissary Wilmot, and Sir John Byron," who killed six hundred of his men, took eight hundred prisoners, seven pieces of cannon, and all their colours,‡—"a glorious day," says Lord Clarendon, "a day of triumph, which redeemed for that time the King's whole affairs, so that all clouds that overshadowed them seemed to be dispelled, and a bright light of success to shine over the whole kingdom."

A treaty had been carried on at Oxford during the spring, to which Lord Lindsay and other commissioners had been sent from Scotland to negotiate a reconciliation between the King and the Parliament. But every bitter feeling had been aggravated, and peace was fading into a phantom; the King listened with coldness; and they returned home in September. Lindsay, however, was sent back to London, to remain there for correspondence.§

On the 25th of September, Earl Ludovic had a narrow escape in an attempt to gain the town of Poole for the King. "He

* *True Relation of the fortunate Sir William Waller, &c., concerning the manner of the besieging and taking of Chichester*, 4to., 4 pp. 1643; Vicars' *Jehovah-Jireh, or England's Parliamentary Chronicle*, tom. i. pp. 234, 240; *Journals of the House of Commons*, tom. ii. pp. 910, 920; tom. iii. p. 142.

† *Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres.*

‡ *Spalding*, tom. ii. p. 139.—Earl Ludovic also fought at Newbury, 20 Sept. 1643, and at Reading. *Indictment before the Scots Parliament, 26 March*, 1644 *Crawford Case*, p. 26; Rushworth's *Hist. Collections*, tom. v. pp. 265, 294.

§ Burnet's *Memoirs of James and William Dukes of Hamilton*, p. 197.

dealt," says Whitelocke, "with Captain Sydenham, one of the garrison, who promised to do his work, and received of him forty pounds, and a promise of great reward and preferment. On an hour appointed, Crawford comes to the town with five hundred horse and some foot. Sydenham and the Governor (whom he had acquainted with it) let in Crawford and half his men into the town, and then, letting fall a chain, shut out the rest; few escaped of those that entered, but were killed or taken prisoners."* Crawford, probably, was of the few that cut their way out, for he reappears soon afterwards in the South-East of England, invading Sussex and taking Arundel Castle, in company with Sir Ralph Hopeton.† Their chief quarters were at Alton, near Farnham, where Waller, however, surprised and gave them a severe check; Crawford, who had taken the alarm and had "got out with his troops," being overmastered and obliged to "get away with a few" whom he kept together; "the rest were all taken, to the number of nine hundred soldiers and twelve hundred arms,—which causes here great joy," writes Baillie from London, "coming in so sad and fearful a time."‡

The fact was, that, though Crawford personally was unfortunate, the royal arms were now everywhere triumphant, and the English Parliament, reduced to extremity, found it necessary to demand the assistance of the Scottish Covenanters, in accordance with a clause in the treaty of 1641, obliging the Parliament of either country to assist the other in case of need.

The situation of the Covenanters on this appeal was a perplexing one. On the one hand, the King had formally assented to all their demands—had ratified the Kirk—had set his foot upon Episcopacy; on the other, they had the profoundest conviction, grounded alike on knowledge of his character and observation of his conduct during his recent residence in Scotland, that this assent was insincere—a political trick—to lull their suspicions, and engage their assistance, or at all events secure their neutrality, in the contest which he was preparing for with his more formidable enemy, the English Parliament,—and that, the moment that it was crushed, he would revoke all his concessions to themselves, and restore Episcopacy—in other words, Absolute Government.

* Whitelocke's *Memorials*, p. 75; *Rushworth*, tom. v. p. 286.

† Baillie's *Letters*, tom. ii. p. 113. ‡ Baillie's *Letters*, tom. ii. p. 118.

In confirmation of these apprehensions, they saw him still more and more determined in his support of Episcopacy in England, and the inference was direct—that its extirpation there was the sole guarantee for the preservation of their own liberties at home; that neutrality was impossible; and that therefore they must in self-defence join heart and hand with the Parliament. Arrived at this conclusion, on the broad basis of self-preservation, their action was prompt and peremptory. Forces were without loss of time assembled and organized, and the whole put under the command of Sir Alexander Leslie—or, as he must now be styled, the Earl of Leven, having been so created in 1641. David Baillie, a son of the Lamington family, was appointed his Lieutenant, and David Leslie, afterwards Lord Newark, his Major-General. The army crossed the Tweed on the 15th of January, 1644.

The Covenant was now renewed under the title of the Solemn League and Covenant, and embraced by England as well as Scotland.*

Almost simultaneously with these movements, Montrose, and his friends Crawford and Lord Ogilvie, were organizing their plans for the career of victory that awaited the royal arms in Scotland. Montrose proposed to the King to raise the Highland clans, unite with them a large body of Irish, to be despatched by the Earl of Antrim, a chieftain of the MacDonalds, from Ulster; and with these, and the gentlemen of the North, to make his

* "The Covenant consisted in an oath, to be subscribed by all persons in both kingdoms, whereby they bound themselves to preserve the reformed religion in the Church of Scotland, in doctrine, worship, discipline, and government, according to the word of God and practice of the best reformed Churches; and to endeavour to bring the Churches of God in the three kingdoms to the nearest conjunction and uniformity in religion, confession of faith, form of church-government, directory for worship, and catechizing,—to endeavour, without respect of persons, the extirpation of popery, prelacy, (that is, church-government by archbishops, bishops, their chancellors and commissaries, deans and chapters, archdeacons, and all other ecclesiastical officers depending on that hierarchy,) and whatsoever should be found contrary to sound doctrine and the power of godliness,—to preserve the rights and privileges of the parliaments, and the liberties of the kingdoms, and the King's person and authority, in the preservation and defence of the true religion and liberties of the kingdoms,—to endeavour the discovery of incendiaries and malignants who hinder the reformation of religion, and divide the King from his people, that they may be brought to punishment,—finally, to assist and defend all such as should enter into this covenant, and not suffer themselves to be withdrawn from it, whether to revolt to the opposite party, or to give in to a detestable indifference or neutrality." Hallam's *Constit. History*, chap. x.

Majesty master of the whole of Scotland, and then march to his assistance in England. Charles approved of the scheme, created him Marquis of Montrose, and appointed him his Lieutenant in Scotland. Not a moment was to be lost. With Earl Ludovic, Lord Ogilvie, and a few other friends, he marched North about the beginning of April. They were deserted at Annan by the English, who thought it madness "to brave a nation which possessed at every town a force equal to theirs." They pushed on, however, and took Dumfries, but were obliged to retreat to Carlisle. They could get no one to join them, every one considering the attempt desperate. At last Montrose disbanded his followers, desired his friends to rejoin the King as they best might, and set off in disguise for the Highlands, where he arrived in safety, joined the Irish auxiliaries, and raised the clans.*

Crawford, who had been excommunicated by the General Assembly after his hostile entry into Dumfries,† rejoined the royalists, and acted as a general under Prince Rupert at the battle of Marstonmoor, 2 July, 1644,‡ where his friends were defeated, chiefly by the valour of the Scottish Covenanters,—the Earl of Lindsay, according to Baillie, incurring "the greatest hazard of any," charging and dislodging four brigades of the royalist foot, that were posted in a large ditch that divided the two armies, with a gallantry that carried all before him, and contributed greatly to the success of the day.§

This defeat was as a blight on the royal cause. Earl Ludovic, with Lord Reay and a few Scots officers, threw himself into Newcastle, while the Parliament passed sentence of forfeiture against him in Edinburgh, and ratified his Earldom of Crawford to Lord Lindsay, in terms of the remainder to that nobleman in the patent granted by King Charles two years before, on Earl Ludovic's resignation,—an assumption of authority on their part to which they were confessedly incompetent.‖ Earl John imme-

* *Spalding*, tom. ii. p. 217.

‡ On the 26th of April, in the Great Church of Edinburgh. *Guthry*, p. 153.

‡ Crawford's *Hist. of the Lindsays; Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres.*

§ Baillie's *Letters*, tom. ii. p. 204.

‖ *Acts Parl.*, July 23, 1644, tom. vi. pp. 140, 158; *Balfour*, tom. iii. pp. 236, 237; Sir Thomas Hope's *Diary*, p. 208.—"Of the participation of Lindsay in this affair," observes Mr. Riddell, "there can be little or no doubt, when, *inter alia*, it is in proof that he held the great offices of President of the Committee of Estates,

diately assumed the title of Crawford, and is thereafter designated in history as Earl of Crawford-Lindsay. He was at the same time appointed sole High Treasurer of Scotland,* and soon afterwards President of the Parliament, on the death of Lord Balcarres' worthy uncle, the Earl of Lauderdale.† Other offices were gradually engrossed by him, till his power was almost uncontrolled. He acquired moreover the revenues of five bishoprics, those of Caithness, Ross, Moray, Dunkeld, and Dunblane, and a "right," as it was esteemed, "to many more," of which he did not obtain actual possession.‡ Of his sincerity throughout his career, it is difficult to judge. His contemporaries gave him credit for it, and he is described by Wishart as the Coryphæus, or ringleader, of the fierce zealots of the day,§ and by Bishop Guthry as "furious" in the cause of his adoption.‖ But sincerity of public creed is not incompatible with private selfishness—and such seems to have been the case with Earl John. It led him, four years after the mock forfeiture of Earl Ludovic, to attempt to overthrow the patent of 1642, on which his succession ultimately rested, by procuring a new one from the royal Exchequer, then under his absolute control; by which his own heirs-female innumerable were called to the succession, on failure of the heirs-male of his body, to the entire exclusion of the heirs-male whomsoever of Ludovic, the Houses of Spynie, Edzell, and Balcarres.¶ But this patent was of course invalid, as not having

and President of Parliament, in 1644, besides that of Lord High Treasurer, of a Law Lord, &c. &c., and actually combined in himself the chief authority both of law and government, including all public procedure." *Crawford Case*, p. 26.

* *Acts Parl.*, 23 July, 1644, tom. vi. p. 126; Hope's *Diary*, p. 208; *Guthry*, p. 160.—The office was confirmed to him in 1646 by King Charles, after his surrender at Newark:—"As also Crawford-Lindsay had the Treasurer's place settled upon him, which formerly (without his Majesty's allowance) he had possessed himself of by the Parliament's grant. For now his Majesty was reduced to such a posture that he must grant whatever they pleased to ask." *Guthry*, p. 181.

† *Acts Parl.*, 20 Jan. 1645, tom. vi. p. 161; *Balfour*, tom. iii. p. 251; *Guthry*, p. 182.

‡ "The bishoprics that my father had right to were many, but those he was possessed of were only Caithness, Ross, Moray, Dunkeld, and Dunblane." *Letter, William 18th Earl of Crawford to Lord Melville*, 4 *Dec.* 1690,—*Leven Papers*, p. 580.

§ Wishart's *Life of Montrose*, p. 350.

‖ *Memoirs*, p. 107.

¶ *Exchequer Charter*, 1 *March*, 1648,—*Crawford Priory Charter-room*.—See the *Crawford Case*, p. 29.

proceeded upon due resignation and royal authority,* while Earl John, the grantee, was not even then, legally, Earl of Crawford, Ludovic being still alive.

After the battle of Marstonmoor, the whole of the North of England lay prostrate before the Covenanters, except Newcastle, which Earl Ludovic and Lord Reay defended "beyond all expectation, with such courage and resolution," says an old writer, that "their enemies did much admire and praise their fidelity."† Leslie took it however by storm on the 9th of October, "with the loss of many men, and the effusion of much blood;"‡ and Crawford and his friends were made prisoners, and sent to Scotland. Crawford was brought into Edinburgh, on the 7th of November, by the Water-gate of the Canongate, in mournful procession and with studied indignity, being "compelled to come up the gate (road) bareheaded, as a traitor, not styling him Lord, but Ludovic Lindsay, which he suffered patiently;" nor was he imprisoned in the Castle of Edinburgh, "where nobles was wont to be incarcerate, but, out of despite and envy, was wardit within the Tolbooth" (the common gaol) "of Edinburgh.—Ye hear," cries honest Spalding, "how this ancient and noble Earl of Crawford was, by the Estates, without authority of ane King, forfaultit and degraduate!"§—He was tried and condemned to death as a traitor,—mainly, according to Wishart, through the influence of Lindsay, who had usurped his honours, and now thirsted for his blood,‖—"nor was it," he adds, "for any crime but for being a soldier, and an expert man, and one that had done good service for his Majesty the King, and it was feared he would do so again if he should be suffered to live."¶ It was urged by some of the more violent ministers, that he should be immediately beheaded; by others that the execution should be delayed for some days, in order that he might suffer along with the other prisoners; the last

* *Crawford Case*, p. 29.

† Gordon of Ruthven's *Short Abridgment of Britain's Distemper*, 1639–1649, pp. 50, 118.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 118; *Guthry*, p. 170; *Diary of Mr. Robert Douglas, in 'Hist. Fragments relative to Scottish Affairs*, 1635-1664,' p. 79.

§ *Spalding*, tom. ii. p. 283.

‖ "Lindesii Comitis, consanguinei sui, (qui quod honoribus tituloque Craufordiæ inhiaret, ejus etiam capiti insidiabatur,) arte et authoritate à conjuratis ultimo supplicio destinatus erat." *Life of Montrose*, p. 363.

¶ *Ibid.*

alternative was carried, and accordingly they were all shut up together in the Tolbooth.*

Montrose, meanwhile, was pursuing a splendid career of victory in the North. He won the battle of Tippermuir on the first of September, 1644,—scarcely losing a single follower. At Perth he was joined by the gallant Lord Spynie,† who, on his return from the German wars, had been confirmed in the office of Mustermaster-General, previously bestowed on him by King Charles.‡ They took Aberdeen on the 14th of September; Montrose set off for the Gordons' country two days afterwards, leaving Lord Spynie in the town; Argyle arrived on the 19th, took him prisoner, and on Saturday the 21st sent him under a guard to Edinburgh.§

It would be fatiguing to enumerate all the marches and countermarches, surprises, skirmishes, and pitched battles, planned with consummate skill, executed with the greatest rapidity and success, and telling like the blows of a sledge-hammer, by which Montrose made his presence felt in every quarter of the North of Scotland,—his invasion of Argyle, the storm of Dundee, his retreat into Glenesk, where John Lindsay of Edzell found him a most unwelcome visitor,‖ his descent upon Perthshire, and the attempt of Baillie to cut off his retreat to the Highlands, which he frustrated by despatching MacDonnell Colkittoch, commander of the Irish auxiliaries, to plunder Cupar of Angus, where they killed Patrick Lindsay, the minister, and routed a troup under Lord Balcarres, which attempted to check their devastation¶—diverting Baillie's attention by this stratagem and seizing the opportunity to regain

* *Guthry*, p. 170.—"In the mean time the General Assembly sent in Mr. David Dickson, Mr. Robert Blair, Mr. Andrew Cant, Mr. James Guthry, and Mr. Patrick Gillespie, to the Parliament, to press the execution of the Earl of Crawford, Lord Ogilby, and all the rest of the prisoners in the tolbooth; which the Parliament commended as an act of great zeal and piety in the Assembly, yet deferred the performance for a time, until Montrose should be brought lower,—lest otherwise, if through misfortune any of their friends happened to fall into his hands, he might repay it." *Ibid.*, p. 180.

† *Spalding*, tom. ii. p. 262.

‡ By letters patent for life, 26 June, 1626; confirmed 28 June, 1633. *Acts Parl.*, tom. v. p. 50.

§ *Spalding*, tom. ii. p. 267.

‖ Petition to Parliament, stating the fact, 16 March, 1649; *Acts*, tom. vi. p. 441

¶ On or about the 20th April, 1645. *Spalding*, tom. ii. p. 267.

the Highlands,—and, finally, his descent into the low-country of Angus to encounter Crawford-Lindsay, who had been stationed there with a new army to protect the Lowlands and the seat of government, Perth. Lindsay had "severely censured the campaigns of Argyle, and thirsted to acquire renown by leading an army for the Covenant."* But he was doomed to disappointment, and saved probably from disgrace, by the falling away of Montrose's Highland followers, and the sudden summons of their chief to Aberdeenshire, where Baillie was ravaging the country in his absence. Montrose marched thither forthwith, in pursuit of Baillie.

The young Lord Balcarres, who has been lately complimented as "brave enough to have been second in command to Montrose,"† had the honour of crossing swords with him at the battle which ensued, at Alford, on the 2nd of July, 1645. He had raised a gallant regiment of horse, which is constantly alluded to in the chronicles of the day.—"The armies confronted," says Mr. Napier, "were nearly equal in the number of foot, about two thousand each. But Baillie's cavalry outnumbered Montrose's, being six hundred to two hundred and fifty. The latter, however, were for the most part gentlemen cavaliers, while the Covenanting horsemen had neither the breeding nor the experience to render them so formidable in battle. They were commanded, however, by the gallant Lord Balcarres, who, it is alleged, hurried Baillie into this battle, by the forwardness of his cavalry movements. Montrose, judging that the militia opposed to him would be unnerved by the clang of his trumpets and the shouts of his men, hesitated no longer to give them the 'laissez aller.'"‡—"My Lord Gordon," says a contemporary chronicler, "to whom it fell to give the first charge, did encounter with Balcarres and his horsemen, being three hundreth and the strongest regiment in the kingdom; but so headstrong and furious was the charge of the Lord Gordon, [that] his enemies were not able to gainstand him, but were all disordered and broken; yet, being so many in

* Napier's *Life of Montrose*, p. 340.

† Napier's *Montrose and the Covenanters*, tom. ii. p. 439.

‡ *Montrose and the Covenanters*, tom. ii. p. 424.—Lord Balcarres had previously fought at Marstonmoor, 2 July, 1644, where his regiment was stationed on the left. *Diary of Mr. Robert Douglas*, p. 62.

number, and their leader Balcarres being one of the bravest men of the kingdom, he rallied them divers times in squadrons, standing to it with such hardy and valorous resolution as had weill near wrung back the victory out of the royalists' hands," for they "being so many and so well mounted, still rallied in one part or other, making so many new essays,"*—till at last Colonel Nathanael Gordon commanded the musketeers, who had followed the charge of the Gordons, to haugh, or hamstring, their horses, which completed their rout.—"On this," adds Mr. Napier, "Balcarres' squadrons fled in confusion, and, while the Gordons pursued them with great slaughter from the field, Montrose brought his main battle into collision with the regiments of the Covenant, who stood up manfully, but in vain, against the murderous claymore. At this decisive moment Montrose ordered up his nephew," Lord Napier, "with the reserve, and no sooner had the latter made their appearance than the rebels gave way at every point, and the battle of Alford was gained."

Baillie, Balcarres, and Argyle repaired to the Parliament at Stirling, by whom the two latter were graciously received, and Balcarres' "good service to his country ordered to be recordit in the books of Parliament, to posterity, and a letter of thanks to be written from that House to him for his worthy carriage and good service."†

Baillie was sent off the next day to assume the command of the new army assembling at Perth, which was composed of the forces which had been lying under Crawford-Lindsay's command in Angus, and of some troops that had survived the carnage of Alford. They met Montrose on the 15th of August, 1645, at Kilsyth. Baillie was unwilling to engage him, but he "was no longer the sole commander of the Covenanting army; a Committee of Estates, consisting of Argyle, Lanark, and Crawford-Lindsay, had been nominated to attend his army and control his motions, and these, especially the Earl of Lindsay, insisted that the veteran general should risk the last regular army which the Covenanters possessed in Scotland in the perils of a decisive

* *Gordon of Ruthven*, p. 129.

† *Balfour*, tom. iii. p. 295; *Guthry*, p. 189.—See Baillie's own account of the battle in his 'Vindication,' printed with his relation Principal Baillie's *Letters*, tom. ii. p. 419.

battle."* Baillie had fixed upon an advantageous post for receiving the enemy's attack, but the Committee required him to relinquish it for a hill on the right, nearer the enemy, which they maintained to be a more favourable position. Baillie remonstrated, but Balcarres was the only one that seconded him,† and he was forced, against his own better judgment, to make this disadvantageous change, which threw his troops into such confusion, that it was impossible for him, in the battle that ensued, to convey his orders so as to be understood by his followers.

Montrose's victory was complete.—"Argyle and Baillie," says a contemporary historian, "fled one way, Lindsay and Balcarres several ways; at the Queen's Ferry Argyle took shipping for Newcastle; Lindsay fled to Berwick,—Balcarres, general of the horse, to West Lothian, and came that night to Colinton, with ten or twelve horsemen only."‡ The royalists remained masters of Scotland. Montrose forthwith despatched the Master of Napier and Nathaniel Gordon to release Earl Ludovic, Lord Ogilvie,

* *Sir W. Scott; Guthry*, p. 183.—Baillie's 'Vindication,' referred to in the last note, breathes throughout the language of a man of intelligence smarting under the sense of being unduly overruled and slighted in his own department by men who ought to have been his subalterns instead of superiors.

† *Baillie*, tom. iii. p. 421.

‡ *Gordon of Ruthven*, p. 145; Napier's *Life of Montrose*, p. 354.—Crawford Lindsay's regiment suffered most severely in this battle; and this, we are told by William Row, had been prophesied by his father-in-law Mr. Robert Blair, who had accompanied it as chaplain on the march into England in 1640. "On the Sabbath-day, July 27, Mr. Blair, after he had preached in Perth in the forenoon, the members of Parliament and Commission being hearers, he came out in the afternoon to the army, and preached to Crawford's and Maitland's regiments, to whom he had been minister in England, they being now recalled and joined with other forces at home. In his sermon he told that brigade that he had learned that they were become very dissolute and profane; he assured them that unless they repented, and that very speedily, there was a sore stroke ordained for them, and that, though the Lord had honoured them to stand at Long Marston, (Marstonmoor,) when many fled, and then covered their head in the day of battle, so that, though they were often charged, yet very few of them were killed, not above three of Crawford's regiment, yet now they should not be able to stand before their enemy, yea they should be routed and killed. He said that he expected that they would like well of his freedom with them, because that they knew that he loved them, and that when he was with them in England he had a care both of their souls and bodies. This sad threatening and commination was shortly thereafter fulfilled, August 15, at Kilsyth; for at that woeful battle Crawford's whole regiment was cut off almost wholly; all the officers were killed except Crawford, who wonderfully escaped their bloody hands, and the major who served on horse." *Contin. Blair's Autobiography*, p. 174.

Lord Napier, and Stirling of Keir, "the four friends and advisers whom, of all others, he loved best,"* and of whom the two former were confined at Edinburgh, the two latter at Linlithgow. The scene was now changed, and the humblest prayers were made to Crawford and Ogilvie by the magistrates of Edinburgh for their intercession with Montrose. They spoke comfortably to them in return, and were accompanied on their journey Westwards by a deputation from the town-council, imploring mercy and professing devotion to the King and his Lieutenant.

"These two noblemen," says Wishart, "chiefly undertook this office" of intercession, to the great satisfaction of the whole city; and, having joined the delegates, went out to meet the Master of Napier. In his way towards Edinburgh, the Master had released his father, wife, and sisters, as also Sir George Stirling of Keir, his brother-in-law, from the Castle of Linlithgow, to which they had been sent by the Covenanters from the Castle of Edinburgh; and, being now attended by this agreeable company and by the city delegates, he returned directly to Montrose.

"Montrose," continues the worthy chaplain, "was transported with joy at the sight of his dearest friends, Crawford and Ogilvie, whom he met with the tenderest embraces of friendship, having been so long deprived of their company and assistance. He congratulated them on their safety and deliverance, and gave them all the respect and accommodation possible, as a consolation in some degree for their long imprisonment. On the other hand, they expressed the utmost gratitude to him, and extolled him as their avenger and deliverer; both parties thus seeming to vie with each other in mutual expressions of their affection and esteem." †

This gleam of success was too soon overclouded. The Scottish army stationed in England, to cooperate with the Parliament, hearing of the defeat at Kilsyth, despatched David Leslie, with six thousand men, against Montrose, and the royalists were totally defeated at the battle of Philiphaugh, on the 13th of September, 1645. They were surprised by Leslie, under cover of a thick fog,—"twice were the rebels repulsed with slaughter, but still the royalists never had a chance; for two thousand of

* Napier's *Life of Montrose*, p. 362.

† *Wishart*, p. 181

the enemy's horse, by an easy détour across the river, coming upon the rear of the little band, already oppressed with numbers, their struggle was now only for life." *

All being lost, in the words of a contemporary chronicler,† "in this disastrous time and confused medley of misfortunes," Montrose "drew up the Irishes, whom he fand ready to die and live with him, as they had been from the beginning; and, of all his twelve hundreth horse, he fand only his old soldiers, Airlie his troop, and Colonel Gordon, both which amounted not to a hundreth and fifty; with these Crawford, Ogilvie, and some other noble cavaliers, being nine or ten in number, did range themselves upon the General's right hand, the foot on the left, and a ditch before them,—they all resolve to maintain the place till a noble death in the field of Mars should give testimony of their courage and valour.

"The enemy charges that small handful of horse with a full regiment of horse, consisting of four hundreth, but they are bravely repulsed; and a stronger party, being sent furth the second time, is also gallantly beat back even to their main body."‡ —In this second charge a hundred of the royalists, led by Ogilvie and Gordon, imprudently leapt the ditch in pursuit of the enemy, but their return was intercepted, and, though they cut their way through and escaped on one side, they were soon afterwards obliged to surrender to the country people. They were sent to Edinburgh and soon afterwards executed, all except Lord Ogilvie, who was protected by the interest of Lord Lindsay, his cousin-german,§ and escaped from prison disguised in his sister's clothes.

"Montrose," continues the chronicler, "had now but forty or fifty horse [remaining] with him, and, perceiving the whole body of his enemies to advance upon them, he finds it no wisdom to stay, but retires with a soft gallop; and, making an account that their enemies could not chuse but follow them, having so fair an opportunity and so great an advantage, they separate themselves in three several ways; the General takes one way, and so many with him, the Marquis of Douglas and Airlie another way, Crawford a third way, and all three the next day meet safely

* Napier's *Life of Montrose*, p. 379. † *Gordon of Ruthven*, p. 159. ‡ *Ibid.*
§ Napier's *Montrose and the Covenanters*, tom. ii. p. 478.

again,"* at a ford beyond the Clyde, near Peebles, which they had probably agreed upon as the rendezvous. Here they again separated, Montrose conducting the foot to Inverness, and Crawford the horse to the Mearns. They then retired to the Highlands, where they continued in arms till the King delivered himself up to the Scottish army at Newark, and sent them his commands to lay down their arms." †

Montrose and Crawford, meanwhile, with Sir John Urie, Colkittoch, and Graham of Gorthie, had been specially excepted from pardon by the Articles of Westminster. ‡ Gorthie obtained an indemnity by the interest of Lord Balcarres, to whom his forfeiture had been granted, § and a conference between General Middleton and Montrose, by the banks of the river Isla in Angus, decided the fate of the three chiefs of the loyalists, Montrose, Crawford, and Urie being "excepted from pardon, but permitted to retire beyond the seas, while the act of attainder was reversed in favour of all the rest of their followers." ‖ Middleton was afterwards bitterly reproached, more especially by the ministers, for the lenity of these conditions.

* *Gordon of Ruthven*, p. 159.—"They (Crawford and Airlie) undervalued the loss of the battle, now that they found him alive and out of danger; on the other hand, it gave him no small satisfaction to see his dearest friends safe,—and not the less, that they brought along with them near two hundred horse, which they had picked up by the way." *Wishart*, p. 266.

† In a letter to Montrose, 15 June, 1646:—"Wherefore," he says, "I renew my former directions, of laying down arms, upon you; desiring you to let Huntley, Crawford, Airlie, Seaforth, and Ogilvie know that want of time hath made me now omit to reiterate my former commands to them, intending that this shall serve for all, assuring them, and all the rest of my friends, that, whensoever God shall enable me, they shall reap the fruits of their loyalty and affection to my service." Napier's *Life of Montrose*, p. 402.—Various skirmishes, retreats, &c., in which Crawford figured during this interval are noticed by the chroniclers. On one occasion, being surprised by the garrison of Fyvie, "Crawford, with the bravest cavaliers, staying in the rear," after sending away their baggage, "made such a brave retreat, as they lost not one man,"—on another, Montrose, being "surprised by Middleton, through the negligence of his intelligencers, leaves Crawford to maintain the passage of the river, with seventy or eighty of his bravest men, such as the Laird of Delgaty, young Gight, Harthill, and some others; who maintained the pass with invincible resolution, till the General with his army had win the hills, and then retires; and, as the report goeth, they left als many of the enemies dead on the place as of themselves, not losing one man of quality." *Gordon of Ruthven*, pp. 165, 176, 186.—See also Browne's *Hist. of the Highlands*, tom. i. p. 438.

‡ July 11, 1646. *Guthry*, p. 226.

§ *Guthry*, p. 222; *Balfour*, tom. iii. p. 370,—and charter, *Haigh Muniment-room.*

‖ *Guthry*, p. 222.

The royalist army broke up at Rattray, near Cupar of Angus, on the 31st of July, 1646—a day of wailing and tears. Hope was supposed to be dead; but, even in this abyss of ruin, Montrose and Crawford organized a new scheme, or engagement (as such leagues were then termed), for the King's rescue; and while the former sailed for Norway, on his route to France, Crawford accompanied the Irish auxiliaries to Ireland, in order to consult with the Marquis of Antrim,—he obtained from him a promise of two thousand men, and thence proceeded to Paris, where he arrived on the 13th of October, and communicated his mission to the Queen, Henrietta Maria.*

"Unfortunately," says Mr. Napier, "the Queen was at this time almost entirely guided by the advice of her favourite, Lord Jermyn, a mere courtier, and jealous of Montrose. . . No one ought to have been welcomed with greater cordiality at the court of Henrietta than the Marquis of Montrose. Yet his approach to Paris is mentioned by Jermyn, in a letter to the King, as coldly as possible; and only from the necessity of reporting the arrival of Crawford with the proposition already mentioned. 'The Earl of Crawford,' he writes, 'came hither six days since from Scotland, by the way of Ireland. His business is, to propose to the Queen, in the name of Montrose (whom we expect here every day) and himself, and many noblemen and gentlemen of the Highlands of Scotland, a design to raise for your service an army of thirty thousand men, with which he proposes to reduce Scotland this winter entirely under your obedience, and from thence to march into England (he nameth London itself), and to do as much. He hath shewed her Majesty a list of all the persons of quality that are to be the heads of these men, and of the numbers which they are to bring, armed with a fuzee, sword, and target; and affirms that they will all engage themselves accordingly, if the Queen and Prince shall encourage them so to do. Their quarrel is to be, to free your Majesty from imprisonment, for they take you to be under restraint, and no better than a prisoner.'"†—A noble,

* *Guthry*, p. 223; Napier's *Life of Montrose*, p. 418.

† A list of the forces is given in the letter, and it is added, "My Lord Branford has seen the list, and says he knows all the persons, and that he believes they are able to make good the numbers mentioned in the paper.—The Marquis of Antrim, in name of Clan-Donnell, 2000 men; MacLean, 2000; MacRanald, 1300; Mac-

a spirit-stirring proposal,—yet "the letter goes on, in a cold deprecatory tone, to mention the support required by Montrose in money and Irish troops; and then they say, 'We only make this relation to you, to whom we leave the judgment, as better understanding the condition and power of Scotland, and the probability of the design, than we do.'—It is added, however, that the Queen had already despatched an express to the Highlands in her own name, and that another had gone in name of Prince Charles, desiring these loyal noblemen and gentlemen 'to respite their reasons a little, until she may more particularly hear from you, and know in what condition your person and affairs are. The Lord Crawford seems to fear nothing but that they will be tampered with, to be taken off with great offers before they shall be encouraged from hence. He much presseth to be despatched, and to return to them.'" *

Yet, strange to say, "in the Queen's letter to his Majesty of the same date, this engagement is only cursorily mentioned, and Montrose himself neither named nor alluded to, though expected in Paris every day. All she says on the subject is, 'My Lord Crawford is arrived, who brings me very great offers on the part of your adherents in Scotland, with respect to which I shall take all necessary steps.' Meanwhile, however, her Majesty had written to the Highlands an order nearly equivalent to declining their services. The King's reply to these heartless letters does not appear; but that every possible aid and encouragement ought to have been given to the warlike chiefs who were willing to attempt his rescue was soon made manifest." †

The scheme, in short, fell to the ground, and Earl Ludovic, finding himself and his friend neglected and discountenanced,

Leod of Harris, 1200; Sir James MacDonnell, 2000; Earl of Seaforth, 2000; the Lord Reay, 1200; the country of Athol and Badenoch, 3000; Clan-Gregor and Farquharson, 1200; Grant, 1000; Clan-Chattan and Strathearn men, 1000; the Marquis of Huntley, 1500; the Earl of Airlie, 400; the Earl of Airth, 700; MacNeill of Barra, 500; Glengarry, 500; the Earl of Nithsdale, 1000; the Marquis of Montrose, 1000; the Lord Dalkeith, 100 horse,—total, 23,400." Napier's *Life of Montrose*, p. 418.

* *Ibid.*, p. 419.

† *Ibid.*, p. 420.—"The coldness and reserve on the subject of this gallant proposal is the more remarkable that the Queen in the same letter says, 'I have received no letters from you this week, which makes me very uneasy, as we hear from London that the Scots are resolved to deliver you into the hands of the Parliament.'" *Ibid.*

was fain to provide for himself elsewhere. The remnant of his estates had been forfeited,—he was homeless, penniless, and destitute. He returned to Spain, the theatre of his early fame, "to crave arrears," says Bishop Guthry, "due to him by that King," * and received the command of a regiment of Irish infantry in the Spanish service.† Few are the intimations left us of his subsequent fortunes, few and far between, like the gleams of the sun on the spears of a distant host defiling and disappearing in the mists of evening. He was at Badajoz in June, 1649, the date of a legal declaration kindly executed by him in favour of his niece Jean Lindsay,‡ who, with her husband, "Don Diego" or James Leslie, seems to have accompanied his fortunes,—a paper subscribed by him before refugee British witnesses.§ Two years afterwards, in 1651, he suddenly emerges at Paris, in the midst of the tumults of the Fronde, as a partisan of the celebrated coadjutor of Paris, Cardinal de Retz, guarding him in his citadel of Notre-dame, with fifty Scottish officers "qui avoient été des troupes de Montrose," ‖ and who probably served under him, like their successors, the followers of James II. in the time of Louis XIV., as private soldiers. But where he ended his career —when or how—there is no authentic evidence; he is said to have died in France in 1652,¶ and it is very probable, for Cardinal de Retz, in mentioning his Scottish allies in that year, makes no mention of their gallant commander; but nothing is certain except the fact that he was dead, and without issue, in 1663**—the last of the old original line of the Earls of Crawford. His career furnishes an apt illustration of a singular truth, unexplained as yet by metaphysics, and which has never been more

* *Memoirs*, p. 180.

† Certificate to Don Diego Leslie, as having served as "Capitan de una compania de Infanteria Irlandesa de las tercero del Coronel el Conde de Crafort," 25 Aug. 1651, *Haigh Muniment-room.*

‡ Daughter of his eldest brother, Sir John Lindsay, K.B., mentioned *supra*, p. 51.

§ *Obligation, &c., Haigh Muniment-room.*

‖ *Memoirs,—see Crawford Case*, p. 31.

¶ "He entered into the Spanish service, and had very high commands in the army against France, where he died 1652." Crawford's *Hist. of the Lindsays, MS.*

** The date of the grant of a pension by Charles II. to Lady Jean Lindsay, "cousin-german to the late Ludovic Earl of Crawford." *Crawford Case*, p. 98.—That he was dead without issue in 1666 is proved in the *Crawford Case*, p. 80.

beautifully expressed than by the historian of the House of Arundel:—"It is in the moral as in the physical world, the last is often the brightest gleam of an expiring lamp, the strongest effort frequently precedes immediate dissolution; and it not unusually happens that the last member of a decaying house, like the sun on an autumnal evening, will collect about him those glories which have shone but faintly through the meridian hours of his family, and fling at least a parting splendour over a course that is hastening to a close." *

After Earl Ludovic's death, one male descendant alone survived of the 'Wicked Master'—George, third Lord Spynie, the son of the gallant defender of Stralsund in 1628, and of Argyle's prisoner in 1644; he died in 1671, † and in him the succession became totally extinct,—the whole of those descendants, once so numerous, having been cut off, as by the finger of God, in the third and fourth generation.

The Lindsays of Edzell then became the representatives and heirs of the House of Crawford, were recognised as such in legal documents, and assumed the full Crawford arms, in conformity with Scottish heraldic usage, as chiefs of the name of Lindsay.

SECTION III.

The position of affairs at the commencement of the year 1646 was this:—The Parliaments in both kingdoms—the representatives of the Puritan interest, and of the principles of limited monarchy and constitutional government, were losing ground; their chief support was the Scottish Covenanting army, still quartered in the North of England. The English army, on the contrary, headed by Cromwell, Ireton, and other zealots, Independents in religion, and wild for democracy, were increasing daily in power and audacity, and the object of the English Parliament was to dissolve them as soon as possible, before their arms should be directed against itself. The King, on the other

* *Hist. and Antiquities of Arundel*, by the Rev. M. A. Tierney, tom. i. p. 319.

† He was alive in July, 1670, but dead in December, 1671.

hand, the representative of Absolutism, cooped up in Oxford, his army ruined, his partisans reduced to despair, had but a choice of evils, and determined to throw himself into the arms of the Presbyterians as less dangerous than the Independents. He fled from Oxford in disguise, and delivered himself up to the Scottish army, then pressing the siege of Newark.

The Scottish Parliament were in the highest spirits at receiving this intelligence; they saw their advantage, and determined to make the most of it, with the view of securing the great objects of their quarrel, and crushing the Independents. On the first rumour of the King's intention, and before his actual arrival was ascertained, they despatched Lord Balcarres to the army at Newark, with full instructions for his guidance. If the King should arrive, he was to represent to the army the importance of his detention,—that it was probable that, by this means, all Scotland would join with them, without the loss of any except James Graham, (as they styled Montrose,) and a few others,—that the sanction of the King's presence would "keep together a great party in the Houses, the body of the city, the whole Assembly of Divines,* and the whole kingdom, except the Sectaries"—the Independents, that is to say, and all religious sects other than the Presbyterian—"in pursuance of the Covenant;" whereas, were he to be allowed to rejoin the "rebels," or Cavaliers, both Kingdoms would be united against him, and all hopes of peace defeated:—If the King should arrive, and be willing to "follow the advice" of the army, then Lord Balcarres was to make use of various papers he was furnished with, "and shew his Majesty the ordinances of the Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, of the Convention of Estates, and Commission of the General Assembly for receiving, swearing, and subscribing the Solemn League and Covenant, that he may truly see" (they add) "what was and is the intention of the Kingdom of Scotland for defence of his Majesty's person and authority;" while he was furnished also with the Directory for Public Worship, and the Articles concerning Church Government presented at Uxbridge, all which he was to press upon the King's acceptance:—But, finally, in the alternative that the King should arrive, and refuse to follow their advice, then they were to be "careful that he part

* Then sitting at Westminster.

not from them and go to the rebels,"—should he resolve to go to Newcastle, they were to "send a party to attend him thither for his security; and it seems fit," they add, "that his Majesty have always a life-guard of persons in whom they may confide,"—in other words, that he should be kept under strict surveillance and restraint in all particulars by which their interests could be compromised.*

The succeeding scenes of the drama were now rapidly enacted. Leslie immediately raised the siege of Newark, and marched to Newcastle, where the King was strictly guarded, but otherwise treated with respect. He sent notice of his surrender to the Parliament of England, desiring to know what terms of peace they would grant him. They would agree to nothing unless the Covenant were confirmed and Episcopacy abolished,—Charles refused his consent, and the English turned to their Scottish allies, with whom the unhappy King was equally at a loss for reconciliation, bent as they were on the total abolition of that great buttress of absolutism, as essential to their security. The English pressed the Scots to surrender the King to them. Lord Balcarres and his friends, on the other side, earnestly besought his Majesty to accede to the propositions of Westminster, assuring him that the Presbyterians were his true friends, and that his only chance of escape lay in compliance with their demands,—but Charles was firm in his refusal. The Duke of Hamilton and the Earl of Crawford-Lindsay were sent to entreat him to save himself by compliance,†—they prayed in vain. The surrender of the King to the English was vehemently opposed by many who were not the less dissatisfied with his determination to uphold Episcopacy. Balcarres, who was sent once more, in company with other Scottish Commissioners, with their ultimatum, did all in his power to induce his friends to act generously in the matter.‡ George

* Orig. Memorandum, Balcarres Papers, Adv. Lib., tom. ix. No. 118; printed in Baillie's *Letters*, tom. ii. p. 513.—Lord Balcarres was further charged "to take care that his Majesty by additions or alterations change not the substance of the letter to the Houses, and render the whole business ineffectual," and also to "remember," or represent, "what form King James used in signing the Covenant, and what was the form used by the Earl of Traquair in signing the first Covenant in his Majesty's name, approved afterward by the King himself in Parliament.

† They started Sept. 2, 1646. *Guthry*, p. 230.

‡ They started D c. 29, 1646. *Guthry*, p. 236; *Memoir of Alex. Earl of Balcarres*, MS.

Lord Spynie, like his father, a determined royalist, opposed the measure in Parliament at Edinburgh,*—even Crawford-Lindsay, the President of the Parliament, appealed to the national honour and generosity, and, in signing officially the public warrant of surrender, recorded his solemn protest against it as an individual ;† and had it not been for the bigoted clergy, who decreed mercy in such a case to be crime, not even the zealots to whom this surrender is attributable would have consented to it.

But the surrender was made—with stipulations, it is true, that no harm should be done to the King's person, and that his posterity should be no-way prejudiced in their lawful succession to the throne ‡—but still the King was surrendered,—and the payment of a large sum of arrears, due to the Covenanting army by the English, taking place at nearly the same moment, exposed the Scottish nation to the reproach of having sold their King,—a reproach only to be parried (if just) by the pitiful retort, "Who bought him, and who afterwards murdered him?"—It was

* *Guthry*, p. 238.

† After the Restoration, Crawford-Lindsay presented the following paper to the High Commissioner and the Parliament, requiring that its truth should be tried by witnesses, in order that he might stand clear of all individual participation in the transaction :—"The business," says he, "being brought into Parliament, and it being proposed that the question might be whether or no his Majesty should be left at Newcastle, to be disposed of by consent of both kingdoms, I did publicly oppose that state of the question, and proposed another, whether or not his Majesty, who was our native King, and had done so many great things for the good of Scotland, and thrown himself upon us for shelter, should be delivered up to the Sectaries, avowed enemies to his life and government? And having so far as I was able pressed this to be the state of the question, but finding the other was like to carry, and fearing the worst in the decision of it, I did publicly declare, before it came to the vote, that, seeing by my being President I was not to give any vote except the votes of the House had been equal, and that I conceived myself obliged to make my sense thereof known to the world, therefore I did dissassent from the vote, and protested to be free from all the sin, dishonour, and prejudice of delivering up our native sovereign in the hands of his enemies. And after the vote was unhappily passed, I did refuse to sign the same as President, and desired that another President might be chosen. And it being carried, that I should sign the same as President, and that my signing therefore should not include my judgment, I did offer my protestation accordingly.—And this being the truth of my carriage, I shall humbly entreat your Grace and the honourable Parliament to take trial of the same from the testimony of such honourable persons as were present, that thereafter such course may be taken for my just vindication as in justice shall be thought fit." *Acts Parl.*, tom. vii. p. 14, App.—The enquiry was made, and the truth of the above statement substantiated to his satisfaction.

‡ Whitelocke's *Memorials*, p. 235.

the crime, in fact, of a crew of fanatics on either side, and imputable neither to the one nor the other of the two gallant nations that compose the unity of Great Britain.*

Possessed of the King's person, the English Parliament attempted to dissolve their army, but they had raised a devil they could not lay,—Cromwell marched to London, expelled the Presbyterian members, substituted Independents, and there, and elsewhere, usurped or rather assumed the government. Democracy was now triumphant. Cromwell took the King into his own hands, and committed him to prison. His situation was desperate, and, in a secret interview with the Scottish Commissioners, he consented, alas! too late, to confirm the Covenant, establish Presbyterianism, for a probation, at least, of three years, and unite cordially with the Scots in the extirpation of the "Sectaries," or Independents,—he acquiesced, in a word, in that principle of Constitutional Government which had been at issue between himself and his Scottish subjects since the year 1638. All ground of dispute therefore was at an end between them,—doubts might have arisen, as in 1641, with regard to his sincerity, but it was a moment for action, not hesitation—their King, a Stuart and a Scotsman, stood before them, penitent and in peril of his life—and they forgot all secondary considerations.† Their plans were rapidly combined, and, among other arrangements, Lord Balcarres, whose sincerity and honour had probably approved itself to the King during their recent conferences, was appointed by him provisionally to that important trust, the government of the Castle of Edinburgh.‡

* See however some most valuable remarks on this surrender, by Mr. Hallam, in the Appendix, No. IX.

† "The Scots Presbyterians," observes Mr. Hallam, "whatever we may think of their behaviour, were sincerely attached, if not by loyal affection, yet by national pride, to the blood of their ancient Kings. They thought and spoke of Charles as of a headstrong child, to be restrained and chastised, but never cast off. But in England he had absolutely no friends among the prevailing party; many there were who thought monarchy best for the nation, but none who cared for the King."—"The Scots," he says elsewhere, "had set their hearts on two things incompatible in themselves from the outset, according to the circumstances of England, and both of them ultimately impracticable,—the continuance of Charles on the throne, and the establishment of a Presbyterian Church."

‡ Grant by Charles I., under the sign manual (*Haigh Muniment-room*), in the following remarkable terms:—"Our Sovereign Lord, considering that the com-

The Commissioners, to whom Charles made these long-wished-for concessions, assured him of the good will of his Northern subjects, and that they would do their utmost to serve him. It remained however to be seen whether the spirit of 1638 remained unchanged, whether, after ten years of unchecked licence, the Kirk and her ministers would be satisfied with the conditions now extorted,—whether anything short of democracy in Church and State would satisfy them. The result proved, as might have been expected, that the Kirk had become republican to the core, and the news of the treaty with the King no sooner reached Scotland than the Covenanters split into two parties, the one including the great mass of the nation, headed by Crawford-Lindsay and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Hamilton, and professing Constitutional Royalism; the other composed of the ministers and the more fanatic Presbyterians, led by the Earl of Argyle—a small but compact body, who assumed an immediate attitude of distinct and formidable opposition, and were subsequently distinguished by the name of Protesters.

An Engagement, or League, was now proclaimed for the King's rescue, and the nation, with the exception of Argyle and his party, rose as one man in his defence; Cavaliers and Constitutionalists—Spynie, Crawford-Lindsay, and Balcarres—were

mandment and keeping of the Castle of Edinburgh may shortly vaike (become vacant) in his Highness' hands, and be at his Majesty's gift and disposition, either by demission of . . . Alexander Earl of Leven, or through and by his decease, &c. . . . and willing timeously to provide that the said office be committed and entrusted to such persons as are known and approved by the whole course of their life to be true and faithful subjects to his Majesty, and trusty and weill affected countrymen, natives of the kingdom of Scotland, and tendering the peace and advancement of the true Reformed religion therein presently established and professed, and entertaining of unity betwixt the King and his good subjects; And also, considering that his traist cousin and councillor, Alexander Lord Balcarres, has ever been known and esteemed to be of the quality foresaid, without any exception,—THEREFORE his Majesty, with advice of his Estates of Parliament of his said Kingdom of Scotland (then being sitting), or in the interval of Parliaments, with consent of the Lords and others of his Majesty's Privy Council, . . ordains ane letter immediately after the vaiking of the said office . . to be made under his Majesty's great seal, in due form, nominating and electing . . the said Alexander Lord Balcarres to be Keeper and Captain of the said Castle of Edinburgh.

"Given at our court at Woeburne, 20 July, 1647.

"CHARLES R."

alike eager in the cause.* An army of fourteen thousand men, the whole disposable force of the royalists, was raised and despatched to England under the command of the Duke of Hamilton, and for a moment there seemed every prospect of success. But a few weeks dissipated these hopes,—the Duke was incompetent as a commander, the expedition was wretchedly mismanaged, the army fell to pieces and disappeared, and the Duke was forced to surrender. The result was the ruin of the Constitutional party,† and the succession of Argyle and the Protesters to the dominant power in Scotland. Crawford-Lindsay's fall was the natural and immediate consequence; he was deprived of his offices of High Treasurer, Comptroller of Scotland, Collector-General of the royal revenues, President of the Estates, and Lord of Session,—was confined to his house, under penalty of one hundred thousand marks, voted a

* *Acts Parl.*, tom. vi. p. 295. The endeavours of Hamilton at this juncture to propitiate Argyle and the Protesters created a suspicion among the ultra-loyalists, that he had a secret understanding with them, "and it is affirmed by Guthry," says Mr. Chambers, "that, to efface an impression so unfavourable to his views, he was obliged to get up a mock duel between the Earl of Crawford-Lindsay, one of his friends, and the Marquis of Argyle. The Marquis, pretending to take offence at some equivocal expression which Lindsay used regarding him in Parliament, sent him a challenge, and desired him to appoint a time and place of meeting. Lindsay returned an answer on Sunday evening, informing Argyle that he should meet him next morning at five o'clock on Musselburgh Links. They met there at the time appointed; when, if we are to believe a cavalier historian, 'the redders' whom they had appointed to come up and interfere, failing to appear at the proper time, they were obliged to dally an hour upon the ground, without proceeding to business. Lindsay was perhaps willing and anxious to fight; but, according to Sir James Balfour, another Tory writer, 'all that was of them could not make Argyle fight, till he saw Colonel Haddan, the Chancellor's man, coming to part them; then he was something stout, and refused to subscribe a paper which he would have formerly done, I believe against his will, but which he had been forced either to do, or else to cast off his doublet and boots, which he was wondrous loath to do in respect of the coldness of the weather.' To complete the farce, the Marquis of Argyle was obliged by the commission of the Kirk to perform public repentance before them, 'because he had had such an hostile mind,' and Lindsay was desired to submit to the same degrading ceremony, but refused. The combat, such as it was, and its attendant circumstances, caused great scandal to Argyle's own party, but only furnished matter of sport to the more knowing cavaliers." *Hist. Rebellion*, tom. ii. p. 188; *Guthry*, p. 261; Balfour's *Annals*, tom. iii. p. 395; Baillie's *Letters*, tom. iii. p. 36.

† For Mr. Robert Blair's mediation between the Engagers, represented by Crawford-Lindsay, and Argyle's party, at this moment, and the unsatisfactory result, the Act of Classes, passed 23rd January, 1647, see his *Autobiography*, continued by Row, p. 208.

public enemy, and secluded from Parliament.* Balcarres, who had no offices to lose, retired to his estates, and awaited the opportunity of usefulness. He had been a firm adherent hitherto to Argyle and the Kirk, an implicit believer in the purity of their patriotism; but recent events had opened his eyes, and, the Rubicon of lawful resistance once passed, he broke with them for ever. Hitherto, in fact, he had felt and acted in the spirit and after the example of the friends of his youth,—of his father, of Rothes, and of the good Lord Lauderdale; he took this new step as the act of his deliberate manhood and mature judgment, being then on the point of entering his thirtieth year.†

In England, the King was brought to trial before his own subjects, condemned as a traitor, and executed at Whitehall, meeting death, as he had endured captivity, with the constancy and meekness of a martyr, and praying for his murderers with his parting breath, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!

Argyle and his party, tottering through the general horror and indignation of Scotland, found it necessary to modify their public sentiments and proclaim his son, Prince Charles, King of Scotland; but demanded security for the maintenance and integrity of the Kirk, previously to taking any active measures in his cause. Commissioners were accordingly sent over, with whom, and with the Marquis of Montrose, Charles appears to have carried on separate negotiations at the same moment, commissioning the

* Decree, 13 Feb. 1649, by the Estates of Parliament, who, "taking to consideration that . . John Earl of Crawford hes, be gift of his Majesty, the offices of Thesaurer Principal, Comptroller, and Collector-General of this kingdom for his Majesty's rents, and one of the Extraordinary Lords of Session, one of the Lords of Secret Council, and is in several Commissions from the King's Majesty or Parliament,"—and the said John Earl of Crawford not compearing to answer to their charges, "do hereby remove" him from the above offices, and declare them vacant, "that they may be filled be the said Estates of Parliament," &c. *Register House, Edinb., Crawford Case*, p. 32.—Excluded from Parliament, Crawford's *Officers of State*, p. 417.—"Act for confining of the Earl of Crawford," 15 March, 1649, *Register House, Crawford Case*, p. 32.—John Earl of Crawford adjudged to be one of the "enemies to, and disturbers of, the peace of this kingdom," 15 Aug. 1649. *Ibid.*

† An account of Lord Balcarres' accession to the Engagement, written by himself, is preserved among the Balcarres Papers in the Advocates' Library, and has been printed in the 'Historical Fragments relative to Scottish Affairs, 1635-1664,' p. 1.—A few extracts, interesting as depicting the struggle in his mind at breaking with his old friends, Argyle and the Kirk, will be found in the Appendix, No. XXXVI.

latter to take arms for him in Scotland, and protracting his treaty with the former till he should hear how Montrose's attempt had turned out. That hero was betrayed soon after his arrival to the government, by whom he was tried, condemned, and executed. Charles, finding he had no alternative, embraced the Covenant, and promised unreserved compliance with the measures of the Scottish Kirk and government. On these terms he was acknowledged King, and set sail for Scotland in June, 1650.

A few days before his departure, he thought fit to acknowledge his obligations to Lord Balcarres in the following letter, dated Breda, the 17th of May, 1650:—

"My Lord Balcarres,

"I have beene informed of your loyall and affectionate cariage towards me, and am soe sensible of it, that I have thought fitt to returne you this acknowledgment, and to assure you that I shall be as redy to favour you upon all occasions as you have beene redy to doe me service,—

"Remayning

"Your affectionate friend,

"CHARLES R." *

To which Lord Balcarres replied as follows:—

"Most gracious Sovereign,

"The value your Majesty is pleased to put upon my affection and loyalty is merely an effect of your Majesty's royal goodness. They can never be so expressed as may deserve they should be taken notice of by your Majesty. If anything could heighten them, this certainly would do it. I shall say no more therefore, but that I have a most real disposition to do your Majesty faithful service, and that this flows from the conscience of my duty,—which moves me now most submissly to beg your Majesty's pardon to offer my humble advice, as the best evidence I can give of my sincere affection. It is—that your Majesty be pleased to stick at nothing is desired by your Majesty's Parliament and the Commissioners of the General Assembly of this kingdom; for I am very confident your Majesty's full agreement with them and timely

* *Haigh Muniment-room.*

presence here shall quickly, by the blessing of God, settle your throne and your true subjects' happiness in your Majesty's three kingdoms, over the bellies of all your enemies. Towards the effectuating whereof, many vows have already dedicated the life and poor fortune of

"Your Majesty's most humble, most faithful, and
"most obedient subject and servant,
"BALCARRES." *

Lord Balcarres waited upon his Majesty on his arrival in Scotland, but for some time was unable to do him any service, owing to the restraint under which he was kept by Argyle and his faction.† Charles was surrounded by the most bigoted Presbyterians, and lectured every day on the sins and misfortunes of his parents, a discipline which rooted in his mind an extreme aversion to the religion they advocated.‡

* Endorsed, "Copy of my letter to the King—last of May, 1650. By W. Morrey." *Haigh Muniment-room.*

† *Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres.*—Public acknowledgment of repentance for accession to the late Engagement being required by the Kirk, "the King commanded all who had a mind to serve him to follow the Church's direction in this point; whereupon the Duke of Hamilton, the Earls of Crawford and Lauderdale, with many others, were admitted to court."—Sir James Turner's *Memoirs*, p. 93.—Crawford had, in December, 1649, peremptorily refused to make this acknowledgment, and attempted to escape to Holland. See Sir James Balfour's *Annals*, tom. iii. p. 435.—"My lord," says he, "was ever contentit to give the Church all reasonable satisfaction, but to declare that session of Parliament whereby the Engagement for the King's liberation against the perfidious heretics and faithbreaks of England was unlawful, being commandit by Parliament—that he would not do on any terms."—And see also pp. 431, sqq.

‡ It was about this time that the curious incident known in Scottish story as "the Start" took place. Wearied of Presbyterian discipline, and in premature acquiescence with desires expressed to him by the party of the Engagers "debarred," as it was then phrased, or secluded by Argyle, who kept him also in continual apprehension of being betrayed to the English by the "western army," Charles slipped away from his keepers and rode to Dudhope, "thinking to find there many of the noble and gentle men that were debarred. But he not being looked for at that time, when he came to Dudhope, he only found the Earl of Lauderdale occasionally there, whom he desired to write to the Earl of Crawford (who among all the debarred was the best and honestest), entreating his Lordship to come over Tay to him, which Crawford did, accompanied with some debarred gentlemen. But when Crawford came to Dudhope, the King was gone to Clova. After some short abode in Dundee, Crawford returned home to the Struthers.

"Presently after the King's departure from Perth, the Committee of Estates

Charles had not been long in Scotland before a demand was made by Cromwell, that the republican government, already established in England, should be extended over the sister country. This demand was peremptorily refused, and war proclaimed.—Argyle was defeated at Dunbar by Cromwell; and the Constitutionalists, Crawford-Lindsay and his friends, again took the lead in the state. They resolved upon crowning the King, "a ceremony hitherto deferred, but which they determined now to perform, as a solemn pledge of their resolution to support the constitution and religion of Scotland to the last." The ceremony took place at Scone, on January the 1st, 1651. Crawford-Lindsay carried the sceptre, and, after the crown was placed on his Majesty's head, delivered it into his hand, with an appropriate exhortation.*

convened. My Lord Balcarres told them, that betwixt Dundee and Perth he spoke with the King, and that he desired him to tell the Committee that he was going to the North to raise the North for the defence of the kingdom, and that he intended to be back at them within ten days. The Committee sent three of their number to the King to desire him presently to come back again. The King coming to Clova, and finding very few to attend upon him, and very bad entertainment, did, upon the morrow, according to the desire of the Committee, return back again to Perth, and did ingenuously confess his fears and jealousies, and the reasons why he left Perth so suddenly. But though the King returned to Perth, these debarred noblemen and others convene in arms. They emitted a Declaration of their intentions for opposing of the enemy and defence of religion, King, and country; but some of the best of them did not join with them, viz. Crawford, Rothes, &c. The chief of them was Ogilvy. Middleton was their commander." *Autob. Mr. Robert Blair, continued by Mr. W. Row*, p. 243.—In January following, the Commission of the Kirk demanded satisfaction from Crawford "for any accession that he had to the King's leaving of the public judicatories and counsels in October last."—"He declared that he no ways was accessary to the King's withdrawing himself from Perth, and that he did not join in arms or counsels with those in the North, nor subscribe their declaration; yet because in order to the King's desire he went to Dundee accompanied with some few of his friends, for removing any scandal given thereby, he was willing to satisfy in the way the Presbytery should appoint him. Therefore, he being presently to march to Stirling with his regiment, where the King was for the present, he did, upon a week-day, in his own seat in the kirk of Cupar, declare his repentance. Thereafter, immediately, he marched with his regiment to Stirling."—*Ibid.*, p. 259.

* "Then the Earl of Crawford tuik the sceptre and pat it into the King's hand, saying, 'Sir, resave this sceptre, the sign of the royal power of the kingdom, that you may govern yourself right, and defend all Christian people committed by God to your charge, punishing the wicked and protecting the just.'" Nicoll's *Diary*, p. 46.—The rule, as settled by repeated orders of Privy Council, was, that the Crown, the Sceptre, and the Sword, constituting collectively the "Honours" of the Scottish kingdom, should be carried at the Coronations and Ridings of the Parliament by the three peers respectively first in rank, present. The families of

After the rout at Dunbar, "the King had more power and friends more at liberty to serve him, and soon formed a party to that end. Lord Balcarres," says his grandson, "was at the head of it. He got the Earl of Lindsay and many of his relations and friends to join him, and they soon became the majority in Parliament." * On this, he was created Earl of Balcarres, appointed hereditary governor of the Castle of Edinburgh,† and High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Kirk, which met at Dundee in July.‡ "Many of this Assembly," says a memoir of Lord Balcarres, which I have already frequently cited, "being, by the malice of some ill men, prepossessed with great prejudice to his Majesty and proceedings, he found that credit with them, and brought so many pregnant and infallible reasons to the contrair of all those aspersions, that that Assembly passed more acts in favour, and rose better satisfied with the King and Crown, than any that had preceded in many years before." §

Angus, Argyle,[a] Crawford, Sutherland, and Marr, held the first rank till the Restoration, and this rule of precedence invariably obtains in consequence. If Angus, Argyle, and Crawford are all present, Crawford bears the sword, as obtained during the greater part of the sixteenth century (witnessed by the 'Diurnal of Occurrents,' *passim*),—if either Angus or Argyle be absent, Crawford bears the sceptre—as at the Coronation in 1651, mentioned in the text,—if both be absent, Crawford bears the crown, as on the riding of the Parliament, Jan. 1, 1651.

* *Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres.*—"On Saturday, the 15th day of February," says Sir James Balfour, "his Majesty came at night to the Struther, where he was entertained by the Earl of Crawford till Monday the 17th day;"[b] and on the 22nd, "My Lord Balcarres gave his Majesty a banquet at his house, where he stayed some two hours, and visited his Lady, that then lay in." *Annals*, tom. iv. Crawford-Lindsay, having now reconciled himself to royalty, and reenacted in his own person that for which Earl Ludovic had been condemned, ought in justice and consistency to have laid aside his usurped honours—still rightfully inherent in Earl Ludovic.

† In extension of the grant above cited by Charles I. I have not seen the hereditary grant,—it was given up to the Crown by Anna Countess of Balcarres, after her husband's death; but it is thus alluded to in a Signature by Queen Anne in 1704:—"Wherens we are well informed that our royal uncle King Charles the Second . . did dispose and confer the heritable keeping of the Castle of Edinburgh upon Alexander Earl of Balcarres," &c. *Haigh Muniment-room.*

‡ Commission under the Great Seal, 18 July, 1651. *Haigh Muniment-room.*

§ *Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres.*—And see Nicoll's *Diary*, p. 54.

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[a] The Earls of Argyle, though of later creation, had the precedence of Crawford, in virtue of the hereditary office of High Justiciary. Precedence in Scotland did not depend exclusively on antiquity of creation.

[b] "There he spent the Sabbath-day, Mr. Duncan and the minister of the parish preaching in the hall of the Struthers." *Contin. Blair's Autobiography*, p. 261.

The advance of Cromwell's army had by this time rendered the situation of the royalists one of such imminent danger, that the King took the bold resolution of changing the scene of warfare by a direct march into England, where he hoped to raise his Cavalier friends, and gain considerable strength before the rebels could overtake him,—leaving, meanwhile, Balcarres and Crawford-Lindsay, with Lords Marischal and Glencairn, as a Committee of Estates, in charge of his affairs in Scotland.* Two of this Committee, Marischal and Crawford-Lindsay, were almost immediately afterwards surprised and taken prisoners † by a body of Monk's cavalry. Crawford was sent by sea to England, where he was confined, as a state-prisoner, in the Tower of London and Windsor Castle, for nine years.‡ Lord Balcarres was more fortunate in reaching the Highlands, where he possessed great power through his alliance with Seaforth and his friendship with Huntley and the clans, and where he assumed the command of the royalists under the King's commission.§

Money was however wanting. The King being in poverty, Lord Balcarres had been obliged to sell his plate the preceding year, for two thousand pounds, in order to defray the expenses of the General Assembly; but this was all expended, and he therefore mortgaged his estates for six thousand more, which he applied to

* "The King left behind him the Earl of Crawford, Balcarres, with old General Leslie, and some others, to raise the North, and other forces, for the defence of the kingdom." Row's *Contin. of Blair*, p. 279.—The following appear among the intercepted papers reported to the House of Commons by the Attorney-General, 9 Sept. 1651:—"Private instructions for the Earls of Crawford, Marischal, and Glencairn, and Lord Balcarres, appointed a Committee of Estates in Scotland, by Charles R., under his privy seal; which were this day read.—Also, a Commission from Charles R. to John Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, Commander-in-chief under the Earl of Leven, General of the forces raised in Scotland.—And a letter to the Lord Balcarres, of the 7th of August, 1651, which was this day read.—And a letter to the Earls of Crawford, Glencairn, &c., of the 15th Aug. 1651."—*Journals of the House of Commons*, tom. vii. p. 14.

† At a meeting of the Committee of Estates held at Alyth, 28 Aug. 1651. The Earl of Leven, Lord Ogilvie, and others were also taken. Sir J. Balfour's *Annals*, tom. iv.

‡ "Aug. 1652.—About the beginning of this month the Lady Crawford took journey from Leith for to go to London to her husband, now prisoner in the Tower. She went in the journey coach, that comes ordinarily betwixt England and Scotland." Lamont's *Diary*, p. 45.—Crawford was specially excepted out of Cromwell's Act of grace and pardon, 5 May, 1654. Nicoll's *Diary*, pp. 125, 277.

§ *Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres.*

advancing his Majesty's interests in the North during this and the ensuing campaign in the Highlands—a considerable debt to a family of but small means, but which was repaid by his son, Earl Colin, out of his first wife's fortune, after the Restoration.*

Charles, meanwhile, advanced without opposition to Worcester, where Cromwell overtook and attacked him on the 3rd of September.† The royalists were totally defeated by an army in

* *Memorandum* by James Earl of Balcarres.

† The following legend of the day might be made the subject of a striking picture:—"Give me leave here," says Mr. Walker, the historian of the Independents, "to relate a passage which I received from a person of quality; viz., it was believed, and that not without some good cause, that Cromwell, the same morning that he defeated the King's army at Worcester fight, had conference personally with the devil, with whom he made a contract, that to have his will then, and in all things else, for seven years after that time (being the 3rd of September, 1651), he should, at the expiration of the said years, have him at his command, to do at his pleasure both with his soul and body. Now, if any one will please to reckon from the 3rd of September, 1651, till the 3rd of September, 1658, he shall find it to a day just seven years and no more, at the end whereof he died; but with such extremity of tempestuous weather that was by all men judged to be prodigious."—"This," says Echard, "is also related in other printed books, but we have received a more full account, never yet published, which is here inserted, as a thing more wonderful than probable, and therefore more for the diversion than satisfaction of the reader. It is a relation or narrative of a valiant officer called Lindsey, an intimate friend of Cromwell's, then first captain of his regiment, and therefore commonly called Colonel Lindsey; which is to this effect.—'On the 3rd of September, in the morning, Cromwell took this officer to a wood-side not far from the army, and bid him *alight, and follow him into that wood, and to take particular notice of what he saw and heard.* After they had both alighted, and secured their horses, and walked some small way into the wood, Lindsey began to turn pale, and to be seized with horror from some unknown cause; upon which Cromwell asked him, *How he did*, or *how he felt himself?* He answered that *he was in such a trembling and consternation that he never felt the like in all the conflicts and battles he had been engaged in;* but whether it proceeded from the gloominess of the place or the temperament of his body, he knew not. *How now?* said Cromwell, *what, troubled with vapours? Come forward, man!* They had not gone above twenty yards, before Lindsey on a sudden stood still, and cried out, *By all that's good, he was seized with such unaccountable terror and astonishment, that it was impossible for him to stir one step further.* Upon which, Cromwell called him *faint-hearted fool!* and bid him *stand there and observe*, or *be witness;* and then, advancing to some distance from him, he met with a grave elderly man, with a roll of parchment in his hand, who delivered it to Cromwell, who eagerly perused it. Lindsey, a little recovered from his fear, heard several loud words between them; particularly, Cromwell said, *This is but for seven years; I was to have it for one-and-twenty; and it must and shall be so.* The other told him positively, *It could not be for above seven;* upon which Cromwell cried with great fierceness, *It should however be for fourteen years;* but the other peremptorily declared, *It could not possibly be for any longer time; and, if he would not take it so, there were others who would accept of it.* Upon which, Cromwell, at last, took the parchment, and, returning to Lindsey with great

number doubling their own. Lord Spynie, who had ruined his patrimonial estate in raising forces for this enterprise, and Lindsay of Wormestone, a staunch royalist, ancestor of Sir Henry Lindsay Bethune, Bart., of Kilconquhar,—were taken prisoners, and confined for many years in England.* King Charles, after various romantic adventures, escaped to the continent, where he resided for several years at Paris and Cologne, few even of the most sanguine of his friends imagining he would ever regain his "fathers' chair."

joy in his countenance, he cried, *Now, Lindsey, the battle is our own! I long to be engaged!* Returning out of the wood, they rode to the army, Cromwell with a resolution to engage as soon as possible, and the other with a design of leaving the army as soon. After the first charge, Lindsey deserted his post, and rode away with all possible speed, day and night, till he came to the county of Norfolk, to the house of an intimate friend, one Mr. Thorowgood, minister of the parish of ——. Cromwell, as soon as he missed him, sent all ways after him, with a promise of a great reward to any that should bring him alive or dead.'—Thus far the narration of Lindsey himself; but something further is to be remembered, to compleat and confirm the story.

"When Mr. Thorowgood saw his friend Lindsey come into his yard, his horse and himself quite tired, in a sort of maze, he said, *How now, Colonel! we hear there is like to be a battle shortly; what! fled from your colours?—A battle!* said the other; *yes, there has been a battle, and I am sure the King is beaten. But if ever I strike a stroke for Cromwell again, may I perish eternally! for I am sure he has made a league with the devil, and the devil will have him in due time.*—Then, desiring protection from Cromwell's inquisitors, he went in, and related to him the whole story and all the circumstances, concluding with these remarkable words,—*that Cromwell would certainly die that day seven years that the battle was fought.* The strangeness of the relation caused Mr. Thorowgood to order his son John, then about twelve years of age, to write it in full length in his commonplace-book, and to take it from Lindsey's own mouth. This commonplace-book, likewise the same story written in other books, I am assured is still preserved in the family of the Thorowgoods; but how far Lindsey is to be believed, and how far the story is to be accounted incredible, is left to the reader's faith and judgment, and not to any determination of our own."—Echard's *Hist. England*, tom. ii. p. 712. Quoted by Mr. K. Sharpe in his edition of Law's *Memorials*, p. 5.—This narrative was published twice in a separate form; the first edition is known to me only by the title of the second, viz. 'A True and Faithful Narrative of Oliver Cromwell's Compact with the Devil for Seven Years,' &c. &c., second edition, London, 8vo., 1720.

* Spynie was excepted from pardon by Cromwell in 1654. He died without issue in 1671. Mr. Fullarton Lindsay Carnegie, of Spynie and Boysack, the descendant of his sister Margaret, represents the family.—Wormestone was of a loyal house. His father had been punished in 1647 by a fine of 3300 marks, and his younger brother, John, a gallant youth, fell at Worcester. From his eldest son, John, are descended Sir Henry (his representative) and the present Laird of Wormestone; from William, the second son, the Lindsays of Feddinch and of Balmungie.

All hope having now vanished, Lord Balcarres capitulated with Overton and Lilburn, at Forres, on favourable conditions, and disbanded his followers.* He returned to Balcarres, and on the 8th of November, 1652, settled with his family at St. Andrews,† where he kept up a correspondence with his exiled sovereign.

When Monk, the English general, was recalled from Scotland, Lord Balcarres, though suffering at the time from severe illness,‡ again took arms in the Highlands, and in concert with Athol, Lorn,§ and the principal Highland chiefs, under the Earl of Glencairn as Commander-in-chief, made a last unavailing attempt to uphold the royal cause against Cromwell.‖ They were joined also by Lord Balcarres' brother-in-law, Sir Robert Moray, who was in high favour with King Charles, and whom Bishop Burnet describes as "the most universally beloved and esteemed by men of all

* Dec. 3, 1651. For the articles of capitulation, see *Balfour*, tom. iv. p. 345.

† In the house of Mr. John Lepar (Lamont's *Diary*, p. 49), probably the same John Lepar who had been provost of St. Andrews in 1645.

‡ MS. Memoir, frequently cited.

§ Afterwards the unfortunate Earl of Argyle, beheaded in 1685.

‖ The draft of a letter from Lord Balcarres to the King, dated Balcarres, Feb. 23, 1653, and preserved among the Balcarres Papers in the Advocates' Library, alludes as follows to the schemes and negotiations in which he was then engaged with Glengarry,—whom he entreats the King to create, according to a promise his Majesty had made to him, Earl of Ross:—"As to the sending of arms, as picks, snap-wark guns, broadswords, powder and ball, it is very necessary; they may be landed in the island of Canna, near Glengarry, and the place which he thinks most fit. The vessel may bring withal your Majesty's commands, for so they may be brought with greatest security to your Majesty's servants, and by it a return shall be made. But as to the sending of an inconsiderable party of 1500 or 2000 men, which Glengarry seems to desire, I do in my judgment clearly differ from him, for, though they were much stronger, they, with all the countenance they may expect, will not be able to keep the Lowlands, and so, of necessity, must be mewed up into the Highlands, where I conceive strangers will not take weill with the entertainment these parts can afford. And besides, I know the Highlands will not, with their good will, part with the means of their livelihood, which is scarce enough, and very mean, even for themselves alone. Indeed, if your Majesty were yourself to land with a considerable army in any part of the South, then and in that case to send a party to these parts were not unfit, for it might be a mean not only to raise that country, but to divert and divide the enemies' forces; or, if your Majesty can get no great forces abroad, I should in that case be of an opinion, that, with whatsoever assistance you can get, your Majesty should land in these parts, for I know not what your Majesty would do abroad, without hope of considerable assistance; and without your own presence, I am very afraid nothing to purpose, either as to the recovery of your Majesty's interest, or saving your subjects from their present slavery, can be effectuate." *Hist. Fragments*, 1635-1664, p. 50.

sides and sorts, of any man I have ever known in my whole life.* All was at first enthusiasm—they hoped everything,† but heart-burnings arose, plots and intrigues were discovered, open differences declared themselves,—Glencairn, their leader, was loyal and brave, but wanting in the more essential qualities of a general,

* "Among others," says Burnet, "one Sir Robert Murray, that had married Lord Balcarres' sister, came among them; he had served in France, where he had got into such a degree of favour with Cardinal Richelieu, that few strangers were ever so much considered by him as he was. He was raised to be a colonel there, and came over for recruits when the King was with the Scotch army at Newcastle. There he grew into high favour with the King, and laid a design for his escape, of which I have given an account in Duke Hamilton's memoirs; he was the most universally beloved and esteemed by men of all sides and sorts, of any man I have ever known in my whole life. He was a pious man, and in the midst of armies and courts he spent many hours a-day in devotion, which was in a most elevating strain. He had gone through the easy parts of mathematics, and knew the history of nature beyond any man I ever yet knew. He had a genius much like Peireski, as he is described by Gassendi. He was afterwards the first former of the Royal Society, and its first president; and, while he lived, he was the life and soul of that body. He had an equality of temper in him that nothing could alter; and was in practice the only Stoic I ever knew. He had a great tincture of one of their principles; for he was much for absolute decrees. He had a most diffused love for all mankind, and he delighted in every occasion of doing good, which he managed with great discretion and zeal. He had a superiority of genius and comprehension to most men; and had the plainest, but withal the softest, way of reproving, chiefly young people, for their faults, that I ever met with. And upon this account, as well as upon all the care and affection he expressed to me, I have ever reckoned that, next to my father, I owed more to him than to any other man. Therefore I have enlarged upon his character; and yet I am sure I have rather said too little than too much.—Sir Robert Murray was in such credit in that little army, that Lord Glencairn took a strange course to break it and to ruin him. A letter was pretended to be found at Antwerp, as writ by him to William Murray of the bedchamber," . . . giving "an account of a bargain Sir Robert had made with Monk for killing the King, which was to be executed by Mr. Murray. . . . This was brought to the Earl of Glencairn; so Sir Robert was severely questioned upon it, and put in arrest; and it was spread about through the rude army that he intended to kill the King, hoping, it seems, that some of these wild people, believing it, would have fallen upon him without using any forms. Upon this occasion Sir Robert practised in a very eminent manner his true Christian philosophy, without shewing so much as a cloud in his whole behaviour." *Hist. of his Own Time*, tom. i. p. 108, Oxf. edit.—I have already alluded to his friendship with Evelyn, in itself a title of honour. I may add that he was a son of the distinguished family of Abercairney.

† A "Declaration of the Inhabitants of the Hill Countries of this Kingdom of Scotland," sent to the King in 1653, apparently by the Highland Chiefs independently of the Lowland nobles, is preserved among the Balcarres Papers in the Advocates' Library. I have inserted the concluding paragraphs in the Appendix, No. XXXVI., as an eloquent illustration of the spirit of the hour and the men, and of the points of their approximation to, and dissemblance from, the pure Cavaliers, or supporters of Absolute Monarchy. The paper has been inserted at large in the *Historical Fragments*, &c., pp. 23 sqq.

and the more prudent councillors were overruled. "Glencairn," says Burnet, "was for falling into the low countries, and he began to fancy he should be another Montrose. Balcarres, on the other hand, was for keeping in their fastnesses; they made a shew of a body for the King, (he argued,) which they were to keep up in some reputation as long as they could, till they could see what assistance the King might be able to procure them from beyond sea of men, money, and arms; whereas, if they went out of those fast-grounds, they could not hope to stand before such a veteran and well-disciplined army as Monk had, and, if they met with the least check, their tumultuary army would soon melt away." *

At this critical moment, when the royalists were divided among themselves, and, though eager for the King's service, doubtful what measures would most promote it—"the King," says Lord Balcarres' biographer, "being better informed of the discords amongst his friends than acquainted with the proceeding of his enemies, and knowing that no man in the kingdom was better able to give a judgment of both than Balcarres was, nor better advise what was to be done in order to the not increasing the first and suppressing the latter,—writ to him to desire him to repair to him for that purpose with all possible speed; which letter though he received in the deep of winter, and in the most remote part of all that kingdom, and having no other possible way to get to" his Majesty, "but through a tract of the enemies' country, of above four or five hundred miles, he consulted as little the difficulties and dangers as he had done before, but rendered immediate obedience, and put himself and his dear lady (whose virtue and kindness would never abandon him in his greatest extremity) both in disguise, and, with the often perils of their lives, at last, by God's providence, arrived safely in France, where having, with great integrity on his own, and as great satisfaction on the King's part, given his Majesty a perfect account,"—and enforced on him the necessity of sending over some military man, to whom the confederated chiefs would submit more willingly than to one of their own order, Middleton was despatched to Scotland.†

* *Burnet*, tom. i. p. 107.

† *Burnet*, tom. i. p. 110.—An intercepted letter from Charles to Lord Balcarres, dated 2 Oct. 1653—the last probably written before the one alluded to in the text—is printed in Thurloe's State Papers, tom. i. p. 495.—"I have receaved yours," he

His presence however availed but little, and a scene that took place almost immediately after his arrival eventually decided the

says, "of the 9th of Aug., and to my exceeding discomfort find the faling out which I most feared, difference and unkyndnes amongst those whom I love and trust most; but since I am sure that your jealousies of on another cannot mak either of you les kynd and just to me, I will hope that for my sake you will lay aside all misunderstandings, and joyne heartily togither, that all other men by your example may be united in my service... I doe assure you I am soe farr from changeing the good opinion you had reason to beleeve I had of you when wee parted, that my confidence in your affection is rather increased than diminished, nor hath ever any man endeavoured to doe you anie ill office with me, nor hath any man cause to think that it is in his power to doe it; and I must doe Glencairn the justice to tell you, that all his letters to me have been so full of commending you, that he always desyred to proceed upon your counsell and advyse; and I am sure Middleton looks upon you as on of his best friends, and by whom he desyres principally to be guyded... Then as well your own letters as the relation of Sir William Bellenden gave me great apprehension of your want of healthe; nor have there wanted reports of your deathe, so that I had no hopes that you would have been able to have ventured into the Highlands. Upon all which reasons I sent the whole disposition to the Earl of Glencairne, and intirely referred it to himselfe to judge whither the service would be most effectually, and with least inconvenience, caryed on under the general commission, or by assuming the hole command himselfe untill Middleton's coming, not without expressing somewhat of my own opinion that it would be best for him to tak the charge himselfe; and I confes I am glade he hath done it, beleeving him in all respects to be much fitter than any man I had heard named for it. I will follow your advyse in hasting Middletone als soone as is possible, who I know longs to be with you. In the meane tyme, I cannot desire any thing more earnestly of you, then that you will lay asyde the unhappy misunderstandings that is of late grown, and assist Glencairne all you may, and remove all jealousies from others; and that the great work, which so much concerns us all, may be perfected without admitting any arguments or disputes which may divert any from whom we may reasonably expect assistance against the common enemies, who more depends upon the divisions and animosities among you then upon their own strength... To conclude, be confident I will omitt nothing in my power for your assistance, nor the venturing my owne person with you, if I cannot dispose it better, for the carrying on the work, and making your part the easier; and I will promise myselfe that concurrence in all things from you which I cannot but expect from your fidelitie and affection to me, and you shall alwayes find me the same man and as much as you can desyre

"Yours."

According to Baillie, Balcarres was "unwilling to have Glencairn above him, and conceiving that it was best for the advancing of the King's affairs that, till the King himself or one of authority from him should come, the party should be ruled by a Committee without any supreme officer,[a] and that all admitted to counsels and command in the state should declare for the Solemn League and Covenant, for these ends he dealt with Lorn, Seaforth, and Athol, till Glencairn produced a commission under the King's hand to be General, till himself or some from him should

[a] This may have been in consideration of the Committee of Estates, of which he and Glencairn had been originally co-equal members.

fate of this insurrection. At an entertainment he had given to his officers on assuming the command, Glencairn spoke in high praise of the Highlanders; to which Sir George Munro, who had been trained in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, and "despised all irregular troops," replied in the rudest language, calling them a pack of thieves and robbers. Glencairn retorted, affirming that, so far from being thieves or robbers, they were "gallant gentlemen and brave soldiers." A duel was the consequence, in which Glencairn was victorious, but was put under arrest, by order of Middleton, as soon as he reached his quarters.

This quarrel was scarcely over, when another arose between a Captain Livingstone, a friend of Munro, and a gentleman of the name of James Lindsay, who maintained the honour of the Highlands so keenly, "that they must needs fight a duel also." They went out early in the morning to the links of Dornoch, and fought with swords, till, Lindsay thrusting his weapon through Livingstone's heart, that officer fell dead on the spot. Lindsay was condemned to death by Middleton, notwithstanding Glencairn's earnest intercession in his favour. The only kindness shewn him was the permission of chusing his executioners. The sentence was executed at the cross of Dornoch, where our unfortunate clansman fell by the fire of his comrades. Glencairn took his death deeply to heart, gave him an honourable burial, and then, collecting his followers, returned to the low-country, and made peace with the English—an example which was followed by most of the lowland nobility.*

come to take the command. This unexpected commission put all to a submissive silence, but increased heartburnings. Lorn, professing all firmness to the King and cause, was not willing to take orders from Glencairn, till he did know more particularly the King's pleasure. In this end he, Balcarres, and others wrote to the King their discontent with Glencairn's command. These letters were intercepted and brought to Glencairn, whereupon he gave orders to Glengarry to apprehend Lorn, to answer for his sedition. Lorn hardly enough escaped Glengarry's pursuit. Balcarres retired, and a little after, with his lady, went disguised through England to the King." *Letters*, tom. iii. p. 250.—The error seems to have lain in the temporising, timid, disingenuous character of the King's policy towards his friends—afraid of offending any, and therefore fomenting the jealousies and cooling the zeal of all.—Extracts from the 'Mercurius Politicus' during this insurrection may be seen in the *Spottiswoode Miscellany*, tom. ii. pp. 73 sqq.

* Grahame of Deuchrie's *Account of Glencairn's Expedition*; published with Gwynne's *Military Memoirs of the Great Civil War*, p. 119.

Middleton maintained "the show of an army" for some months longer, but independently, it would appear, of the Highland chiefs; at least his name does not appear among the signatures to the following letter to King Charles, dated at Moy Castle, and entrusted by them to Lord Balcarres and Sir Robert Moray, on their departure for the continent:—

"May it please your Majesty,

"We have thought it most necessary to desire the Lord Balcarres and Sir Robert Moray to be at the pains to wait on your Majesty, to give you an account of your affairs in this kingdom, as persons who have been most industriously active and instrumental in the projecting, ordering, and carrying on of your Majesty's service, especially amongst us. Their fidelity and loyalty are so signally eminent to all and clearly known to your Majesty, that we know your Majesty will give entire credit to what they or either of them shall represent; and our perfect confidence and knowledge of their virtue makes us most humbly beg your Majesty may most confidently trust to whatsoever they shall say in all or any of our names, and of the passage of things transacted amongst us. They need not our testimony nor approbation of their comportments to your Majesty, to whom they are already so exactly known, and therefore we shall only say that your Majesty's affairs were set in such an excellent and universally satisfactory method and way by them, as was the most effectual to beget and confirm a most blessed and perfect union amongst all your Majesty's most faithful subjects, and most undeniably hopeful for the carrying on of your Majesty's service, and the deliverance of this kingdom from the insupportable oppressions of the rebellious enemy. And we do humbly conceive their counsel and advice may be most useful to your Majesty for the advancement and managing of your Majesty's weighty affairs; and, although things be now put in a new way, not without great discouragement to us and all other your Majesty's loyal subjects, as they will most faithfully and incurvedly represent, yet are we unanimously resolved to employ our lives and our utmost abilities, cheerfully and actively, in the prosecution of your Majesty's service against the

common enemy; according to the indispensable divine and human obligations that lie upon

"Your Majesty's most faithful, most humble, and most
"obedient servants and subjects,

"SEAFORTH,
"LORNE,*
"MACLEOD,†
"LOCHIEL,‡
"DANIEL MACLEANE,
"MACNACHTON,
"MACLEOD OF RASAY,
"D: FINGOUN,§
"MACLEOD OF SCALLASCARR,
"MACLEAN OF COLL,
"MACLEAN FIAR‖ OF ARGOUR."

"This," adds Lord Balcarres, "is the true copy of the letter I delivered to his Majesty in the Palais Royal at Paris, in May, 1654."

The proposals of which Lord Balcarres was thus the bearer were submitted by him to his Majesty in writing, "a little," he says, "after my arrival at Paris," probably at the same audience.¶ But his own earnest and daily prayer to King Charles—

* Afterwards (as above mentioned) Earl of Argyle, beheaded in 1685.

† Roderick MacLeod, surnamed "the Witty," chief of MacLeod.—Being then a minor, the clan was led by his uncles, Sir Roderick of Talisker, (Scallascarr, in the text,) and Sir Norman of Bernera.

‡ Evan Dhu, or the Black Sir Evan Cameron, renowned in history and tradition.

§ MacKinnon, chief of

"The race of grey Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth and such martyrs to heaven."

‖ Fiar or Feuar—the eldest son and heir of the Laird of Ardgour.

¶ Paper, in the autograph of Lord Balcarres, among the Balcarres Papers in the Advocates' Library. The chief points of recommendation were,—that the King should send some one "not particularly interested in the debates which have been about the management of your affairs in that kingdom, .. to rectify errors and encourage your faithful subjects," and, "likewise to bring your Majesty a clear and impartial accompt of the condition of your affairs in that kingdom, to the end you may know if, with probability of success and security to your royal person, your Majesty may put yourself among them,"—that he should send commissions for the ordering of civil affairs and administration of justice,—"emit such a declaration as may stop the mouths of your enemies in that kingdom, and may satisfy all your Majesty's loyal subjects anent your Majesty's resolutions in order to religion, and the just liberties of your Majesty's loyal subjects therein,"—to urge on General Middleton the reconciliation of all differences, misunderstandings, and ancient feuds, and, "to study the preservation of your forces, and not to engage against the enemy except in the case of inevitable necessity or upon a seen and known advantage, for

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which he had urged even previously to the insurrection, when writing from his sick chamber at Balcarres,* and now reiterated in person, backed by the authority of the Highland chiefs who had commissioned him as their plenipotentiary, and by Crawford-Lindsay and Lauderdale in their English prison—was, that he should venture his own person in the Highlands, assume the command of the clans, and descend into the plains—pursue the same career, in short, which his representative Prince Charles Edward did a hundred years afterwards,†—and his advice seems to have been listened to with more attention than one would surmise from a curious conversation reported by Lord Clarendon,‡ as the following autograph

"*Private Instructions for the Lord Balcarres*"

will shew:—

a little ruffle would certainly be of infinite prejudice to your Majesty's affairs, and a small advantage (as things stand) would signify but little as to your Majesty's restitution or kingdom's deliverance,—that your Majesty write encouraging letters to such as have modestly complained to your Majesty that they have met with matter of discouragement,"—to wit, Seaforth, Lorn, MacLeod, MacLean, Lochiel, and others, "shewing your confidence in their fidelity and affection, exhorting them to unity, and assuring them that, as your Majesty has hitherto given all such orders and directions to those whom you have trusted with your affairs as might tend to the encouragement of cordial conjunction of all your loyal subjects, in your Majesty's and their just defence against the common and perfidious enemy, so will you not be wanting in anything that may yet produce that effect, or may make appear to them and the world your Majesty's sense of what they have both done and suffered in their noble and generous undertaking for your Majesty's and their country's restitution and deliverance, and your Majesty's thankfulness for the same:"—And finally, "that your Majesty write particular letters to all such noblemen and persons of eminency whose concurrence in your service you may probably expect, and conjure them by all the ties that lie upon them to join therein, to the end they may be inexcusable if they shall still lie by, and none of them may have the pretence of your Majesty having slighted and neglected them for their forbearance and neutrality."

* *Vide supra*, p. 95.

† That this was understood to be his object in leaving the Highlands would appear from the following passage in the 'Mercurius Politicus,'—"Also, to heighten and inflame the people, they give out that the Lord Balcarres and Sir Robert Moray are gone to fetch their King to them." *Spottiswoode Miscellany*, tom. ii. p. 142.

‡ "News came from Scotland," says Clarendon, "that Middleton had some successes in the Highlands; and the Scottish lords who were prisoners in England assured the King, 'that there was now so entire an union in that nation for his service, that they wished his Majesty himself would venture thither;' and the Lord Balcarres, who was with the King, and much trusted by that people, used much

" You are to repair to Paris, and deliver my letter to the Queene, and advise with her Ma^tie and the Lord Jermin conserning the particulars mentioned therein.

" If the Queene shall finde it seasonable, and that it may probably be of any advantage to me, you shall then, and in that case, make application to the Kinge of France,—remember him of the antient and inviolated frindeship and alliance that has these many ages past been continued betwixt the Crownes of Scotland and France; shew him my resolution to goe into Scotland, where my subiects do appeare in a considerable body for me, and vpon these grounds you shall, with the concurrence of the L^d Jermin, demande in my name, as King of Scotland, such assistances as may be most

instance with him to that purpose; which, how unreasonable soever the advice seemed to me, men knew not how to contradict by proposing anything that seemed more reasonable, and so underwent the reproach of being lazy and inactive, and unwilling to submit to any fatigue, or to expose themselves to any danger; without which, it was thought, his Majesty could not expect to be restored to any part of his sovereignty.

" The Chancellor of the Exchequer " (Clarendon himself) " one day representing to the King the sadness of his condition and the general discourse of men, and 'that it was his Majesty's misfortune to be thought by many not to be active enough towards his own redemption, and to love his ease too much, in respect both of his age and fortune,' desired him to consider upon this news and importunity from Scotland, whether in those Highlands there might not be such a safe retreat and residence, that he might reasonably say, that, with the affections of that people, who had been always firm both to his father and himself, he might preserve himself in safety, though he could not hope to make any advance, or recover the lower part of that kingdom possessed by the enemy; and if so, 'whether he might not expect the good hand of Providence, by some revolution, more honourably there, than in such corners of other princes' dominions as he might be forced to put himself into.' His Majesty discoursed very calmly of that country, part whereof he had seen,—of the miserable poverty of the people, and their course of life, 'and how impossible it was for him to live there with security or with health; that, if sickness did not destroy him, which he had reason to expect from the ill accommodation he must be there contented with,[a] he should in a short time be betrayed and given up.' And in this debate, he told him that melancholic conclusion which David Lesley made at Warrington Bridge, which is mentioned before, when he told the King 'that those men would never fight,' which his Majesty had never, he said, told to anybody before. However, he said, 'if his friends would advise him to that expedition, he would transport himself into the Highlands, though he knew what would come of it, and that they would be sorry for it;' which stopped the Chancellor from ever saying more to that purpose. And it was not long after, that news came of Middleton's having been like to be given up to the enemy by the treachery of that people, and of the defeat his troops had received, and that he should be at last forced to quit that miserable country; which, however, he resolved to endure as long as it should be possible." *Hist.*, &c., tom. vii. p. 109, Clar. edit.

[a] For Charles's visit to the Highlands, commonly called the Start, *vide supra*, p. 89.

probably obtayned, and may be most vsefull to me, and sutable to the condition of that kingedome.

" If it be found seasonable, you are, with the L^d^ Jermin's concurrence, to make applications to the Protestants in France; giue them right impressions conserning my affection to them, and my constant resolution to adheare to the true Protestant religion, and vse all the arguments that can be drawne from conscience, honore, and interest, to persuade them to afforde me such assistance as are in there power, and may be vsefull and of advantage to me.

" You are to acquainte me from time to time of the condition of affaires there, what progresse you make, and what further authority, by commission, letters, or instructions, the Queene shall finde necessary for you in the managing the trust committed to you in the particulars mentioned.

" You are, as soone as your stay at Paris can be of no more vse to me, either my desires being obtayned or the appearing no probability of the same, to returne to me, where you shall learne me to be for the time.

" CHARLES R.*

"Cologne, Oct. the 20, 1654."

The utter defeat of Middleton, the ruin of the royal cause in Scotland, and the triumph of Democracy throughout Great Britain, account for our hearing no more of this project.

Lord Balcarres continued for some years with the King. His noble wife, " who, through dearness of affection," says her friend Richard Baxter,† " had marched with him and lain out of doors with him on the mountains," shared his wanderings on the continent, where for several years they followed the Court, their pro-

* *Haigh Muniment-room.*

† *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ, or Mr. Richard Baxter's Narrative of his Life and Times,* fol. 1696, part i. p. 120.[a]

[a] " Pray read with great attention Baxter's Life of himself. It is an inestimable work. I may not unfrequently doubt Baxter's memory, or even his competence, in consequence of his peculiar modes of thinking; but I would almost as soon doubt the Gospel verity as his veracity." Coleridge's *Table Talk,* tom. i. p. 83.— " A man, of whom, notwithstanding some alloy of human infirmities, it may perhaps be truly affirmed that the writings of few, if any, uninspired men, have been the instruments of such great and extensive benefit to mankind." *Wilberforce.*

perty in Scotland having been sequestrated by Cromwell.* Lord Balcarres was "taken for head of the Presbyterians,"† or Scottish Constitutionalists; he held the office of Secretary of State for Scotland,‡ and was employed in various political negotiations for the interest of his exiled sovereign.§ "No one," says his grandson,

* Lord Balcarres' estate was sequestrated by Mr. Butler, 4 Jan. 1654. Lamont's *Diary*, p. 66.—One George Ffleming had a charter of Balcarres, 8 Dec. 1653, and sasine of Balcarres was passed in favour of Hew Hamilton, Baillie of Edinburgh, by Oliver Cromwell, 7 March, 1655. *Haigh Muniment-room.*

† *Reliq. Baxterianæ*, pt. i. p. 120.

‡ *Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres.*

§ The first of the two following letters from the Duke of York, afterwards James II., (neither of them perhaps worth inserting, except as testimonies of the esteem in which Lord Balcarres was held by that unfortunate prince,) refers to similar negotiations:—

"Being confident of your integrity and affection to the King's service, and of your readynesse to make it appeare upon any good occasion, I signed and seald a commission and some instructions for you at Bruxcelles, the 8 of June last. Before now I hope they are in your hands, and I desire you to go about the prosecution of them with all speede, seruice, and industrie you can. I assure you shall finde me very thankfull to you for your paines and care in this matter, and that you shall always find me in the sence of it. From the Campe at Ableu, August the 10, 1657.

"JAMES."

"My Lord, "Breda, Jan. 11, 1659.

"Here passed by this way, in his way to Bruxcelles, Tom Blagge, with whom I had some discourse of you, and of the continuation of the affection you have to our family. I assure you, nobody has a greater sence of it then I, as well for that as for the particular you have shewd to me. You know yourself the condition I am in, so that I can hardly any other way then this assure you of the sence I have of the obligations I haue to you; but I hope one day I shall be better able to lett you see it. In the meane-tyme, you may be assured that I shall ever be

"Your very affectionate friend,

"JAMES."

I subjoin two warm-hearted letters from Mary, Princess of Orange, King Charles's sister, to Lady Balcarres:—

"My Lady Belcarres,

"You may be confident, that if it had layne in my power, as much as in my desires, to assist your Lord and you, you had not been in that ill condition you are in, for truly the only cause why I have not sent you what I intended hes been caused by the want of ready mony; therefore the proposition you make to me is so good that, if you will find out any persone that will advance you the mony, I will giue an assurance under my own hand to see it payed in the space of two months, and to that end I shall give Oudart order to draw up a paper which I will sign and send to you tomorrow night or Munday morning,—for in all occasions you shall find me to bee,

"My Lady Belcarres,

"Your most affectionate friend,

"MARIE."

"My Lady Belcarres,

"If it had been in my power, you should have found before this time the effects of that true esteem I have for your persone, for I may assure you with truth that the want of those occasions did much trouble mee, and now more than euer, finding how much you are sattisfied with those very little civilitis I was able to performe when I

"had more of his Majesty's favour, being cheerful as well as good and wise, yet Lord Clarendon, head of the high-church party, once got the better of him, and he was dismissed the Court at Cologne, but soon recalled.* The King thus expresses himself in a letter to Lord Arlington,—'Our little Court are all at variance, but Lord Balcarres will soon return and heal us with his wisdom.'"†

He did not live to see the restoration, or reap the reward of his services and sufferings in the royal cause. Whether illness prevented his return, or whether in those evil days evil tongues had succeeded a second time in depriving him of the King's confidence, I know not; but the last I think most probable from the fact of his death having taken place at Breda, and from "the seeming displeasure of his prince" being enumerated along with

was with you, which I am so ashamed you should take notice of that I will leaue this subject, and tell you that the kindness of the Queen's invitation of mee to come to her is very well able alone to ouercome all endeauours of hinderiñg mee from that hapines, if I had not a most passionate desire of waitting upon her Ma^tie, which I hope to do very shortly in spit of all designes to the contrayry; and whereuere I go, let mee desire you to beleeue that I shall always striue to show you the reallity of my being,

"My Lady Belcarres,

"Your most affectionate friend,

"Hage, 13 December." "MARIE.

* "At last Cromwell drove them (Balcarres and his wife) out of Scotland, and they went together beyond sea to the King, where they long followed the Court, and he was taken for the head of the Presbyterians with the King, and by evil instruments fell out with the Lord Chancellor, who prevailing against him upon some advantage, he was for a time forbidden the Court," &c. *Reliq. Baxter.*, pt. i. p. 120.—*Conf. Clarendon*, tom. vii. p. 59, Oxf. edit., and Sir James Turner's *Memoirs*, p. 105.—The estrangement, however temporary, of Charles from Lord Balcarres was felt with resentment and sympathy in Scotland, as witnessed by the following characteristic passage in a letter of Principal Baillie, 11 Nov. 1658:—"What is become of the King and his family we do not know; some talks that he should be in the Hague; many takes his unkindness to Balcarres very ill, especially that he should oppose his Lady's provision to the oversight (governance) of the little Prince of Orange; his obstinate observance of Hyde offends all; but what he minds no man here knows and few cares." *Letters*, tom. iii. p. 387.

† *Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres.*

* Lord Clarendon's first impressions of Lord Balcarres were more favourable,—see his letter to Sir Edward Nicholas, Paris, 24 April, 1654:—"I have yet had very little conference with my Lord Balcarres, but he appears a civil and a sober person, and the King thinks he will be wholly governed by his Majesty, without suffering himself to be wrought upon by any others; he seems to have some prejudice to the Lord Glencarne, but professes great esteem of Lieut.-General Middleton," &c. *State Papers*, tom. iii.

the ruin of his country and the distress of his family*—"added," says Baxter, "to the distempers he had contracted by his warfare on the cold and hungry mountains," as a grief that hastened his being taken by God's favour out of this world into a better.†

This season of sorrow "he spent," says his biographer, "with such advantage to his own soul and the edification of others," that "there are many yet living that will, with all gratitude, acknowledge their conversation with him, his heavenly discourses, and holy example, put them much into the way of following him thither."

The following sketch of the character and latter days of our good and loyal ancestor cannot, I think, fail to interest you. "We will pass by," says the writer, "his carriage in war, making conscience of all his actions as if every day he was to render an account to Him that made him: he was most faithful and loyal to his prince, which well appeared in his indefatigable diligence in his service; his patient suffering also shewit he served him only out of love to his person and duty: he was zealous of the honour and welfare of his country, which was obvious to all, and in nothing did this more shew itself than in his being so much against the giving up the King at Newcastle, and so concerned for its late misfortunes, which was the occasion of many sad thoughts to him; and in his dexterous management of that juncture wherein one half of the kingdom had secluded and banished the other half upon the accompt of the Engagement, which difference by his prudence and conduct was principally reconciled into the common interest of the kingdom, and both parties united to the King's service.

"He was tender to his wife, affectionate to his friends, compassionately forgetting his enemies, kind to all his relations. He had his times of devotion three times a-day, except some extraordinary business hindered him: in the morning, from the time he was dressed until eleven o'clock, he read upon the Bible and divinity books, and prayed and meditate; then at half an hour

* *Memoir of Alex. Earl of Balcarres*, MS.

† Baillie says he heard that Balcarres "did die of grief" at the ill success of the rising for the King under Sir George Booth, in August, 1659—from which so much had been expected. It may have given his constitution, already worn out, the finishing shock. "I am not yet satisfied," he concludes, "with Chancellor Hyde's very unjust breaking of his neck,—God will see to it." *Letters*, tom. iii. p. 437.

past . . . till near seven; then at ten o'clock to eleven. The last year of his life his thoughts were but little upon the world; neither the joys nor griefs thereof did move him. He saw it was but his inferior part was subject to its changes; no kind of affliction could bereave him of the courage and vigour of mind God enriched him with, which schew so great strength to govern his soul, that, though he saw evils great and present, yet he mitigat them so with rectified reason, and with the serious consideration of the goodness and wisdom of Him that had appointed all for him, that he with the greatest ease, by the assistance of his blessed Lord and Redeemer, overcame all; thus, wisdom, grace, and virtue in this well-ordered mind did produce the greatest tranquillity imaginable, so that grace and glory was what he was wholly taken up with the last eight days of his life.

"When death seemed to be near, all time was spent either in prayer or praising his blessed Lord for His free love to mankind, and to him in particular, and in comforting his family, and in instructing and advising his friends to live holily. He was so taken up with heaven, that the way he took to comfort his nearest and dearest relation was to tell her, 'she ought to rejoice, because he might say, as his blessed Saviour did when He was to depart from his disciples, "Let not your hearts be troubled, for I go to my heavenly Father; I go from persecution and calumny to the company of angels and spirits of just men made perfect,"' —then said he, 'How sweet is rest to a wearied soul, and such a rest as this is that I am going to! Oh blessed rest! where we shall never cease day nor night from saying "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!"—where we shall rest from sinning, but not from praising!'

"This was upon the Friday before the Lord took him, in which he made a long prayer for the King, his mother the Queen, the royal family, and all that had befriended him in his affliction, and for all his relations, the kingdom, and the Kirk of Scotland. That day he sent a message by a friend to the King, which was, 'that now he was before it were long to answer at the tribunal of the Searcher of all hearts, before whom it was to be thought he wald not make a lie, therefore, in his presence, he wald say that he had served the King faithfully; and that he believed there were few men, if they wald search the corners of their hearts,

could say they did any action of their life without something at self,—yet he could say in this one he did, he served the King in favour and disfavour without the least thought of himself, as if he had the greatest encouragements in the world; though he did differ from some men, yet he had followed the dictates of his own conscience, which gave him peace, and that he died a very faithful subject to him.'—So it appeared well, for he prayed not only for him, that the Lord wald bless him with principles of grace and virtue above all had been before him, but that he wald bless all whose endeavours were to establish him who was the righteous King in all the three kingdoms; he prayed to forgive them that had forgot so soon their coronation and other oaths to defend him in his right. Not long after this, one Master Patrick Forbes, a honest-hearted holy man,* asked him, 'My lord, do you forgive all your enemies, that have so maliciously persecute you?'—'Aye, aye, Mr. Forbes,' said he, 'long ago,—I bless God that is not to do.'

"All this while, or eight days, his heart and eyes were fixed upon heaven, but so far as others diverted him; he sleeped but little, and when he did, it might be said his heart waked. The last day of his life his wife asked him, 'My love, how is it with you now,—have you gotten that measure of assurance you desired?'—to which he said, 'All I can answer to you is, that, I bless my Redeemer for it! I am as full of joy with the assurance I have that my Redeemer is mine and I am his, as ever mine heart can hold.'—After some little struggling with death, he called to his wife, who was always by him, and said, 'My dear, I follow a good Guide, who will never quit me, and I will never quit Him.'—'My dear,' said she, 'hold you there, for there you are safe; He is a shield and buckler to them that trust in Him, He is the munition of rocks.'—Often did he say that afternoon the Lord called him,—'Come, Lord Jesus, thou tarriest long!'—His wife, finding him near his blessed end, said to him, 'Have courage, my love! your redemption draws near, your blessed Lord is making fast ready, accompanied with his angels, to attend you to that mansion He prepared for you before the world was; He will go through the valley of the shadow of death with you.' At that he laid his two weak hands about her neck, and, with the

* He was appointed Bishop of Caithness after the Restoration, in 1662.

small strength he had, drew her in to him, and said, 'I must take my last farewell of thee, my dearest!'—After he had said somewhat that schew much his kindness to her, he said, 'My dear, pray that the passage may be easy.' After that, he looked up whither he was going, and prayed to Him with whom he was to live for ever, and so went away to that blessed Lord that made him what he was, and what he now is, a glorified saint in heaven. He finished his course upon Tuesday, the 7th of September, *stilo novo*, 30th of August,—who made it his study to glorify God; he fought the good fight of faith,—henceforth is laid up for him a crown of glory. 'Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace!'"

Thus died, at the early age of forty-one, Alexander Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres,—"without doubt," says Baillie, "one of the most brave and able gentlemen of our nation,—if not the most able,"*—"a lord," says Richard Baxter, "of excellent learning, judgment, and honesty, none being praised equally with him for learning and understanding in all Scotland."† His body was brought home for interment, and on the 12th of June, 1660, while Scotland and England were still ringing with the shouts that proclaimed King Charles once more a monarch over his fathers' land, the remains of his tried and faithful follower were consigned by his widow and children to their last resting-place in the chapel of Balcarres.

His memory was embalmed in song by Cowley, the minstrel of the Cavaliers.

"UPON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF BALCARRES.

'Tis folly, all that can be said
By living mortals of th' immortal dead,
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we shed.
'Tis as if we, who stay behind
In expectation of the wind,
Should pity those who passed this streight before,
And touch the universal shore.
Ah, happy man! who art to sail no more!
And, if it seem ridiculous to grieve
Because our friends are newly come from sea,
Though ne'er so fair and calm it be—

* *Letters*, tom. iii. p. 437.

† *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, part i. p. 121.

What would all sober men believe,
If they should hear us, sighing, say,
'Balcarres, who but th' other day
'Did all our love and our respect command,
'At whose great parts we all amazed did stand,
'Is from a storm, alas! cast suddenly on land?'

If you will say—few persons upon earth
Did, more than he, deserve to have
A life exempt from fortune and the grave;
Whether you look upon his birth
And ancestors, whose fame's so widely spread—
But ancestors, alas! who long ago are dead;
Or whether you consider more
The vast increase (as sure you ought)
Of honour by his labour bought,
And added to the former store:—
All I can answer, is, That I allow
The privilege you plead for, and avow
That, as he well deserved, he doth enjoy it now.

Though God, for great and righteous ends,
Which his unerring providence intends
Erroneous mankind should not understand,
Would not permit Balcarres' hand,
(That once, with so much industry and art,
Had closed the gaping wounds of every part,)
To perfect his distracted nation's cure,
Or stop the fatal bondage 'twas t' endure;
Yet, for his pains, He soon did him remove
From all th' oppression and the woe
Of his frail body's native soil below,
To his soul's true and peaceful country above.
So God-like kings, for secret causes, known,
Sometimes, but to themselves alone,
One of their ablest ministers elect,
And send abroad to treaties, which they intend
Shall never take effect;
But, though the treaty wants a happy end,
The happy agent wants not the reward
For which he laboured faithfully and hard;
His just and gracious master calls him home,
And gives him, near himself, some honourable room.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring
To save his country, and restore his king;
And whilst the manly half of him (which those
Who know not love to be the whole suppose)
Performed all parts of virtue's vigorous life,
The beauteous half, his lovely wife,
Did all his labours and his cares divide,
Nor was a lame nor paralytic side,—

In all the turns of human state,
And all the unjust attacks of fate,
She bore her share and portion still,
And would not suffer any to be ill.
Unfortunate for ever let me be,
If I believe that such was he
Whom, in the storms of bad success,
And all that error calls unhappiness,
His virtue and his virtuous wife did still accompany!

With these companions 'twas not strange
That nothing could his temper change.
His own and country's ruin had not weight
Enough to crush his mighty mind;
He saw around the hurricanes of state,
Fixed as an island 'gainst the waves and wind.
Thus far the greedy sea may reach;
All outward things are but the beach;
A great man's soul it doth assault in vain!
Their God himself the ocean doth restrain
With an imperceptible chain,
And bids it to go back again.
His wisdom, justice, and his piety,
His courage both to suffer and to die,
His virtues, and his lady too,
Were things celestial. And we see
In spite of quarrelling philosophy,
How in this case 'tis certain found
That heaven stands still, and only earth goes round!"

SECTION IV.

Well might the poet class Lady Balcarres among "things celestial,"—"a known truth, though it be in verse," as honest Isaac Walton says. The excellent Richard Baxter, who knew her well, and esteemed her "the honour of" her "sex and nation,"* gives the following account of his friendship with her. —"When the Earl of Lauderdale," Lord Balcarres' "near kinsman and great friend,† was prisoner in Portsmouth and Windsor Castle, he fell into acquaintance with my books, and so valued them that he read them all, and took notes of them, and

* Dedication to his treatise on 'The Mischiefs of Self-Ignorance.'

† Afterwards the celebrated Duke of Lauderdale,—son of Earl John, the friend of David Lord Balcarres.

earnestly recommended them to the Earl of Balcarres, with the King. The Earl of Balcarres met, at the first sight, with some passages where he thought I spake too favourably of the papists, and differed from many other protestants, and so cast them by, and sent the reason of his distaste to the Earl of Lauderdale, who pressed him but to read one of the books through, which he did; and so read them all, (as I have seen many of them marked with his hand,) and was drawn to over-value them more than the Earl of Lauderdale. Hereupon his lady reading them also, and being a woman of very strong love and friendship, with extraordinary entireness swallowed up in her husband's love, for the books' sake, and her husband's sake, she became a most affectionate friend to me before she ever saw me. While she was in France, being zealous for the King's restoration, (for whose cause her husband had pawned and ruined his estate,) by the Earl of Lauderdale's direction, she, with Sir Robert Moray, got divers letters from the pastors and others there, to bear witness of the King's sincerity in the protestant religion.* Her great wisdom, modesty, piety, and sincerity made her accounted the saint at the Court. When she came over with the King, her extraordinary respects obliged me to be so often with her as gave me acquaintance with her eminency in all the aforesaid virtues. She is of a solid understanding in religion for her sex, and of prudence much more than ordinary, and of great integrity and constancy in her religion, and a great hater of hypocrisy, and faithful to Christ in an unfaithful world, and she is somewhat overmuch affectionate to her friend, which hath cost her a great deal of sorrow in the loss of her husband, and since of other special friends, and may cost her more when the rest forsake her, as many in prosperity use to do those that will not forsake their fidelity to Christ." . . "Being my constant auditor and over-respectful friend, I had occasion," he adds, "for the just praises and acknowledgments which I have given her."†

On the death of her husband, King Charles had written her a kind letter of condolence:—"I hope," says he, "you are so well persuaded of my kindnesse to you as to believe that there can no misfortune happen to you, and I not have my share in it; I

* See also the *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, pt. i. p. 215.

† *Reliq. Baxterianæ*, part i. pp. 120-1.

assure you I am troubled at the losse you have had, and I hope that God will be pleased to put me into such a condition before it be long, as I may lett you see the care I intend to have of you and your children, and that you may depende upon my being very truly,

"Madame,

"Your affectionate frinde,

"CHARLES R."

—And amply did he redeem his promise as soon as it was in his power to do so, by settling on Lady Balcarres and the longest liver of her two sons a pension of 1000*l.* a-year, on her giving up during their minority the patent of the hereditary government of the Castle of Edinburgh.—"I have been young and now am old," sang the sweet Psalmist of Israel, "and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."

Nor was the daughter of Henri Quatre, the Queen of the martyred Charles, less kindly attentive to the widowed Countess:—"The losse you have made," she writes, "is very sensible to me as well as to you; therefore you may be easyly persuaded that I take a particular part in it with you; I wish I could meet some occation to lett you see the esteem I had of my Lord Belcaris, and how willing I should be to contribute any thing to your consolation. In the meane space I pray God to give you all necessary ones, and intreat you to believe I am vere trully, my Lady Belcaris,

"Your vere good and assured friend,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R."

—"I have writ to my daughter," she says about three weeks afterwards, "too desire her to assure you againe of her goode intentions for you; and from mee you may be confident that I shall not lett anie occation passe wherein I may lett you see the estime I haue of you." *

—"Pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres!"

I subjoin here, though certainly of later date by some years, the following pleasing letter from Anne Duchess of York, mother of Mary of Orange and Queen Anne:—

"My Lady Balcarres, January 12.

"I have receiued your letter, and assure you take the concern you appeare to haue for my afflictions uery kindly. It has pleased God of late to lay soe great a number

After residing for some months in London, Lady Balcarres prepared for her return to Scotland, and, "being deeply sensible of the loss of the company of those friends which she left behind her, desired me," says Baxter, "to preach the last sermon she was to hear from me on those words of Christ, 'Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered every man to his own, and shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.'" A trial of bitter agony retarded her departure,—the conversion of her eldest daughter to Roman Catholicism. The Jesuits about the Court (and the Queen-mother appears to have been privy to it) had bewildered the poor girl (she was but sixteen) with their sophistries—Baxter strove, but in vain, to induce them to meet and discuss the question with him in her presence—at last they stole her away secretly from her mother in a coach, conveyed her to France, and there put her into a nunnery, "where," says he, "she is since dead.—Not long after her departure she sent a letter to her lady mother, and subscribed 'Sister Anna Maria.' It contained the reasons of her perversion, and, though I knew they were not likely to suffer her to read it, I wrote an answer to it at her mother's desire, which was sent to her by her mother." *—"This," he adds, "was the darling of that excellent, wise, religious lady, the widow of an excellent lord, which made the affliction great, and taught her to moderate her affections to all creatures." †

of them vpon me that I haue need of the prayers of all my friends, that I may beare them with that submission I ought to the hand that sends them; and truely I haue received soe great a blessing in the recouery of the Duke, that I hope I shall euer submit with patience to whateuer els can happen to me. But I will not keepe you longer vpon soe sad a subject, but desire you to beleeue that I take your concern for me very kindly, and that I am

"Your affectionate friend,

"ANNE."

* "We shall have leave to pray for you," he writes, "though we cannot have leave to instruct you, and God may hear us when you will not; which I have the more hopes of, because of the piety of your parents, and the prayers and tears of a tender mother poured out for you, and your own well-meaning, pious disposition." Dated 1 Dec. 1660.

† "The Countess of Balcarres told me," says Baxter, "that when she first heard of it, she desired Dr. Gunning" (afterwards Bishop of Chichester) "to meet with the priest, to dispute with him and try if her daughter might be recovered, who pretended then to be in doubt; and that Dr. Gunning first began to persuade her daughter against the Church of Scotland, which she had been bred in, as no true Church, and after disputed but about the Pope's infallibility, and left her daughter

The loss of her daughter was followed, five months after her return to Scotland,* by that of her eldest son, Earl Charles, "an excellent youth, of great parts and piety,"† twelve years old, who, with his brother Colin, had resided at Balcarres during the recent troubles, ten pounds a-year being allowed them out of the sequestrated estate of their father.‡ He died of a strange disease, a large stone being found in his heart after death,—"an emblem," observes Baxter, characteristically, "of the mortal malady now reigning."§ His mother sent it to Lord Lauderdale, with a view to medical inspection, accompanying it with the following letter, which I insert as the only specimen of her more familiar correspondence that I have met with:—

"My dear Lord,

"When I consider how lazy I am to write, and also how desirous I really am that my friends should never be troubled with hearing of so unfortunate a person as I am,—your Lordship knows so well for whom it is I do it, that I will make no apology for what I daily trouble you with. Now, my Lord, I shall only say, I have sent your Lordship, with my Lord St. Andrews,‖ a poor pledge for so rich a jewel; this is all I have now for my dear child, my little saint, I may rather say, who is now, I hope, a star of the first magnitude. O my sweet child! how distressed, how sorrowful has he left me, with an afflicted family! I could say much of my losses of my two dear Lord

worse than before; and that she took it to be a strange way to deliver her daughter from Popery to begin with a condemnation of the Reformed Churches as no true Churches, and confess that the Church and ministry of Rome was true." *Reliq. Baxter.*, pt. i. pp. 219-229.

* Lamont faithfully chronicles the arrivals and departures from Balcarres.—The remains of Lord Balcarres, he says, were "landed at Elie, 2 Dec. 1659, and some days after were carried to Balcarres, and this 12 June were interred at Balcarres in the ordinar burial-place there, with suiting solemnity. July 12, 1660, his lady took journey from Balcarres to go for London with her children. In May, 1662, viz. the sixth day, the said lady returned to Balcarres, her two sons having come some months before." *Diary*, p. 123.

† Wodrow's *Analecta*, tom. i. p. 355.—Baxter speaks of him as "a very hopeful youth."

‡ *Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres.*

§ Dedication to the 'Divine Life,'—and *Reliq. Baxterianæ*, pt. i. p. 121.—See also Wodrow's *Analecta*, tom. i. p. 355.

‖ Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews.

Balcarreses, but I know it is not so civil as pleasant to me, and the rather when I remember it's to your Lordship, whose they both were, almost as mine.—Were it not too tedious, I think I could have written, though not so learnedly, yet more fully, and that which your Lordship and physicians—(that I think will be astonished with the bigness of the stone, how his little heart could contain it)—would have made use of.—My Lord, pray let me know what physicians say of it, and if there could have been help for it, and whether they think he has had it from his conception, or but lately grown. I am, my dear Lord,

"Your most affectionate cousin,
"and humble servant,
"ANNE BALCARRES."*

"I knew," says Baxter, in his beautiful address prefixed within two months after her affliction to his treatise on the 'Divine Life,—"I knew of many and great afflictions which you had undergone in the removal of your dearest friends, which made this subject seem so suitable and seasonable to you at that time; but I knew not that God was about to make so great addition to your trials in the same kind by taking to himself the principal branch of your noble family. . . . I hope this loss also shall promote your gain, by keeping you nearer to your heavenly Lord, who is so jealous of your affections, and resolved to have them entirely to Himself; and then you will still find that you are not alone nor deprived of your dearest or most necessary friend, while the Father, the Son, the sanctifying and comforting Spirit, is with you. And it should not be hard to reconcile us to the disposals of so sure a guide. Nothing but good can come from God, however the blind may miscall it, who know no good or evil but what is measured by the private standard of their selfish interest, and that as judged of by sense. Eternal love, engaged by covenant to make us happy, will do nothing but what we shall find at last will terminate in that blessed end. He envied you not your son, as too good for you, or too great a mercy, who hath given you His own Son, and with Him the mercy of eternal life. Corporal sufferings with spiritual blessings are the ordinary

* Printed among the 'Letters of Lady Margaret Burnet to the Duke of Lauderdale,' p. 92.

lot of believers here on earth, as corporal prosperity with spiritual calamity is the lot of the ungodly. And, I beseech you, consider that God knoweth better than you or I what an ocean your son was ready to launch out into, and how tempestuous and terrible it might have proved, and whether the world, that he is saved from, would have afforded him more of safety or seduction, of comfort or calamity? Whether the protraction of the life of your truly noble husband, to have seen our sins and their effects and consequents, would have afforded him greater joy or sorrow?—Undoubtedly, as God had a better title to your husband, and children, and friends than you had, so it is much better to be with Him than to be with you or with the best or greatest upon earth. The heavenly inhabitants fear not our fears, and feel not our anxieties. They are past our dangers, and out of the reach of all our enemies, and delivered from our pains and cares, and have the full possession of all those mercies which we pray and labour for. Can you think your children and friends that are with Christ are not safer and better than those that remain with you? Do you think that earth is better than heaven for yourself? I take it for granted you cannot think so, and will not say so; and if it be worse for you, it is worse for them. The Providence which, by hastening their glorification, doth promote your sanctification, which helpeth them to the end and helpeth you in the way, must needs be good to them and you, however it appear to flesh and unbelief. O Madam! when our Lord hath shewed us (as he will shortly do) what a state it is to which He bringeth the spirits of the just, and how He doth there entertain and use them, we shall then be more competent judges of all those acts of Providence to which we are now so hardly reconciled! Then we shall censure our rash censurings of those works of God, and be offended with our offences at them, and call ourselves blind, unthankful sinners for calling them so bad as we did in our misjudging misbelief and passion. We shall not wish ourselves or friends again on earth among temptations and pains, and among uncharitable men, malicious enemies, deceitful flatterers, and untrusty friends!" *

* Dated Dec. 24, 1662.—See Baxter's *Practical Works*, tom. xiii. pp. i. sqq.—This excellent treatise is divided into three parts, 'The Knowledge of God,' 'Walking with God,' and 'Converse with God in Solitude,' the latter being the

Earl Charles, the subject of this beautiful expostulation, died on the 15th, and was buried in the chapel of Balcarres on the 21st of October, 1662, "in the night season." * His brother Colin succeeded him as third Earl of Balcarres, and for several years resided with his two surviving sisters, under his mother's care, at Balcarres. Her maternal duties fulfilled, she became, in 1671, the second wife of Archibald the unfortunate Earl of Argyle, who perished on the scaffold in 1685, and whom also she survived for above twenty years. During a long and active life she had but few gleams of unalloyed earthly happiness, and it was well for her that her hopes were anchored on another and a better world, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

sermon (enlarged) which he had preached at Lady Balcarres' desire, on her approaching departure for Scotland, and which she had desired him to give her in writing, with the intention of publishing it.—"I like best of all his works," says Alexander Knox, speaking of the masterpieces of English divinity, "his Divine Life, particularly the middle treatise, on Walking with God." *Remains*, tom. i. p. 272.

* Lamont's *Diary*, p. 156.

CHAPTER XVI.

"And where art thou, Lord Lindsay, now?
Must the bridal wait for thee?
The feast is set, and the guests are met,
But the bridegroom, where is he?"

H. G. BELL.

"Balcarres, who his King as life held dear."

TENNANT.

"There's three true good fellows,
Three brave loyal fellows,
Three true good fellows
Down ayont yon glen;
There is Graham and Gordon,
And Lindsay brave is coming,—
Ken ye wha is running
Wi' his Highlandmen?"

JACOBITE CHANT OF THE 1688.

SECTION I.

WHEN Earl Colin had attained the age of sixteen, he went to Court, and was presented to King Charles by his cousin the Duke of Lauderdale. Colin was extremely handsome; the King was pleased with his countenance, said he had loved his father, and would be a father to him himself; and, as an earnest of his favour, gave him the command of a select troop of horse, composed of one hundred loyal gentlemen who had been reduced to poverty during the recent troubles.*

A few days after he had been with the King, he fell dangerously ill at his uncle and guardian Sir Robert Moray's house, when there came hourly a messenger from Mademoiselle Mauritia de Nassau (then residing with her sister Lady Arlington, wife of the prime minister), to enquire after his health. These ladies, with their sister Isabella, wife of the gallant Earl of Ossory, were daughters of Louis de Nassau, Count of Beverwaert and Auver-

* They had half-a-crown a-day. *Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres.*

querque in Holland,* by Elizabeth Countess of Horn. The young Mauritia had fallen in love with Colin at his first presentation at Court; on his recovery, Sir Robert sent him to pay his acknowledgments to her, and ere long the day was fixed for their marriage. The Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., presented his fair kinswoman on this joyful occasion with a pair of magnificent emerald ear-rings, as his wedding-gift. The day arrived, the noble party were assembled in the church, and the bride was at the altar; but, to the dismay of the company, no bridegroom appeared! The volatile Colin had forgotten the day of his marriage, and was discovered in his night-gown and slippers, quietly eating his breakfast!—Thus far the tale is told with a smile on the lip, but many a tear was shed at the conclusion. Colin hurried to the church, but in his haste left the ring in his writing-case;—a friend in the company gave him one,—the ceremony went on, and, without looking at it, he placed it on the finger of his fair young bride:—it was a mourning ring, with the mort-head and crossed bones,—on perceiving it at the close of the ceremony, she fainted away, and the evil omen had made such an impression on her mind that, on recovering, she declared she should die within the year, and her presentiment was too truly fulfilled.

In a packet of old papers, crumbling to decay, I found the following billet, addressed by Lady Balcarres to her husband's mother soon after her nuptials:—

"Madame,

"Je ne sçais en quels termes vous rendre très humbles graces de la bonté que vous avez eu de m'écrire une lettre si obligeante; je vous assure, Madame, que j'en ai la reconnaissance que je dois, et que Milord Balcarres n'aurait pu épouser une personne qui tachera plus que je ferai à chercher les occasions de mériter votre amitié, et à vous témoigner en toute sorte de rencontre avec combien de respect et de soumission je suis,

"Madame,

"Votre très humble et obéissante fille et servante,

"MAURISCE DE BALCARRES."

* Natural son of Maurice Prince of Orange.

It is a mere letter of compliment—for the correspondents had never, I believe, seen each other; but, finding it, as I did, buried among marriage-settlements and wills, in whose voluminous pages I found no other trace of *her* having lived, loved, and died,—it was with feelings of no common interest that I perused the only relic that time has spared of one who might have been our ancestress—the young and ill-fated Mauritia.

It was in the joy of seeing Colin established, to all appearance, so happily for life, that his mother addressed him an admirable letter of advice, moral, religious, political, and domestic, a few extracts from which will not, I trust, prove unacceptable to her young descendants.

No subject is left untouched, of which a mother would be anxious to impress right ideas on a son. As we love our homes the more because they were those of our ancestors, "So," she says, "I expect that what I say to you will the more affect you, because 'tis from your mother that loves you, wishes you well, and desires rather to see you a truly honest and virtuous man, fearing God, than possessor of all the riches the world can give.—There are some that have power and riches; much to be pitied are such lovers of pleasures,—they come to that, at last, they are troubled to hear anything that is serious, and which does not flatter them, though their actions merit reproof. But I am resolved neither to praise you, though I wish you may deserve it from others, nor reprove what I think amiss in you; only will give you a motherly and hearty advice.

"Because the interest of the soul is preferable to that of the body, I shall, first, desire you be serious in your religion, worshipping your God, and let your dependence be constantly upon Him for all things; the first step in it is, to believe in God, that He made and upholds the universe in wisdom, in goodness, and in justice,—that we must adore, obey Him, and approve of all He does. The fear of God, says Solomon, is the beginning of knowledge; He is ane buckler to all that walk uprightly. Dedicate some certain time every day for the service of your glorious Maker and Redeemer; in that, take a survey of your life, shorter or longer, as the time will permit; thank Him for making you what you are, for redeeming you, giving you His word and spirit, and that you live under the Gospel,—for all the faculties of your

soul and body,—that you was descended of Christian parents,—for your provisions,—for all you have in possession. Read—pray;—consider the life and death of your blessed Saviour and Lord, and your heart will be warmed with that love that is beyond expression, that meekness and humility that endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself,—strive to be conform to Him; no fraud, no guile, nor evil-speaking was found with Him, for all the injustice and wicked backbiting He met with; He was kind, doing always good, He forgave, was patient in enduring injuries, was charitable. My dear son, the great work to which we are called is to be partakers of His holy harmless nature; true religion stands in imitating of Him and converse with Him. 'Truly,' says the Apostle John, 'our fellowship is with the Father and the Son.'—David says, 'Evening and morning and midday will I pray to Thee.' We have directions and examples in the holy word for what we should do; we are told to watch and pray that we be not led into temptation (they are oft most afraid of them that are most resolved and best acquainted to resist them),*—to implore His help for supply of grace or strength, or of what we need; and to encourage us to it, He says none shall seek His face in vain.—He gives us His holy word, that we may daily read out of it divine lessons; it is a lanthorn to our feet to walk cleanly, and sure it is for instruction and direction in righteousness;† read often of the life and death of your Saviour,—read the books of Psalms, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes,—often the Epistles, not neglecting the other Scriptures; for other books I would have you read those most that will make you know the Scriptures and your duty; and yourself must make conscience of your duty to your particular relations."

To his prince she inculcates loyalty and reverence, to his

* She had probably been recently reading Robert Boyle's 'Occasional Reflections,' published in 1669, two years previously, in which the same idea is expressed in nearly the same words:—"They . . are wont to be the most fearful of temptations that are the most resolved and best qualified to resist them."

† "My Lord's word," as her daughter Henrietta calls it—"that has been often as life from the dead, my food that the world knows not of, my treasure hid in the field, my light in darkness, my strength in weakness, my support in the weary and thorny wilderness of fears and discouragement, my health in sickness, my song in the house of my pilgrimage, my hope in the day of my distress, even the joy and rejoicing of my heart; my best fence against Satan's accusations, and the best weapon to fight with in this evil day."—*Diary*, 1686.

country love and protection, reminding him, however, that public characters are unhappy except in such times when virtue is loved for its own sake. "Strive," says she, "to enrich your mind with virtue, and let it be attended with the golden chain of knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity," —possessed of these, "though you were bereft of all the world can give you or take from you, you are justly to be accounted happy."

Friendship she holds up as the choicest earthly blessing, but entreats her son to be wary whom he admits to intimacy. "Nothing," says she, "delights the heart of any man more than faithful and trusty friendship,—to have one to whom we may safely impart our mind, whose counsels may advise us, whose cheerfulness may qualify our cares, who is free of covetousness and known vice; for where the fear of God is not, and the practice of christian virtues, that friendship cannot stand long; there is certainly a secret curse on that friendship whereof God is not the foundation and the end. Let not the least jealousy of your faithful friend enter into your mind, but, whatever he do, think it was well intended; in some cases, it's better be deceived than distrust."*

Yet, "though friendship be the greatest solace of life, it proves not always firm enough to repose the soul absolutely upon. The fixedness of all things here below depends on God, who would have us to fix all our peace and contentment, even this we enjoy in the creatures, on Himself. There is great reason for it. It's much if our friend's judgment, affection, and interest long agree; if there be but a difference in any of these, it doth much to mar all, the one being constrained to love that the other loves not; one of you may have a friend, whose favour may make great breaches, an Achitophel or a Ziba; our Saviour had those who followed him for interest, that did soon forsake him, and turned his betrayers and enemies. If one of you be calmer nor (than) the other, and allows not all the other does out of humour, this

* "Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy.
—First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death."
Young.

causes mistakes,—as a man is, so is his strength.—A virtuous faithful friend, whose ways are ordered by God, who is of a sweet, equal, cheerful humour, not jealous, nor easily made to break the friendship he hath made on good grounds, which is understood to be kindled from heaven, is certainly the greatest jewel on earth. But if God so dispose of it that your friends, though the nearest relations on earth, change to you, strive to be constant to them, and to overcome all with patience. Let meekness smooth over all their passions, espouse their interest, pursue them with kindness and serviceableness of all kinds, seek reconciliation on any terms, amend what they think amiss. Let ingenuity be in all your words and actions; put on charity, which is the bond of perfection, which suffereth long, is kind, envieth not; forbear upbraiding or repeating what you have done to oblige them, but look on what you do for your friends, and their accepting of it, as that wherefore you are most indebted to them;* from those you are engaged to in friendship, strive to be content with frowns as well as smiles; bear all their infirmities, considering they must bear yours."

To regard his wife as the dearest friend of his bosom,†—to protect his sisters with the love their father had shewn them,‡—to preserve family unity,—to educate his children in the fear and

* "A truly noble benefactor purely aimeth not at any material reward or advantage to himself; (it were trading this, not beneficence;) but the good, profit, and content of him, to whom he dispenseth his favour; of which being assured, he rests satisfied, and accounts himself royally recompensed." Barrow's *Works*, tom. i. p. 188.

† "Believe it," she says, "no man is happy but he that is so in his own house."

‡ "To be kind to your sisters is not only the earnest desire of your mother, who lodged you all in her womb, but what is far more, it is commanded you by the Spirit of God to add to your faith and virtue 'brotherly kindness.' 'A brother,' saith Solomon, 'is born for adversity.' If it be enjoined us to bear this kindness to all that love God, our Lord and Father, far more are you to bear it to your sisters, who are both lovers of God and your own sisters also. 'A brother loves at all times,' saith Solomon. They have you now for their father; be kind to them as he was, and live as you would have yours to do after you are gone. God, I hope, will requite your brotherly care and kindness with a blessing to you in your own. St. John saith, he that loves his brother (I may say sisters also) lives in light, and there is no occasion of stumbling in him. Good Abraham said to Lot, 'Let no strife be betwixt thee and me, and thy servants and mine; we are brethren.' Our Saviour he told us, 'A family divided cannot stand,' and saith the Spirit of God, 'How pleasant is it to see brethren to dwell together in unity!' A three-fold cord is not easily broken; how pleasant, how easy is it to live in love, and to do our duty to all! Their virtue, I hope, will make you love and trust them."

love of God, in truth and knowledge, telling them "of the virtues of those who have been before them, that they may do nothing base or unworthy that looks like degenerating from them," *—to maintain an orderly and religious household, shunning whisperers and flatterers, "that sail with all winds,"—to be kind to his servants in their vigour, and careful of them in age and sickness,—to love, rather than hate, his enemies,—("Memory," says one of his descendants,† "cannot too soon lose its sense of injuries,")—and to extend his charity beyond the external duties of a Christian towards the poor and afflicted, to the regulation of his opinions with regard to others, questioning his own rather than their judgment, learning of his Saviour to be meek, and remembering that "God was not in the thunder, or the fire, but in the calm still voice,"—to be modest in society abroad,‡—and to look on the

* "Blessed be God, who has told us the promises are to us and to our children! Therefore when God blesseth you with children, so soon as they can speak, be letting them know of God as much as they are capable. . . Let none be about them but modest persons, men and women, such as fear God, and will be teaching and giving them good example. . . Breed them not highly, though not with want of anything in your power that's fit for their birth and quality; but let your greatest expenses be on their education; let them look like those that are bred up to be the sons and daughters of the Most High. If your care exceed to one by another, let it be on him that by God's bounty is to be your heir, for your family's sake, that he may be like those [who] have been of it already, a good Christian, a scholar, &c. Look over them yourself, and teach them their devotions and morals. 'Tis like I may not see them at this perfection, and you will be ere then far abler to do this than I can dictate to you, yet I let you see my good will and desire, to have you and yours happy for ever... When they are grown up, and go abroad to neighbours' houses, instruct them well how to carry modestly, humbly, and discreetly, and when they come back again to you, ask them neither what they heard nor saw,—for that encourages young ones to tattle, to be censorious, scorners and detractors, and even sometimes to lie. If they incline to any of these, crush it in the bud, and be very severe for it,—a liar is worse than a thief."

† Lady Anne Lindsay, by marriage Barnard.

‡ "To speak little is that which hath many advantages... Nevertheless, I would not have you silent when your conscience dictates to you to speak that which is good and right, especially if you come to be a public person, in Parliament or Council; refrain not, if you see an occasion to do good to your King, your country, your friend or neighbour. If what you would say can do no good to either, though never so expedient or convenient, be silent,—God does not require it, who has given you the use of your discretion. Solomon says, 'There is a time to speak and a time to be silent.' So long as you are young, be ready to hear, speak but little; let that be pertinent and home; observe opportunities, and make use of them. You will have sometimes exercises for your patience; let it appear upon all occasions, as well as your modesty. There is always either honour or shame to those that speak in public."

careful management of his affairs at home as a duty *—these and many other incidental duties are enforced with affection as earnest, and in language as energetic, as the passages I have already quoted. "You will thus," she adds, "by carrying yourself aright towards God and man and your relations, make all that are related to you, or that wish you and your family well, and those that are about you, rejoice, and their satisfaction, I am sure, will be a great addition to your own. The great pleasure of making others happy, and seeing them live comfortably by your means, will give you a peace and joy beyond any you can have from others, were it either to make you more honourable or rich. This will make you both, leading to the land of uprightness, where there are durable riches.

"Your good grandfather, Lord David," she concludes, "he thought that day misspent he knew not some new thing. He was a very studious and diligent man in his affairs. You that have such a closet (library), such gardens, and so much to do within doors and without, need not think the time tedious nor be idle,—it 's the hand of the diligent maketh rich. . . The good man orders his affairs with discretion,—it 's the diligent that 's the only

* "My dear Son, my next desire is, that you should know your estate, and your rights to it. I did what I could to order your Charter-chest, and you will find inventories of my hand of all; but it cannot be in order till it be in your head; therefore I desire, till it be so, that you take a little time every day you have leisure for it, or once a-week,—but better, in my opinion, an hour in the day in a very short time will make you go through and know all. It will make any lawyer or servant more careful,—trust not too many with your writs. When once you have known your estate and your burden (debt), have a rental always at your hand, and a note of your debt, principal and annual, regular and clear, in your pocket,—score off your interests first, what they will amount to, and pay them duly,—it is just, and will tend much to your credit; and always reckon what you have behind, and conform your expense to that,—those that do otherways are in direct way to ruin. Lay your accompt to live on the half or third of what you have free, and it is like you will find accidents you think not of will fall out to make you come to an end of your estate before the year end. If your expense be at one time more nor (than) ordinary in your table, hold in your clothes, or such things as are less necessary than your meat and drink. Let your house and servants, &c., look as like your quality as may be, but not profuse or ostensive. Cause your steward or butler keep a weekly book of all that comes in that week, what spent, and what remains. Let not any servant or other go without a precept (order) to take up from tenant or any other for anything from you or your wife; and let the precepts come in to instruct their accounts for victual, for money, &c.; this will be easy to you or her, and for the tenants and servants; be always at the accounts yourself, till your lady perfectly understands them,—your sisters know my way."

person fit for government; Solomon saith, his thought tends to plenteousness, and he may stand before Kings.

" My care hath been great for you and your family, and you may see by this I will be always,

" My dear Son,

" Your kind mother,

" ANNA ARGYLL."

After the loss of his wife, Earl Colin " made a campaign at sea with the Duke of York, was with him in the well-fought battle of Solebay, 28th of May, 1672, and enjoyed a great share of his highness's confidence." * " It was then," says Colin's grand-daughter, " that the friendship was probably cemented with which at a later period he had it in his power to soothe his royal master." †

On his return home, Colin appears to have become attached to Lady Jean Carnegie, eldest daughter of David Earl of Northesk, and one of the beauties of the day. The King took an active interest in promoting his suit, and wrote in his favour expressly, and with his own hand, to Lord Northesk.—" I am so much concerned," says he, " in my Lord Balcarres, that, hearcing he is in suite of one of your daughters, I must lett you know you cannot bestow her upon a person of whose worth and fidelity I have a better esteeme, which moves me hastily to recommend to you and your lady your franck compliance with his designe; and as I do really intende to be very kinde to him, and so to do him good as occasion offers, as well for his father's sake as his owne,—so, if you and your lady condescends to his pretention, and use him kindly in it, I shall take it very kindly at your hands, and reckon it to be done upon the accounte of

" Your affectionate frinde,

" CHARLES REX."

Lady Jean, it would appear, refused to accept of a husband at the royal recommendation; she declined the proposal, and Lauderdale by the King's command, signified to her father that, as his Majesty " did recommend that marriage, supposing that it

* *Earl James's Memoirs.* † *Memoirs of Lady Anne Barnard,* MS.

was acceptable to both parties, so he did not intend to lay any constraint upon him, and therefore left him to dispose of his daughter as he pleased." *

The match being thus, to all appearance, at an end, his Majesty, "wishing," says Earl James, "to do some good to a family that had deserved so highly of him, spoke to a Mr. De Foy, one of the grooms of his bedchamber, and guardian to a niece who had 100,000*l.* in ready money, left her by her father; he said he would oblige him if he could make Colin, as he always called him, acceptable to his niece." The King having taken such a personal interest in this affair, Colin could not but be passive; the lady found it no hardship to become the wife of one of the handsomest, gayest, and most agreeable men of his time, and their union was considered as a settled thing. The lady, however, being a ward in Chancery, some months of delay were necessary to make her of age. In the interim Colin was sent on an extraordinary mission into Scotland, where he discovered that, the royal influence being withdrawn, Lady Jean was willing to receive him as her husband on the ground of his own merits. The impetuous youth instantly married her,† was, in consequence, forbid the Court, "and lived for some years with his wife in the country, where he employed his time in acquiring languages and knowledge, and to repair what was wanting in his education. These years," says his son, "he often said were the happiest part of his life, as he loved his wife, and lived cheerfully and in plenty with his friends." "And with youth and love," adds his grand-daughter, "can a crust be brown? Not even an oaten cake!"

After six years passed in retirement, his wife died, leaving an only surviving child, Lady Anne Lindsay, successively the widow of Alexander Earl of Kellie and James Viscount Kingston, attainted after the rebellion of 1715.—Colin had now leave to return to Court. "He was received with great kindness by the King, who could not help asking him how he could commit such a folly as to act both in opposition to his faith and his fortune? All he

* The letters are printed in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for January, 1794. King Charles's is dated "Whitehall, Nov. 20, 1672," and Lauderdale's, "Jan. 18, 1672-3;" the latter refers to Northesk's intermediate reply, "of the 7th instant."

† In 1675. *Commonplace-book of the Rev. Henry Malcolm*, MS.

could say for himself was, that, if his Majesty had seen the woman he married, he would have forgiven him sooner. 'Odsfish!' said the King, 'that is true; they make us all play the fool!'" *

SECTION II.

Long before this period the cup of Presbyterian suffering had run over. I must now sketch in few words the policy of the English Court towards Scotland since the Restoration.

Liberty may be said to reside in the equal poise of the two antagonist elements of human nature, Imagination and Reason, the former implying due subordination to authority, the latter as much individual freedom as is compatible with general security; if either of these elements attain an undue ascendancy and overthrow the other, it leads through a different path to the same result—Despotism. England afforded no exception to the universal law,—the triumph of the Whig and Puritan, or Reasoning, principle had overthrown the Church and Monarchy, set up the Commonwealth, and swept it away again under the iron rod of Cromwell. England had wearied of him long before his death in 1658. She had learnt some wholesome lessons in the furnace of affliction. His son Richard inherited the name of Protector, without a particle of the talent or energy necessary for supporting it; he summoned a Parliament, which, instead of voting the supplies he required, proposed an investigation into his right to the Protectorate, and a council of officers, whose first step was to compel him to dismiss the Parliament, and then to abdicate his office. Their intention was to establish a military despotism; but Monk, who had governed Scotland since the final subjection of the royalists, now thought fit to declare for the Parliament, with the secret intention of bringing about the Restoration. With this object he remodelled his army, marched to London, expelled the remnant of the republican army, and in a conference with the Parliament refused to take the oath of abjuration, or renounce allegiance to the House of Stuart. His views needed no elucida-

* *Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres.*

tion, and the restoration of the royal family began to be generally looked for as the only possible quietus to these long and bitter troubles. One of Monk's earliest measures was to compel the Parliament to recall the secluded members,—and by their authority Crawford-Lindsay was, on the 3rd of March, 1660, released from his long imprisonment in Windsor Castle.* It was therefore to the influence of the very man who had captured him, that that nobleman eventually, after an interval of nine years, owed his deliverance. Lauderdale and Lord Sinclair were set at liberty at the same time.

The Scottish Presbyterians were not forgetful of their interests at this anxious moment. "When Monk marched South, they sent Mr. James Sharpe as their agent, to attend his army and protect the interests of the Kirk in any revolution which should take place in consequence of the General's expedition." The Restoration was evidently what they anticipated, and in that case Crawford and Lauderdale, who had suffered so long in their sovereign's cause, were the men they looked to for support. Douglas, one of their leading ministers, wrote on the 20th of March, 1660, to the former of these noblemen, congratulating him on his liberation, complimenting him on his firm adherence, through tribulation and suffering, to his principles, (for, as Bishop Burnet tells us, "he continued still a zealous Presbyterian," †) and exhorting him to unite with Lauderdale in supporting the Kirk and country, and in influencing their friends to forsake the cabals of private faction for unanimous efforts in the common cause. The state of parties in Scotland is vividly displayed in a letter from the same clergyman to Sharpe, dated the same month:— "A party," says he, "have sprung up, who have never known the work of reformation, and hate the Covenant. 'Tis matter of admiration that they are unwilling that Crawford and Lauderdale (being upon the place, and having given such proof of their honest and loyal affections) should be employed in matters of that concernment; but those worthy noblemen may be assured that the affections of all honest men are upon them. There are three parties here," he adds, "who have all of them their own fears in

* Whitelock's *Memorials*, p. 697.

† *Hist. of his Own Time*, tom. i. p. 59.

this great crisis. The Protesters" (or strict anti-Engagement Covenanters, the remnant of Argyle's faction) "fear that the King come in,—those above mentioned," (representatives of the Cavaliers,) "that if he come in upon the Covenant terms, they be disappointed,—and those who love religion and the liberty of the nation," (to wit, the Constitutionalists of the Engagement for Charles I. in 1648, and of the insurrection of 1653,) "that if he come not in upon the terms of the League and Covenant, his coming in will be disadvantageous to religion and the liberty of the three nations; therefore I exhort Crawford, Lauderdale, and yourself to deal with all earnestness that the League and Covenant be settled as the only basis of the security and happiness of these nations." *—Such were the hopes and fears of the Presbyterians. Crawford was true to their cause, Lauderdale and Sharpe were not.

It was to still the public mind, troubled at this moment like a settling ocean, to confirm the nation in the belief of the King's attachment to the Protestant faith, and thus prepare the way for his reception, that the French letters to which Baxter alludes in his character of Lady Balcarres were procured through her and Sir Robert Moray's instrumentality, and circulated through the country.†

Monk's open declaration in the King's favour was followed by his landing in England, on the 29th of May, 1660. He was received with open arms,—the Restoration was the triumph of the Constitutionalists—he returned a limited, not an absolute monarch, and in the universal joy no doubts were entertained of his acknowledging this position, no fears of his transgressing it. Even Jeanie Geddes, who had commenced the Rebellion by flinging her stool at Bishop Lindsay in 1638, was the first to devote it to the bonfire which blazed at the Market-Cross of Edinburgh in honour of the Restoration in 1660. It was not to be supposed that

* Wodrow's *Hist. of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*, tom. i. pp. 12 sqq., Burns' edition.—Baillie writes to Lauderdale in similar but more imperious terms: —"The Lord bless your Lordship to be doing good, while ye have time. Remember your two cousins, the father of the last two Dukes of Hamilton, and eminent Balcarres. Your Lordship's servant, as ye shall deserve, R. B." *Letters*, tom. iii. p. 478.

† *Vide supra*, p. 113.

Charles could act ungenerously, or abuse the power he had regained.

His earliest measures confirmed these hopes in Scotland. Crawford-Lindsay was immediately restored to his offices of High Treasurer, President of the Council, and Extraordinary Lord of Session, the Treasurership being granted to him for life,* and Sir Robert Moray was reappointed to that of Justice Clerk. And in a lower sphere, in grateful remembrance of past deserts; Charles bestowed the hereditary Commissariat of St. Andrews on his faithful Worcester follower, Lindsay of Wormestone, an office retained till the close of last century by his posterity.† I have already mentioned his liberality to Lady Balcarres and her children, and to the unfortunate Lady Jean Lindsay, cousin of Ludovic the Loyal Earl of Crawford.—The Lindsays, at least, have no cause, personally, to complain of the ingratitude of the Stuarts.‡

Crawford-Lindsay was received with enthusiasm on his return to Scotland. His entrance into Edinburgh was a triumphal procession, "being met and convoyit with numbers of horsemen, and saluted with a volley of the greatest ordnance of the Castle of Edinburgh, being therein for the time."§

The first rejoicings, however, at the Restoration were scarcely over when it was discovered that Presbyterianism had but few

* He takes the oaths as Treasurer Principal of Scotland, by letters patent under the great seal, granting him the office for life, 29 Jan. 1661, *Acts Parl.*, tom. vii. p. 21,—Extr. Lord of Session, Feb. 13, *Ibid.*, p. 124,—President of the Council, July 13, *Wodrow*, tom. i. p. 219.

† Douglas' *Baronage of Scotland*, p. 258.

‡ "All this while no man was so much longed for as the Treasurer, the Earl of Crawford, of whom much good was expected, he having these nine years by-past suffered sorely for his honesty and faithfulness. Now the Lord having opened his prison-doors and restored him to his just rights, dignities, and honours, with a good conscience and credit before God and men, all honest men's hopes and expectations were much upon him, that the Lord would bless him to be a good instrument, especially betwixt the King and Protesters or Remonstrators, against whom the hearts of some, even otherwise good men, were too much embittered and filled with thoughts of revenge, calling to mind what some of them at London had done against their brethren that were not of their judgment, so that they did but little compassionate them now in the time of their imprisonment. But still one thing after another detained Crawford at Court with the King," &c. Row's *Contin. Blair's Autob.* p. 360.

§ Nicoll's *Diary*, p. 308; Row's *Contin. Blair*, p. 368.

friends at Court. The King disliked it, and his councillors attributed the whole train of evils that had befallen the royal family to its original influence. Lauderdale, the Secretary of State, caring little about the question, and viewing it in a political rather than a religious light, wisely advised the King to leave his countrymen unmolested in their faith. His opponents, on the contrary, maintained that, while nothing could contribute more to the King's security than the restoration of Episcopacy, it might be easily substituted for Presbyterianism amidst the universal satisfaction of the nation at the late revolution. The arguments of the latter party prevailed, and Middleton, the Scottish High Commissioner, received full powers from Charles to adopt whatever means might be necessary to this end.

Episcopacy was accordingly reestablished by Act of Parliament; and Sharpe, the very man to whom the Kirk had entrusted the protection of its rights and liberties, returned to Scotland Archbishop of St. Andrews.

Absolutism now became once more the rule in Scotland; the Covenant was no longer named save in corners; and the hopes of constitutional government were scattered to the winds. Matters were carried on with the most reckless haste by Middleton and his friends. Fines were imposed on many who had adhered to the Covenant. The Laird of Edzell was amerced, among others, in three thousand pounds,* and this though he had supported the Restoration.† But persecution on a more extended scale announced itself in an order of Council commanding "that all ministers who had not received presentation from lay patrons, and spiritual induction into their livings from the prelates, should be removed from them by force, if necessary. All their parishioners were prohibited from attending upon the ministry of such nonconformists, or acknowledging them as clergymen. This," observes Sir Walter Scott, "was at one stroke displacing all Presbyterian ministers who might scruple at once to turn Episcopalians." Nearly four hundred ministers at once resigned their

* Sept. 9, 1662. *Acts Parl.*, tom. vii. p. 426.—Lindsay of Fairgirth, representative of an ancient family in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, was similarly fined £600. *Ibid.*, p. 428.

† *Parish Register of Edzell.*

charges, and the Church, to use the emphatic language of the times, fled into the wilderness.

Crawford, in the mean while, the champion and sole hope of the Presbyterians, had maintained a gallant but fruitless struggle for the Kirk and the Covenant. Now in his place in Parliament, now at the Court, but everywhere vigilant, foresighted, and determined, he had defeated plot after plot of his enemies; and his influence was the greater that he stood alone, the impersonation of his principle, the voice of thousands speaking through his single lips. Charles had a warm regard for him personally, and seems to have listened to his representations more favourably from time to time than his enemies approved of; but was at last convinced by Middleton that his removal from power was indispensable if he would effect the establishment and security of Episcopacy.* It was Sharpe, however, and Lord Clarendon who arranged the plot which "decourted" him. "Knowing," says Row, "that he was fixed for the Covenant, and that he would never take nor consent to the abjuration of it which was commonly called the Declaration,† Sharpe waited upon the King, ‡ "and told him that neither he himself nor any about him, nor the estate of Bishops or the Kirk, could be in security so long as he kept about him men of corrupt and rebellious principles, that would not renounce that rebellious Covenant. The King said that he resolved to keep none such about him, and that he knew of none such about him. 'Have you tried the Treasurer, Crawford,' replied the Archbishop, 'if he will take the Declaration?' The King answered that he had not done it, but promised to do it at his first conveniency, nothing doubting but Crawford would be moved to take the Declaration. And so the first time that the Treasurer came into the King's presence, the King put him to it, whether

* For Lord Crawford's steady and wise conduct during these three years, see *Burnet*, tom. i. pp. 214, 231 sqq., 264, 270.—But the fullest account of the intrigues of which he was the object may be found in the Continuation of Mr. Robert Blair's Autobiography (already frequently quoted) by Mr. William Row, minister of Lord Crawford's parish of Ceres, and who probably received his information from Crawford's own lips. See pp. 372, 378, 381, 389, 390, 411, 417, 427, 433, 434, 436.

† Ordained and enacted by the fifth Act of the second session of Parliament, 1662.

‡ "The envious and unthankful prelate!" exclaims Row, "Crawford being the man that first preferred him, first giving him a presentation to be one of the regents of St. Leonard's College, thereafter a presentation to the Kirk of Crail."

or not he would renounce the Covenant and take the Declaration. The well-principled and honest-hearted Earl of Crawford answered, That as he had suffered much for his Majesty, viz. nine years' imprisonment, forfaulture, and the ruin of his fortune, so he resolved to continue his Majesty's loyal and faithful subject, and to serve him in what he could with a good conscience, &c., but as for the renouncing of the Covenant and taking the Declaration, that he could not do with a safe and good conscience. To this the King (as much surprised) replied, That he was heartily sorry for it, for he had engaged himself that none should bruik (enjoy) places of trust that refused to take the Declaration. Crawford said he thanked his Majesty for conferring that honour [the Treasurership] upon him, and now he laid it down at his Majesty's feet; which the King well took of his hand, giving him an ample testimony of an honest man, that had done and suffered very meikle for him, promising that he should not want his favour and kindness.—But when Crawford," adds Mr. Row, from whom I derive these details, "came to Lauderdale and informed him of all that had passed, he was grieved and heartily sorry that he had demitted his place, and that he had refused to take the Declaration against the Covenants, fearing lest Middleton should obtain the Treasurer's place. Thereafter he dealt what he could with Crawford to persuade him to take the Declaration, alleging that he might do meikle good to the Unconformists, the Presbyterians in Scotland, by so doing. But Crawford replied, that he was taught not to do evil that good may come of it. Also Sir Robert Moray (who was the King's great favourite) dealt with Crawford to take the Declaration; but he soon stopped his mouth, saying, 'Why desire ye me to do that which ye yourself have not done, and judged it sinful?' They not prevailing with Crawford by all that they could say for his taking the Declaration, Lauderdale advised him to beg of the King that he would confer his place upon his son-in-law, the Commissioner, Rothes, which the King easily granted; so that now Rothes is Commissioner, Treasurer, and President of the Secret Council.—And so," concludes the writer, "the truly noble Earl of Crawford comes off honourably, yea Christianly, with a good conscience, fixedly standing and retaining his good old principle." *

* Row's *Contin. Blair's Autobiography*, p. 440.

Shortly afterwards he returned to Scotland, and, giving up all public business, retired to the Struthers in November, 1663, "to enjoy the peace of a good conscience far from Court," and spent the remainder of his days in the home of his ancestors, where he was "held in great esteem," says Crawford the antiquary, "by all parties, as he well deserved; for he was a man of a high spirit, great virtue, and very good parts, and of an exemplary life in all respects," *—a censure which, however we may qualify it on taking a more distant and comprehensive view of his career, seems to have been ratified by his contemporaries, who venerated him, in Row's words, as the "great patron of the Presbyterians, and a stout asserter of the Covenant." †—He died in 1678, in his eighty-first year, leaving a large family, of whom the eldest, Lord Lindsay, ‡ afterwards, by Presbyterian eulogy, the "great and good Earl of Crawford," § succeeded to the honours as eighteenth Earl, but to an estate deeply embarrassed,—partly owing to the long confiscation under Cromwell, but still more so to the fact of his father the Treasurer having been careless of his affairs, and, as Crawford tells us, "a great prodigal," ‖—wherethrough the fortunes of his family, which had risen to their utmost height in his person, began likewise in his person to decline.

Providence, however, whose hand should not be overlooked because enthusiasts arrogate its blessings as the attestation and reward of their own peculiar tenets, had alleviated the prospect which otherwise would have been a bitter one to the aged Earl, by providing for the happiness and wealth of his second son, whose line was destined ultimately to carry on the family,—and this as the direct result of the "honesty and consistency" which had certainly been his just praise during the last fifteen

* Crawford's *Officers of State*, p. 419; *Hist. Lindsays*, MS.

† Row's *Contin. Blair's Autobiography*, p. 453.

‡ The title of "Lord Lindsay," *par excellence*, as vested in the original Earls of Crawford, had never been resigned by Earl Ludovic, and consequently descended to, and ought to have been borne by, the lines of Spynie, Edzell, and Balcarres, after Earl Ludovic's death. The second title of the Earldom of Lindsay was Lord Parbroath, and by this Earl William is designed in 1662, *Acts Parl.*, tom. vii. p. 525. The title of Lord Lindsay, subsequently borne by him and the eldest sons of the Byres line of the Earls of Crawford, was therefore that of "Lindsay of the Byres."

§ Veitch's *Memoirs*, p. 122.

‖ MS. *Collections, Adv. Library.*

years. "The Earl of Crawford," says Row, descending into private anecdote, "instantly wrote down all that had passed" in his conference with the King, "to his most religious lady, who was most deservedly praised of all that knew her,*—who, when all about her, and all Crawford's friends in Scotland, were lamenting the loss of his place, heartily rejoiced and blessed God that he had kept a good conscience and himself free of perjury and covenant-breaking, &c., trusting in God that he would provide for him and his. News of Crawford's demission of his place, that he might keep a good conscience, coming to" Sir John Crawford, "the Laird of Kilbirnie, who then was sick and near to death, presently he sent for his cousin the Countess of Crawford, and shortly spoke to her to this purpose:—'I am glad to hear that my noble Lord, your husband, has quit his advantageous and beneficial place, to keep his conscience and retain his good old principles. I have a little fortune, and no son to enjoy it; I shall count it a credit and honour if my noble lord and your ladyship will consent that your second son marry my young daughter and enjoy the estate.' The Countess of Crawford thanking him and giving her consent, and promising to write anent the affair to her husband, the Laird of Kilbirnie did presently deliver unto the Countess the charters and rights of his estate with his daughter, desiring that she might keep her and breed her till her second son (who then, with his brother the Lord Lindsay, was in France) came home, that thereafter they might be married. This," adds the chronicler, "was by honest people judged a speaking, yea, comfortable cast of Providence for encouraging the Earl of Crawford and his Countess cheerfully to suffer loss in this time of trial." †—Patrick Lindsay, the young gentleman thus preferred to a fair spouse and a rich estate, is commemorated by Crawford as "a gentleman of great parts but of far greater virtues, as I have been informed," he says, "from some who knew him very particularly." ‡ He was married to the fair Margaret of Kilbirnie

* Lady Margaret Hamilton, second daughter of James second Marquess of Hamilton.—"My Lady Crawford, set her alone, set her alone among women!" were among the last words uttered by the venerable Robert Blair, when dying in 1666. Row's *Contin.*, p. 495.

† Row's *Contin. Blair's Autob.*, p. 442.

‡ *Officers of State*, p. 419.

at the Abbey of Holyrood-house on the 27th of December, 1664;* and they lived for several years in happiness till October, 1681, when they died within three days of each other of a pestilential fever, while still in the prime of life, in the same week, and after having partaken of the Lord's Supper at the Kirk of Beith on the preceding Sabbath—"much lamented," says a contemporary annalist, "by all sorts of people."† They were succeeded by their eldest son, subsequently created Viscount Garnock,‡ and whose grandson, the fourth Viscount, succeeded, on the failure of the male line of the eldest son of the Treasurer, as twenty-first Earl of Crawford. The Garnock family assumed the surname and arms of Crawford of Kilbirnie, in honour of their ancestress, and retained them till their succession to the Earldom.§

* The following letter from Margaret Crawford to her kinsman, Crawford of Jordanhill, is dated about a month before the marriage:—

"Worthy and loving Cousin, "Struthers, Nov. the 29th, 1664.

"It was my father's will, in the entail that he made of his estate, that I should match by the advice of you and some other of my friends that are named in that entail, and I believe it to be not unknown to you, that when he delivered me to the Countess of Crawford to be bred with her, he declared his inclinations and desires that I might be married to her second son, Mr. Patrick, who, since his return, hes made offer of his service to me, with a great deal of civility and kindness, and I do profess I see that much of affection and good counsel in him as gives me no aversion from what my father both wished and advised. But not only the tie laid upon me by my father to proceed by your advice, but the obligations I have to you, makes me entreat for and desire earnestly your counsel, that I may be the better able to give a return to that young gentleman's proposition,—by so doing you will lay a new obligation upon

"Your affectionate cousin and servant,

"MARGARET CRAWFORD."

—The signature only is written by Margaret, so that the letter was probably the composition of the Countess of Crawford. *Analecta Scotica*, tom. ii. p. 225.

† Law's *Memorials*, p. 165.—"Also it is remarkable," he adds, "that in the day of the sickening of the Laird and Lady Kilbirnie, whereof they shortly died, his dogs went into the close, and, an unco (strange) dog coming in amongst them, they all set up a barking, with their faces up to heaven, howling, yelling, and youpling; and when the Laird called upon them, they would not come to him as in former times when he called on them,—the same day they sickened." *Ibid.*, p. 224.

‡ For a description of the ancient castle of Glengarnock, from which the title was taken—perched on a precipitous ridge overhanging the Water of Garnock, and still stately in ruin—see the *Scottish Journal*, tom. ii. p. 89.—The ruins are preserved with reverential solicitude by the present proprietor, William Cochran Patrick, Esq. of Ladyland.

§ Lady Helen, the fourth daughter of Earl John, is stated in Douglas's Peerage to have died unmarried,—this is an error; she was married to Capt. Daniel Vere, younger son of the Laird of Stonebyres, by whom she had four children, William, who entered the Austrian service under the auspices of his cousin, John the Gallant Earl of Crawford, rose to the rank of General, and died unmarried as recently as

But I must now resume the historical thread of my story,—reverting to the period of the reestablishment of Episcopacy and the resignation of the nonconformist ministers in 1663.

The sufferers under these arbitrary measures needed in sooth the consolation which a belief in a superintending Providence best imparts,—and it is only to be lamented that the result of such consolation is too frequently an enthusiasm which overleaps the barriers of sobriety and common sense, and not only provokes but courts the persecution which driveth wise men mad. It is wonderful indeed that those who promoted these measures should have known so little of human nature, should have profited so little by experience; but toleration is the youngest daughter of charity, and had not as yet descended from her native skies. The result was what might have been expected. The compulsory resignation of the ministers, the disgrace of Crawford and the few in high places who remained steady in their faith, and the reward of those who apostatized from it, inflamed into passion the fervour of the Scottish Presbyterians. Conventicles were henceforward held in secluded places among the hills and in the wild glens with which Scotland abounds; sentries were posted to give notice in case the military bands, whose duty it was to disperse such assemblages, should appear. The mere sense of insecurity heightened their ardour. Ladies attended these meetings and drank in the impassioned exhortations of their persecuted ministers, while beside them were piled the weapons which their stronger companions were ready, should need be, to wield against the oppressors.

Their sufferings have been delineated with a master's pencil in one of the most beautiful chapters of the Tales of a Grandfather; it is needless therefore to dilate upon them here. Many ladies of the highest rank, even among the Court families, took an anxious interest in their favour, and their influence, says Wodrow, "was, under Providence, one of the great means of softening the rigour of the persecution." Lady Anne Lindsay, Duchess of Rothes, daughter of the Treasurer—"a discreet, wise, virtuous, and good

1804,—Margaret, grandmother of the present Mr. Trotter of Mortonhall, great-grandson and eldest heir of line of Lady Helen Vere,—Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. Mr. Johnstone of Biggar, and mother of a numerous family,—and Susan, who died unmarried. I am indebted to the kindness of Lord Cunningham, a descendant of Lady Helen Vere, for this information.

lady" *—was a distinguished instance of this, and anecdotes illustrative of her kindness are still current, and have been recorded in the delightful pages of Miss Strickland. The Duke, her husband, was an upholder of Episcopacy, and is usually "accused of being a cruel persecutor of the Covenanters. The Duchess, on the contrary, favoured their doctrines, and, as far as she could, protected their preachers, who were frequently concealed in the neighbourhood of Leslie House. The Duke, who was a facetious man, and not quite so hard-hearted as his enemies represent, never sent out his officers to apprehend any of these persons without previously endeavouring to provide for their escape by giving a significant hint to his compassionate Duchess in these words; 'My hawks will be out to-night, my Lady,—so you had better take care of your blackbirds!'—The local traditions of Leslie add, that the signal by which her Grace warned her spiritual protégés of their danger was a white sheet suspended from one of the trees on the brow of the hill behind the house, which could be seen for a considerable distance. Other telegraphic signs the good lady had, no doubt, to intimate the absence of her spouse, when they might safely come forth and preach to their hill-side congregation." †

* Law's *Memorials*, p. 202.

† *Lives of the Queens of England*, tom. ix. p. 117.—The following interesting anecdote, confirmatory of the character thus traditionally attributed to the Duke and Duchess of Rothes, has been preserved by Wodrow:—"Mr. John Loudon, who was some time in the family of Rothes, tells me that the Duke of Rothes, though he put on a face of severity and persecution of the Presbyterians, partly to cover his keeping Bishop Sharpe fast to him, and to keep the clergy at his devotion, yet he was no enemy to them in his heart, and he shewed them all the favour he could. Particularly, one time the Archbishop came to dine with him, as the Duchess told my informer, and complained of David and James Walker, his own tenants, two eminent Christians, one of them father to Mr. David Walker, minister at Temple, as keepers of conventicles and supporters of that way. This complaint was made at dinner by the Bishop, in very great wrath. The Duke seemed to be surprised with it, and said he should take an effectual course with them, and see them both stringed (hanged). The Archbishop insisted that he might not forget them, for they were incendiary through all Fife; and the Duke immediately gave orders to his gentleman, standing at his back, to send immediately to the town of Leslie, where they lived near by, and bring them down to him after dinner; and with many asseverations promised that they should give the government no more trouble. The orders were obeyed, and they sent for. This spoiled my Lady Duchess' dinner, they being her Christian friends, whom she exceedingly valued. The twa honest men were brought down immediately, and carried into one of the rooms of Leslie. The Duke after dinner saw the Archbishop to his coach, and there again he minded

The "conversion" of another of these Court ladies, Lady Mary Johnstone, wife of William Earl of Crawford, at one of these field preachings, is recorded by John Blackader, a Presbyterian annalist of the day. She had attended a meeting held at Duraquhair, near Cupar in Fife, close to the Struthers, where Mr. Welsh, a minister of great reputation and talent, preached to a congregation of eight thousand men. His eloquence made an impression upon her that was never forgotten, "and evinced itself," says the writer, "by much fruit of piety, which shone forth in all her walk as a Christian and dutiful yokefellow to her lord, whom she benefited by her conversation and a report she made of that day. This she told me," adds Mr. Blackader, "with great majesty and seriousness in presence of her lord, who since has

the Duke of the two men. The Duke told him they were come, and he should not fail to handle them severely. The Duke came up stairs, called for them, and spoke nothing of the matter to them, but asked the prices of the markets, and what grain was best to him to sow in such and such places of his lands about Leslie, and dismissed them without a frown. The Duchess retired from dinner in deep concern for the men, and gave orders to a servant to bring them in to her when the Duke parted with them by a back-gallery. Accordingly they came. The Duchess was all in tears, and, almost trembling, asked what had passed? They told her, 'Nothing but kindness.' Whether this was to be attributed to an answer to the Duchess' prayers on their behalf, or to the Duke's natural temper, who was not inclined to violence, I am not to determine, but the fact is certain." *Analecta*, tom. iv. p. 42.[a]—"I am told," says Wodrow elsewhere, "that the late Duchess or Countess of Rothes was one of the most extraordinary persons for religion, and good sense, and eminent acts of charity, that was in the last age. That her life, could it be recovered, would make a beautiful figure in our biography. I have little hope of recovering it. In the late dear years, 1697 and 1698, she was remarkable for her charity. She distribute many bolls of meal among the poor every week, and it was calculate that she dealt out most of the yearly rents of the estate that way. She had a day in the week—Friday, I think—when sick and indisposed persons came to her, and she spoke with them, and gave them medicines *gratis;* and some cheats, pretending to be objects, she discovered, and severely punished them. She was most intimate with John Archer, Alexander's father, and many eminent Christians in that neighbourhood. She was eminent in prayer and wrestling, and had many singular answers of prayer. It's a pity so little about her can now be recovered."—*Ibid.*, p. 172.—The Duke of Rothes died on the 27th July, 1681, and the Duchess buried him with such magnificence that a sumptuary law was passed to prevent a recurrence of such excess in future. An engraving was made of the procession; its form and order may be seen in Arnot's *Hist. of Edinburgh*, p. 611.

[a] The Duchess's interest was not always unavailing, even with Sharpe. "The Bishop of Dunkeld," says Row, in 1664, "deposed all nonconformist ministers in his diocese, except Mr. Thomas Black, for whom the Countess of Rothes interceded." *Contin. Blair's Autobiography*, p. 473.

carried more steadfastly in the path of righteousness and cause of reformation, keeping at distance from all the steps of defection. After the day of this lady's conversion," he concludes, "she could never be induced by all the insinuations and threats of her noble relations to go back to the prelates' preachings, or countenance any of their assemblies; but frequented all the persecuted meetings she could win at. She lived and died endeavouring to adorn her station and profession by a conversation becoming the Gospel." *

Nor were Earl Colin's sisters, Lady Sophia and Lady Henrietta Lindsay, less disposed to sympathise with the unfortunate Presby-

* *Memoirs of the Rev. John Blackader*, p. 183.—My "most dutiful, most affectionate, and singularly good wife," as Lord Crawford calls her in a letter printed in the Appendix to Dr. Burns' edition of Wodrow. A pleasing tribute to her memory, and to that of Crawford's mother and grandmother, occurs in the dedication to his lordship prefixed, in 1682, by the Rev. John Carstares, father of the celebrated Principal Carstares, to the Rev. James Durham's sermons on the 53rd chapter of Isaiah.—"I am," says the writer, "the more easily encouraged to address the dedication of these sermons to your lordship, when I remember the unfeigned faith that first dwelt in your grandmother, as another Lois, and in your mother as another Eunice, and more lately in your own choice lady, who, as another beloved Persis, laboured much in the Lord: and though she had but a very short Christian race, (in which she was much encouraged by coming into your noble father's family, and her beholding how hard your blessed mother did run and press toward the mark, even when in the last stage, and turning in a manner the last stoop of her Christian course,) yet it was a very swift one, wherein she did quite outrun many that were in Christ long before her,—all three ladies of honour, almost (if I need to say almost) without parallels in their times," &c.—Of Earl William's mother, here alluded to, I have spoken *supra*, p. 138.—I know not whether, by his grandmother, be meant his mother's mother, Lady Anne Cunningham, Marchioness of Hamilton, or his father's mother, Lady Christian Hamilton, daughter of the celebrated Thomas Earl of Haddington, and concerning whom *vide supra*, p. 57.—The Marchioness evinced her zeal (at least) in the Presbyterian cause, by riding down to Leith, on the arrival of her son's fleet, 1639, in the firth of Forth—with pistols in her girdle, vowing that she would shoot him with her own hand if he dared to set a traitor's foot on Scottish earth.—Of Lady Lindsay a more pleasing memorial survives in a letter addressed, on her decease, to her daughter, Helen Lindsay (wife of Sir William Scott of Ardross), by the celebrated minister, Samuel Rutherford, and printed among his correspondence.[a]

[a] Some of the expressions in this letter are striking.—"It hath seemed good, as I hear, to Him who hath appointed the bounds for the number of our months, to gather a sheaf of ripe corn (in the death of your Christian mother) into his garner. It is the more evident that winter is near, when apples, without evidence of wind, do of their own accord fall off the tree. She is now above the winter, with a little change of place, not of a Saviour. I grant death is to her a new thing, and heaven is a new thing . . . but so as the first summer rose, or as a new paradise to the traveller broken down and out of breath with the sad occurrences of a long and dreary way," &c.

terians. Widely different in character, the one being as gentle and retiring as the other was energetic and enterprising, they were united in one faith, one love, to their Saviour, their widowed parent, and each other. In her diary, still preserved, Henrietta, the younger, ascribes to the cheerful piety of her mother's servants, as well as to that mother's early instruction, the love of religion which sprang up in her heart in childhood, and, at sixteen years of age, induced her solemnly to dedicate herself, after her best endeavour, to the service of her Redeemer. For many weeks afterwards, she says, it was one of her chief enjoyments to sing the forty-fifth psalm, while walking in the retired plantations at Balcarres.—Solitude and retirement—in which she could commune with her own heart and be still—had ever a peculiar charm for her. Her sister, on the contrary, was a woman remarkable for the brightest faculties,* cheerful and witty, and endowed with that presence of mind in the hour of need which is justly denominated heroism. An instance of her playful vivacity is recorded by a son of Mr. Blackader, who had been shut up in Stirling Castle for refusing to sign the Black Bond, one of the numerous tests by which the consciences of the Presbyterians were probed about 1674. "While I was in prison," says he, "the Earl of Argyle's daughters-in-law, Lady Sophia and Lady Henrietta, and Lady Jean, his own daughter, did me the honour and came to see me, where I remember Lady Sophia stood up on a bench and arraigned before her the provost of Stirling,—then sentenced and condemned him to be hanged for keeping me in prison; which highly enraged the poor fool provost, though it was but a harmless frolic. It seems he complained to the council of it, for which the good Earl was like to have been brought to much trouble about it."† — Lady Sophia married the Honourable Charles Campbell, a younger son of MacCallum-more, and her sister, Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck, chieftain of an ancient branch of the "children of Diarmid." ‡

* *Earl James's Memoirs.*

† *Blackader's Memoirs*, p. 330.

‡ In 1678? About a year afterwards, with her husband and their new-born child, she paid a visit to Inverary, where their "little Jamie" was nursed by "his grandmother," Anna Countess of Balcarres, and now of Argyle, "with the greatest affection and tenderness,"—a visit which Lady Henrietta ever looked back to with tender reminiscence. "Oh how," she exclaims, "may this be an instance of the

Meanwhile, the Presbyterians had split into two sects, nearly as inimical to each other as to their common enemies, the Episcopalians. The moderate and constitutional party, to whom William Earl of Crawford belonged, were branded, as Erastians and deserters of the pure faith of their fathers, by the Cameronians or rigid fanatics, who declared they would own no king save one who acknowledged and governed by the Covenant of 1640, and in default of such an one renounced, or at least threatened to renounce, their allegiance.* The harsh measures adopted for the coercion of these malcontents, and the severity of the agents, the principal of whom was Graham of Claverhouse, the hero of Killicrankie, inspired the whole West of Scotland, where the Presbyterian interest chiefly lay, with more and more hatred to the existing government. In Fife, Archbishop Sharpe was murdered by a band of these enthusiasts,† a few of whom, escaping to

instability and uncertainty of created comforts and the imperfection of them, when it's remembered the satisfaction that was then in the mutual affection, sympathy, and concord that was among us at this time, as is affecting still to call to mind! But as the pleasantest flowers after their blooming-time do fade, so is the instability of our comforts to be seen after the primest season of them, witnessing abundantly the vanity of placing our affections inordinately on what is but mortal; from which oh to be loosed,—from the dead as well as the living!"

Such a reunion was only once afterwards enjoyed by them in this life,—when, shortly before Argyle's unjust condemnation and escape to Holland, "most of the late Earl's family and my mother's, being a numerous company, had a cheerful meeting at Cantyre, the sacrament being administered there two days following together... And indeed as this meal was doubled to many, so there wanted not a long journey to many to go in the strength of it,"—it being the last they enjoyed for many weary days,—"the growing desolation and trouble daily increasing, to the putting a further restraint on ministers and people, many of whom were imprisoned, harassed, chased to the hazard of their lives, violating the consciences of others, and to the fearful bloodshed of many; retrenching our liberties, so that it was made a crime to meet or convene to the worship of the living God except in such a manner as our nation was solemnly sworn against,—laying bonds on ministers not to preach or people to hear, under such and such penalties, fines, hazards, as were endless to rehearse; things running to such a height to the introducing of popery itself, if the Lord had not prevented, that no thinking persons but mostly were under the dread and fear of this approaching judgment."

* For the general theory of their principles I may refer to the 'Queensferry Paper,' a very able statement drawn up by Cargill, one of their ministers, and printed in Wodrow, *tom.* iii. *p.* 207,—and, for the influence of these principles on their practice, to the biographies of Cameron, Peden, Cargill, &c., by Patrick Walker, recently republished under the title of 'Biographia Presbyteriana.'

† A singular string of dreams which this remarkable person is said to have had when a youth at College in St. Andrews was supposed by the Presbyterians of that day to have foreshadowed his life, death, and everlasting doom. They are strik-

the West country, excited an insurrection which was speedily put down by the Duke of Monmouth. A new oath, called (emphatically) the Test, was then proffered to the acceptance of the Scottish nobility; an oath, by which, while the juror professed the confession of faith agreed to at the commencement of the reign of King James VI., he also acknowledged the King as supreme head of the Church, an admission incompatible with the former. When this oath was tendered to Argyle, as a member of the Privy Council, he declared that he took it "so far as it was consistent with itself and with the Protestant religion,"—a qualification for which he was cast into prison, tried, found guilty of treason and lese-majesty, and sentenced to death and forfeiture.

This was that amiable and unfortunate Earl of Argyle, who some years before had married the dowager Lady Balcarres, and whose disposition bore in some respects a resemblance to that of the husband of her youth, Earl Alexander. A royalist on the Highland hills in 1653, Argyle had disengaged himself, after the Restoration, "as much as possible from all public affairs, except those which related to his religious profession. To that," says Mr. Lodge, "through the whole of his life, he devoted himself with a consistency and earnestness so pure, as almost totally to

ingly described by Kirkton:—"There goes a story of him which I have many time heard before his miserable death, that while he was a scholar in the college, lying in one bed with his comrade, one night in his sleep and dream he fell into a loud laughter, and therein continued a pretty time, till his bedfellow thought fit to awake him, and ask him what the matter was, and why he was so merry. He answered, he had been dreaming the Earl of Crawford had made him parson of Crail, which was a great matter in his eyes at that time. Another night, in bed with the same bedfellow, he fell asleep, and in his sleep a laughing, which made his comrade wonder what the matter was, for he laughed a great deal louder than at the first; so his comrade thought fit to wake him again, with which he was very much offended, for (said he to his bedfellow) I thought I was in a paradise, because the King had made me Archbishop of St. Andrews. Then said his comrade, I hope ye will remember old friends. Afterward he fell a dreaming once more, and in his dream a weeping, and wept most lamentably for a long time. His comrade thought he should not be blamed any more for interruptions, and so suffered him to continue a long time; at length he awoke, and when his comrade told him he had changed his tune, and asked what the matter was, he answered he had been dreaming a very sad dream, and that was, that he was driving in a coach to hell, and that very fast. What way he drove," (adds Kirkton,) "I shall not say, but all the country knew he drove most fiercely to his death that day he was killed, though he choosed by-paths, because of some warnings he had that morning at Kennaway, where he had lodged." *Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland, &c.*, p. 82.

reject the usual alloy of political party-spirit, and thus his affection to monarchy, and the regularity of his allegiance, remained undisturbed," *—and even his present treatment did not shake it, so long as a Protestant prince sat on the British throne.

But I must not anticipate:—He was lying a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle in daily expectation of the order arriving for his execution, when woman's wit intervened to save him, and he owed his life to the affection of his favourite step-daughter, the sprightly Lady Sophia, who, about eight o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, the 20th of December, 1681, effected his escape in the following manner, as related to Lady Anne Lindsay by her father, Earl James, Lady Sophia's nephew:—"Having obtained permission to pay him a visit of one half-hour, she contrived to bring as her page a tall, awkward, country clown, with a fair wig procured for the occasion, who had apparently been engaged in a fray, having his head tied up. On entering, she made them immediately change clothes; they did so, and, on the expiration of the half-hour, she, in a flood of tears, bade farewell to her supposed father, and walked out of the prison with the most perfect dignity, and with a slow pace. The sentinel at the drawbridge, a sly Highlander, eyed her father hard, but her presence of mind did not desert her; she twitched her train of embroidery, carried in those days by the page, out of his hand, and, dropping it in the mud, 'Varlet,' cried she, in a fury, dashing it across his face, 'take that—and that too,' adding a box on the ear, 'for knowing no better how to carry your lady's garment.' Her ill-treatment of him, and the dirt with which she had besmeared his face, so confounded the sentinel, that he let them pass the drawbridge unquestioned." † Having passed through all the guards, attended by a gentleman from the castle, Lady Sophia entered her carriage, which was in waiting for her; "the Earl," says a contemporary annalist, "steps up on the hinder part of the coach as her lackey, and, coming foregainst the weighhouse, slips off and shifts for himself." ‡

* *Portraits and Memoirs of illustrious Personages of Great Britain.*

† *Memoirs of Lady Anne Barnard.*—"One of the guard suspected him, and took him by the arm rudely enough." *Wodrow*, tom. iii. p. 337.

‡ Law's *Memorials*, p. 210.—"Dec. 20, 1681. This evening, about nine o'clock at night, the Earl of Argyle, fearing his life might be taken, escaped out of the Castle of Edinburgh under the disguise of a page, and holding up the train of Lady

He was conducted by a clergyman of the name of Veitch through unfrequented roads to London, where he lay concealed,* till he found means of escape to Holland, where he resided the rest of King Charles's reign. He beguiled some of the leisure hours of his concealment by writing a poetical epistle to Lady Sophia, which has been preserved by Wodrow, but is only remarkable for the affection and gratitude it breathes towards his fair preserver.†—She, it appears, narrowly escaped a public

Sophia Lindsay, his step-daughter, and sister to the Earl of Balcarres. Casuists do allow one to fly when he meets with injustice." Fountainhall's *Decisions*, tom. i. p. 167.—The following account of Argyle's escape is given in the scarce folio entitled 'The Case of the Earl of Argyle,' privately printed and circulated by his friends after his escape:—"All this" (an accumulation of circumstances tending to excite suspicions that his life was in danger) "made him, the same Monday late, cast in his thoughts whether it were not fit for him to attempt an escape; but his doubtings were so many he could resolve nothing that night, except to put off till Wednesday. Yet on Tuesday morning he began to think, if he did at all design to escape, he had best do it that same evening. However he was even then not fully resolved, nor had he as yet spoke one word of it to any mortal. But about ten of the clock this Tuesday, his Highness' absolute refusal to suffer the Earl to see him until his Majesty's return came, was confirmed; and about noon the Earl heard that some troops and a regiment of foot were come to town, and that, the next day, he was to be brought down from the Castle to the common jail, (from which criminals are ordinarily carried to execution,) and then he resolved to make his escape that very night, and yet did not conclude it thoroughly till five of the clock in the evening, at which time he gave directions about it, not thinking to essay it till near ten. But at seven, one coming up from the city, and telling him that new orders were privately given for further securing of him, that the castle guards were doubled, and none suffered to go out without showing their faces, and that some ladies had been already put to do it, and therefore dissuading him to attempt any escape, because it was impossible; the Earl said, 'No, then it is full time.' And so he made haste, and within half an hour after, by God's blessing, got safe out, questioned pretty warmly by the first sentry, but not at all by the main guard, and then, after the great gate was opened, and the lower guard drawn out double, to make a lane for his company,[a] one of the guard who opened the gate took him by the arm and viewed him: But, it pleased God, he was not discerned." *Case*, &c., p. 122.

* "King Charles, it is said, had the generosity not to enquire after the place of his retreat; and Dr. Campbell relates, from private information of undoubted credit, that, when a note was put into his hand signifying where Argyle was to be found, he tore it in pieces, saying, 'Pooh, pooh! hunt a hunted partridge? Fye for shame!'" Kippis, *Biogr. Britannica.*

† "Daughter as dear as dearest child can be,
Lady Sophia, ever dear to me!" &c.

It is printed by Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe in his edition of Law's 'Memorials,' pp.

[a] That is, for Lady Sophia, in whose train he followed.

whipping through the streets of Edinburgh, which some of the council were inclined to give her, till the Duke of York interposed to protect her, "saying they were not used to deal so cruelly with ladies in his country." *

On the accession of James II., the general discontent of those who distrusted the King's views with regard to religion, and the enmity to the government which the sufferings of the Scottish Presbyterians were supposed to have engendered, encouraged Argyle and Monmouth to invade Britain, in hopes of shaking off the yoke of a Roman Catholic sovereign. The enterprise, both in Scotland and England, turned out an utter failure. Monmouth was taken prisoner and executed; Argyle was equally unfortunate in Scotland,—his forces dispersed, and he was left alone and unattended save by one follower. He was attacked by two troopers, who were ignorant of his quality, till the exclamation, "Unfortunate Argyle!" uttered as he fell, betrayed him.† He was conveyed to Edinburgh and condemned to death on the old score of having qualified the Test-oath. His recent invasion had rendered him amenable to the pains of treason, but this his enemies would not bring forward, lest they should acknowledge the former sentence illegal.

He prepared for death with Christian resignation.—His wife, meanwhile, who, with her daughters, was residing at Stirling when the rumour of the invasion reached Scotland, had been immediately taken prisoner by order of the council, and committed

210, 217, from a MS. volume in the hand-writing of Wodrow, preserved in the Advocates' Library.

* *King James's Memoirs*, tom. ii. p. 710. He was then High Commissioner in Scotland.

† "The clan of the Riddells," says Dr. Burns, the recent editor of Wodrow, "have taken the honour or the disgrace of having furnished one of these two militiamen. A person of this name from Lochwinnoch, within forty years ago, had gone to the Balloch fair, near Dumbarton, in the capacity of a horse-dealer. The Campbells from Argyleshire heard his hated name, which called up to their imaginations one of the principal murderers of their chief, and raised the latent ire which had been smothered for a hundred years, and they were preparing themselves for a feudal clan battle, when the companions of the Lowlander interposed and prevented bloodshed by a cunning device or *ruse de guerre*, transforming his name from *Riddell* to *Ridet*."—"The spot where Argyle was taken is marked out by a stone, which passes among the country-people by the name of 'Argyle's Stone.'" *Hist.* &c., tom. iv. p. 297.

to Edinburgh Castle,* and Lady Sophia (whose husband was in his father's company) to the Tolbooth.† Lady Henrietta had a few days afterwards the pain of parting with her husband, Sir Duncan, whose love for his chief and attachment to the Protestant cause equally urged his joining him. In a few days, the news arriving that all was lost, she started forthwith for Edinburgh in the greatest anxiety about him,—at Falkirk she came up with Argyle, who was thus far on his road to Edinburgh as a prisoner ("a mournful sight," she says, "for one who bore him so great affection"), but, being in deep disguise, she dared not approach him. She kept up with him however in the rear, till her horse failed. The following morning she reached Edinburgh, and in the course of that day was relieved by hearing of her husband's safety. "I was then," she says, "more enabled to make enquiry after my dear afflicted mother, who was harshly treated; and seeing her under so great affliction by the approaching suffering of such an endeared husband (and had no access to him till eight days after this fatal stroke), this did again renew a very mournful prospect of matters, which at this time had a very strange aspect, so that, if the Lord of life had not supported, we had sunk under the trouble." ‡

"The day," she proceeds, and I shall transcribe the whole passage verbatim—"the day being appointed for his suffering, she had access to him, and, though under deep distress, was encouraged by seeing the bounty and graciousness of the Lord to him, in enabling him, with great courage and patience, to undergo what he was to meet with; the Lord helping him to much fervency in supplication, and nearness in pouring out his heart with enlargedness of affection, contrition, and resignation, which did strangely fortify and embolden him to maintain his integrity before his merciless enemies; and by this he was helped at times to great cheerfulness, and fortified under his trial and the testimony he was to give of his zeal and fervour to that righteous cause he was honoured to suffer for.

"In that morning that his dear life was to be surrendered to the God that gave it, he uttered great evidences of joy that the Lord had blessed him with the time he had in Holland, as the sweetest

* 17 May, 1685. Fountainhall's *Diary*, tom. i. p. 167. Bann. ed.
† *Ibid.*, tom. i. p. 189. ‡ *Diary*, MS.

time of his life, and the mercifulness of his escape to that end;* but rejoiced more in that complete escape he was to have that day from sin and sorrow. Yet in a little fell into some damp, and in parting with my mother was observed to have more concern than in any other circumstance formerly,—which to her was a bitter parting, to be taken from him whom she loved so dearly; but in a little time after he recovered a little, and as the time of his death drew near, which was some hours after, the Lord was pleased wonderfully to shine on him to the dispelling of clouds and fears, and to the admitting him to a more clear and evident persuasion of His blessed favour, and the certainty of his being so soon happy, of which he expressed his sense in his last letter to my dear mother, which could not but sweeten her lot in her greatest sorrow, and was ground of greatest thankfulness that the Lord helped him to the last to carry with such magnanimity, resolution, contentment of mind, and true valour, under this darklike Providence, to endless blessedness. And though the loss of so great a Protestant was grief of mind to any that had any tender heart, and which to friends was an universal, inexpressible, breaking-like dispensation, yet in so far as he was enabled under cruel suffering to such tranquillity, peace, and comfort, this was to them ground of praises and an answer to their request; but to others, that were enemies, was shame and confusion, as appeared after to many that had the least hand in his first sentence.—He laid down his dear life, June 30, 1685. This morning, liberty at length was obtained for my seeing him, but not till he was brought to the Council-house, where I was enabled to go to him, where he had a composed, edifying carriage, and, after endearing expressions, said 'We must not part like those not to meet again;' and he went from thence with the greatest assurance." †

To complete this sad story, I must have recourse to the historian

* "From several persons who were witnesses to the Earl of Argyle's conversation in Holland, I am assured that his walk was singularly pious and religious. . . He spent much time in private religious exercises and preparation for death, which he reckoned not to be far off. He was a close searcher of the Scriptures, pleasant and prudent in his conversation, and frequently checked looseness in principles and jesting with sacred things, which were but too common at this time." *Wodrow*, tom. iv. p. 283.

† Some further extracts from Lady Henrietta's diary will be found in the Appendix, No. XXXVII.

Wodrow,—the narratives may easily be combined, and I am unwilling to alter either.

"The time came when the Earl must for ever leave the Castle, and go out to his execution, and he was accompanied with several of his friends down the street to the Laigh Council-house, where he was ordered to be carried before his execution. Here I find the Earl writing his last letter to his dear and excellent lady, which is so valuable a remain of this dying saint that I should wrong the reader not to insert it:—

'Dear heart! 'Edinburgh, Laigh Council-house.

'As God is himself unchangeable, so He hath been always good and gracious to me, and no place alters it; only I acknowledge I am sometimes less capable of a due sense of it; but now, above all my life, I thank God, I am sensible of His presence with me, with great assurance of His favour through Jesus Christ, and I doubt not it will continue till I be in glory.

'Forgive me all my faults, and now comfort thyself in Him, in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless thee, and comfort thee, my dearest!

'Adieu, my dear!

'Thy faithful and loving husband,

'ARGYLE.'

"Whether it was at that time, or some former part of this day, that he wrote the following letter to his daughter-in-law, Lady Sophia, I cannot be positive. The Earl had an extraordinary value and affection for her, and the two letters generally go together in the copies I have seen, so I am apt to think they are written at the same time. Sure it deserves a room here.

'My dear Lady Sophia,

"What shall I say in this great day of the Lord, wherein, in the midst of a cloud, I find a fair sunshine? I can wish no more for you, but that the Lord may comfort you and shine upon you as He doth upon me, and give you the same sense of His love in staying in the world, as I have in going out of it.

'Adieu! 'ARGYLE.

'P. S. My blessing to dear Earl of Balcarres: the Lord touch his heart, and incline him to His fear!'

"This day, and probably at this very time, the Earl wrote a letter to another of his dear relations, Lady Henrietta Campbell, sister to the former, and lady to Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck. This excellent and singularly religious person being yet alive, should I say but a little of what I might and could say of her, it would offend, and her excessive modesty forbids me;—and therefore, without saying more, I shall add it here:—

'Dear Lady Henrietta, 'June 30, 1685.

'I pray God to sanctify and bless this lot to you. Our concerns are strangely mixed,—the Lord look on them! I know all shall turn to good to them that fear God and hope in His mercy. So I know you do, and that you may still do it more and more is my wish for you. The Lord comfort you! I am

'Your loving father and servant,

'ARGYLE.'"

After writing these letters,* he proceeded to the place of execution. On reaching "the midst of the scaffold," he "took leave of his friends, heartily embracing some of them in his arms, and taking others by the hand. He delivered some tokens to the Lord Maitland, to be given to his lady and children; then he stripped himself of his clothes and delivered them to his friends, and, being ready to go to the block, he desired the executioner might not be permitted to do his office till he gave the sign by his hand; and, falling down on his knees upon the stool, embraced the maiden (as the instrument of beheading is called), very pleasantly, and with great composure he said, 'It was the sweetest maiden ever he kissed, it being a mean to finish his sin and misery, and his inlet to glory, for which he longed.' And in that posture, having prayed a little space within himself, he uttered these words three times, 'Lord Jesus! receive me into thy glory!' and then gave the sign by lifting up his hand, and the executioner did his work, and his head was separated from his body.

* Another, written before leaving the Castle, to his second son, (father of John, fourth Duke of Argyle,) has lately been discovered; it runs as follows:—

"Dear John, "Edinburgh Castle, June 30, 1685.

"We parted suddenly, but I hope shall meet happily in heaven. I pray God bless you, and, if you seek Him, He will be found of you. My wife will say all to you; pray love and respect her. I am

"Your loving father,

"ARGYLE."

"Thus died this excellent and truly great and good man." *—"When this nobleman's death," observes Sir Walter Scott, "is considered as the consequence of a sentence passed against him for presuming to comment upon and explain an oath which was self-contradictory, it can only be termed a judicial murder."

I add his epitaph, written by himself in prison, the night before his execution.

"Thou passenger, that shalt have so much time
To view my grave, and ask—what was my crime?
No stain of error, no black vice's brand
Was that which chased me from my native land;
Love to my country (sentenced twice to die)
Constrained my hands forgotten arms to try.
More by friends' frauds my fall proceeded hath
Than foes, though now they thrice decreed my death.
On my attempt though Providence did frown,
His oppressed people God at length shall own.
Another hand, by more successful speed,
Shall raise the remnant, bruise the serpent's head.
Though my head fall, that is no tragic story,
Since, going hence, I enter endless glory." †

A few words more ere I quit the subject of Presbyterian suffering. The Countess of Argyle, on being released from prison, immediately started for England with her daughter Henrietta, whose husband, Sir Duncan, had escaped to Dantzig; they spent nine months at Windsor and London, in attendance on the Court, "endeavouring," says Henrietta, "any favour that could be obtained for him, both as to liberty and maintenance, when sequestrate as to our fortune." Finding it in vain, Lady Henrietta (bidding farewell to her mother, who returned to Scotland),

* Wodrow's *History*, tom. iv. p. 306.

† "Thus fell that tall and mighty cedar in our Lebanon, the last of an ancient and honourable family, who rose to their greatness in King Robert the Bruce's time, by their constant adherence to the King, being then Knights of Lochow, with his other three companions, the Seyton, Lyle, and the Lauder; and continued doing good services to their King and country till this man's father proved disloyal; and, ever since, state policy required the humbling of it, being turned too formidable in the Highlands, with their vast jurisdictions and regalities." Fountainhall's *Diary*, tom. i. p. 194.—"About the time of Argyle's execution," says the same writer, "one of his grandchildren, a son of Lorn's, threw himself, being six or seven years old, over a window in Lethington, three stories high, and was not the worse; from which miracle this inference was made, that the said family and estate would yet again recover and overcome this sour blast." *Ibid.*, p. 196.—The gossips were right. This child lived to be the illustrious John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich.

crossed to Holland, where she met her husband. A few months afterwards she returned to Scotland to fetch over her only child, "and to look after our little concerns, that had then a very ruined-like aspect. The times being troublesome, this obliged me," says she, "to come in disguise to a dear friend, Mr. Alexander Moncrief, his house, where I had much kind welcome and sympathy from some who are now in glory, and others of them yet alive, whose sympathy and undeserved concern is desired to be borne in mind with much gratitude. But any uncertain abode I had was with my dear mother at Stirling, whose tender care and affection has been greatly evidenced to all hers, and particularly to such as desire to have more of the sense thereof than can be expressed as the bound duty of such; and I cannot but reckon it among my greatest earthly blessings to have been so trysted, having early lost my dear father, eminent in his day, when insensible of this stroke; and when so young, not two years old, and deprived of his fatherly instruction, it may justly be ground of acknowledgment that the blessed Father of the fatherless, in whose care I was left, did preserve so tender-hearted a mother, whose worth and exemplariness in many respects may be witness against us, if undutiful or unthankful to the great Giver of our mercies."*

After her return to Holland, Sir Duncan and Lady Henrietta resided at Rotterdam till the Revolution—in difficulties certainly, but cheered in their distresses by the substantial kindness of Mary Princess of Orange and her husband.

Lady Argyle survived these events for many years—years, however, still of sorrow and anxiety, the revolution that restored her daughter to her arms having deprived her of her son, Earl Colin. In 1700, on his being permitted to return from exile, she was still living at Stirling; she even survived in 1706, but of the precise period of her death I am ignorant. Few lots in life have been so chequered as hers, and few doubtless ever laid down their head on the pillow of death with more heart-felt satisfaction.

Lady Sophia, meanwhile, had had her own afflictions to bear up under, her husband having been taken prisoner, while ill of a fever, by the Marquis of Athol, who, in virtue of his justiciary power, resolved to hang him in that condition at his father's gate at Inverary. The Privy Council, however, at the intercession of

* *Diary*, MS.

several ladies, stopped the execution, and ordered him to be carried prisoner to Edinburgh. He was brought before the Justiciary Court, 21 August, 1685, forfeited on his own confession, and sentenced to banishment, never to return on pain of death.* His forfeiture, like that of Sir Duncan, and the rest of Argyle's adherents, was of course rescinded at the Revolution.

SECTION III.

On the accession of King James, Earl Colin—whom I must now introduce to you as an Episcopalian, and a firm adherent to his unfortunate friend and master—continued in high favour; he had, for some time past, been a privy-councillor,† and was then appointed one of the Council of Six, or Commissioners of the Treasury, in whom the Scottish administration was lodged. ‡

It is at this period that an historical memoir, which Earl Colin presented to King James at St. Germains, after the Revolution, commences. "I do not pretend this," says he, "to be an exact relation of all that passed in these few unhappy years, my design being only to let you know the reasons were made use of by your enemies for appearing so violently against you, shaking off the allegiance they owed you, and overturning the government, so well established both in Church and State; and, likewise, to give you an account, true and impartial, of the actions both of your friends and enemies, that, being all laid before your Majesty, you may the better judge, when it pleases God to put you in a way and capacity to assert your just right, how to shun those rocks your government has split upon.—Neither attachment to one party, nor hard usage from the other, shall make me say anything to your Majesty but what is consistent with my own knowledge, and verified by the most concerned in these transactions.

* Fountainhall's *Hist. Notices*, tom. ii. p. 655.

† Admitted a councillor, 3 June, 1680. *Wodrow*, tom. iii. p. 233.

‡ Appointed a Commissioner of the Treasury, 3 Sept. 1686. Fountainhall's *Hist. Not.*, tom. ii. p. 747.—He was appointed Sheriff of Fifeshire in 1682, and Lord Lieutenant of that county in 1688. *MS. by Rev. Henry Malcolm.*—His regiment of dragoons is constantly mentioned in the chronicles and diaries of the time.

I know there are many of your subjects capable to have given you an account of your affairs in a better dress than I can pretend to, but, having had the honour to be trusted so much by your Majesty before these unhappy revolutions,* and having been since so deeply concerned in all the unsuccessful attempts for your service, I have the vanity to think there is none of my nation you will trust to more, or that can give you a view of your affairs more justly, or with more zeal for your royal person, than myself." †—It is in fact a valuable document, and remarkable for its fearless statement of truth, and candid acknowledgment of error, however unpalatable to the royal ear it is addressed to, or to the agents, including himself, whose counsels and conduct are canvassed in it.

I need not dwell upon the progressive steps that led to James's ruin. The rescission of the penal laws, the repeal of the oaths of supremacy and the test, the establishment of the court of high commission, the imprisonment of the bishops—these inroads on liberty and religion, and, still more, the birth of James Prince of Wales, in June, 1688, caused the discontented party to look oftener and more impatiently to William Prince of Orange, who, during these commotions, had neither sided with nor against his father-in-law, but lay passively waiting till the Crown should devolve on his wife at her father's death. The unexpected birth of the Prince dispelled his apathy. The young stranger stood between him and the succession, but the English, presuming that the child would be educated in the principles of the parent, were well disposed at once to acknowledge William as their sovereign. The latter, finding it necessary to take his party, declared openly against his father-in-law. James, sensible of his danger, attempted to retract his measures, but it was too late.

"When the Prince of Orange's invasion became certain," says Earl James of Balcarres, "Colin and his friend the Earl of Cromarty consulted upon what could be done in Scotland to defend the King; the Chancellor, Lord Perth, having been ordered to do nothing without their advice. They were of opinion that much was in their power. There was, from unusual economy, above ninety thousand pounds in the exchequer; with this they proposed

* For evidence of this, see Fountainhall's *Diary, passim.*

† *Earl Colin's Memoirs*, p. 1, edit. Bann.

to levy ten battalions of foot, to form a body of four or five thousand men from the Highlands, to raise the Arrière Van, and to select about twelve hundred horse out of them, and with these and between three and four thousand regular troops commanded by General Douglas and Lord Dundee," (forming an army of about fifteen thousand men,) "to march to York, and keep all the northern counties in order. This plan was sent by an express to Lord Melfort, sole secretary of state, and ever at variance with Colin, who always said the King intended him to succeed Melfort, being even then convinced that men of that religion were incapable to serve him.* This scheme would have been too honourable for Colin, therefore Melfort (found afterwards to have been advised by Sir James Stewart, his under-secretary, who valued himself for having done so after the Revolution) writ to the Privy Council, disapproving of the scheme as expensive and unnecessary, and sent order for the small army on foot instantly to begin their march into England, to reinforce the English army."†—"The order," says Earl Colin, "was positive and short; advised by Mr. James Stewart at a supper, and writ upon the back of a plate, and an express immediately despatched therewith,—with a sorrowful heart to all your servants, your orders were obeyed, and, about the beginning of October, they began their march—three thousand effective vigorous young men, well disciplined and clothed, and, to a man, hearty in your cause, and willing, out of principle as well as duty, to hazard their lives for the support of the government as then established both in Church and State.

"The Council," proceeds Earl Colin, "after their departure, ordered the modelled militia to be brought together about Edinburgh, and some of them to be quartered in the Canongate, but these new-raised men, that would soon have been disciplined and brought into order if mixed with the regular troops, signified little to keep up the face of authority, nor was their commander,

* In a MS. by the Rev. Henry Malcolm, it is stated that Earl Colin was "named by King James Secretary of State."—"The Earl of Balcarres," says Wodrow, "observed to my informer, (Mr. John Anderson,) that unless Melfort's steadiness had been fully known, it would have stood very hard with him, and that he was in great hazard to be esteemed a pensioner of King William's." *Analecta*, tom. ii. p. 261.—Colin therefore, whatever his private piques might be, did justice to Melfort's honesty and sincerity.

† *Earl James's Memoirs.*

Sir George Munro, (named by the Council until your orders were known,) much better of the trade, having lost, by age and being long out of service, anything he had learned in Charles Gustavus' days except the rudeness and austerity of that service.* The Presbyterian and discontented party, seeing themselves now at liberty and the government abandoned, took their opportunity, and Edinburgh was filled with them from all quarters of the nation; they then took off their mask, and formed several clubs, where they deliberated upon what was to be done as freely as if allowed by authority. The Council and Secret Committee knew from spies amongst them all that passed, yet were obliged to shut their eyes at what they had not power to suppress.

"The chiefs of these meetings were the Earls of Glencairn, Crawford, and Tarras, Lord Ross, and Mersington, (a few months before put into the Session to oblige the Presbyterians,) Sir James Montgomery, &c. The Presbyterian ministers did not attend their public meetings, but, according to their ancient custom, nothing was determined without their consulting them, and that they approved. One of the first things taken into consideration was how to hinder all correspondence between your Majesty and Council, which Sir James Montgomery undertook and performed so effectually that few packets, coming or going, escaped him; and the rising of the northern counties of England under the Earl of Derby and Lord Lumley, who had the same design, put a stop to correspondence, and prevented all knowledge of what was doing in England. Some few flying packets got through from the Earl of Melfort to his brother, but in them the truth disguised and the facts quite different from what the Viscount of Dundee wrote to me. At last one got through with the news of the Prince of Orange his landing. To know the truth of what was doing, and receive your commands, Lord Chancellor and the Secret Committee thought fit to send a merchant, one Mr. Brand, being most likely, upon the pretext of his trade, to pass through; but he went straight to the Prince of Orange, was introduced to him by Dr. Burnet, and pretended he was sent by his Highness' friends to his service. When it was known at Edinburgh that Mr. Brand had acted so contrary to his commission, the Viscount of Tarbat was most unjustly suspected, for at that time none was more appre-

* This was the Sir George Munro mentioned *supra*, p. 99.

hensive of the Prince of Orange's coming over, considering his declaration for Scotland, by which it was evident he intended to sacrifice all to satisfy the Presbyterians and those who came over with him,—who were for the most part his personal enemies. This way failing of having your commands, the Council ordered three of their number to attend your Majesty, the Viscount of Tarbat, Sir George Lockhart, Lord President, and myself; these two excused themselves, not being able to ride post, so I was sent alone." *

James had at first behaved with considerable spirit; he joined his army at Salisbury, and resolved on a vigorous resistance. He could gaze with a Stuart's eye on the ranks of his enemies, but he had not alas! calculated on the ingratitude of friends; he had not looked for the desertion of those who owed him fortune, rank, power—nay, even life itself. At the news of every fresh defection, his son-in-law, Prince George of Denmark, exclaimed, "Est-il possible?"—and when the unfortunate monarch was one morning awaked with the tidings that he too had followed the general example, he merely observed, "What! is 'Est-il possible' gone too?"

—But when his *daughters* deserted him, the agony of the father put to flight the resolution of the monarch; with keener pangs than Cæsar's, he muffled up his face in despair, and, muttering "God help me! my own children abandon me!" sank powerless at the feet of an enemy whom he had never injured.

"The bursting of a blood-vessel in the head," says Lady Anne Lindsay, on her father's authority, "was the consequence of these agitations and sorrows, and Earl Colin never from that period thought him possessed of firmness of mind or nerve to carry through any purpose, or even to feel with much sensibility." †

In the mean while, the Scottish army, under Dundee and General Douglas, had advanced into England. The King appointed Dundee, and those officers on whom he knew he could depend, to meet him at Uxbridge, to concert measures for encountering the Prince of Orange. They arrived there, but learnt that the King had fled, and received orders to disband their

* *Earl Colin's Memoirs*, pp. 11 sqq. † *Memoirs*, MS.

forces. Dundee, Linlithgow, and Dunmore wept with disappointment.*

Whatever were James's faults—(and they were crimes in the King of Britain)—few, it is to be hoped, will now refuse pity to his misfortunes. Deserted, like the Persian,

> " in his utmost need,
> By those his former bounty fed,"

without a friend to counsel him, virtually childless, and alone among his enemies, he gave himself up to despair. " In every person he met," says Sir John Dalrymple, " he suspected an enemy or a betrayer, and from every look he gathered reasons for confirming the suspicions he had formed. Distance or approach were equally uneasy to him, for he imputed the one to a consciousness of guilt, and the other to a desire of concealing it." He fled to the sea-coast, intending to embark for France, but was arrested at Feversham, and brutally treated by the mob. The Council, informed of his danger, sent a body of the life-guards to attend him, offering him his choice " either to retire abroad or to return." He preferred the latter alternative, and, on the 16th of December, re-entered London.

" As it is natural," observes Sir John, " for the human mind to forget past injuries upon the sight of present misfortunes, and in violent passions to run from one extreme to another, the populace attended his entry into London with universal expressions of joy for his return. The women, standing still, prayed for him and wept as he passed; the men followed his coach with shouts till it stopped at Whitehall." †—If such a welcome revived the King's hopes for the moment, they were soon depressed again.

A day or two after his return, Earl Colin and his friend Dundee waited on his Majesty. Colin had been in town but three or four days, which he had employed in endeavours to unite his Majesty's friends in his interest. " He was received affectionately," says his son, " but observed that there were none with the King but some of the gentlemen of his bedchamber. L—— came in, one of the generals of his army disbanded about a fortnight before.

* Conf. *Memoirs of Capt. Chreichton*, Swift's *Works*, tom. xii. p. 72, edit. Sir W. Scott.

† *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland*, tom. ii. p. 219.

He informed the King that most of his generals and colonels of his guards had assembled that morning upon observing the universal joy of the city upon his return; that the result of their meeting was to appoint him to tell his Majesty that still much was in their power to serve and defend him; that most part of the army disbanded was either in London or near it; and that, if he would order them to beat their drums, they were confident twenty thousand men could be got together before the end of next day.—'My lord,' says the King, 'I know you to be my friend, sincere and honourable; the men who sent you are not so, and I expect nothing from them.'—He then said it was a fine day—he would take a walk. None attended him but Colin and Lord Dundee. When he was in the Mall, he stopped and looked at them, and asked how they came to be with him, when all the world had forsaken him and gone to the Prince of Orange?—Colin said their fidelity to so good a master would ever be the same; they had nothing to do with the Prince of Orange,—Lord Dundee made the strongest professions of duty;—'Will you two, as gentlemen, say you have still attachment to me?'—'Sir, we do.'—'Will you give me your hands upon it, as men of honour?' they did so,—'Well, I see you are the men I always took you to be; you shall know all my intentions. I can no longer remain here but as a cipher, or be a prisoner to the Prince of Orange, and you know there is but a small distance between the prisons and the graves of kings; therefore I go for France immediately; when there, you shall have my instructions,—you, Lord Balcarres, shall have a commission to manage my civil affairs, and you, Lord Dundee, to command my troops in Scotland.'

"After the King was gone, Colin waited upon the Prince of Orange, to whom he was well known, having been married to Mademoiselle Beverwaert, his cousin, whom he valued, and he had been often at their house, when in suit of the Princess Mary. He declared his favour to Colin, and that he doubted not of his attachment to him at the Convention. Colin owned that, though he had the utmost respect to his Highness, yet that he could have no hand in turning out his King, who had been a kind master to him, although imprudent in many things. The Prince, perhaps, valued him the more for this, and twice thereafter spoke to him upon the same subject; [but] at last told him to beware how he

behaved himself, for, if he transgressed the law, he should be left to it."*

This was a plain hint to be gone; the Prince had been equally unsuccessful with Dundee, and it tells highly for him that he took no measures to prevent their departure. Having concerted their plans, and despatched their confidential agent, Mr. David Lindsay, with notice of their intentions and letters to his Majesty,† the two

* *Earl James's Memoirs.*

† He returned with promises of speedy help, and brought over with him a small supply of five or six thousand pounds. They were encouraged to make as great opposition as possible in the Convention, and, as soon as the season would permit, to gather together in the Highlands, and maintain themselves in their strongholds there till further orders should be sent them.—The subsequent fate of David Lindsay was very sad. After several years of exile, he returned to Scotland, where he had a small estate, to take the benefit of Queen Anne's pardon, and was there declared by the Privy Council to be comprehended within the terms of the act of indemnity. The English government were at this moment occupied with an alleged conspiracy of the Jacobites, trumped up by the notorious Simon Fraser, afterwards Lord Lovat. Lindsay, having every reason to believe himself secure under the Queen's protection, came to England to see his wife and children; he was taken up by the government, who, finding he had been in France, condemned him to death, notwithstanding his being a Scotsman, and pardoned by her Majesty as sovereign of that kingdom.—"He protested," says Smollett, "he knew of no designs against the Queen or her government, and that he did not believe she would ever receive the least injury or molestation from the Court of St. Germains. He was sentenced to die for having corresponded with France, and was given to understand he had nothing to expect unless he would discover the conspiracy. He persisted in denying all knowledge of any such conspiracy, and scorned to save his life by giving false information."—He was carried to Tyburn, the rope about his neck, the sheriff telling him he could expect no mercy unless he would acknowledge his crime, and discover (which was the one thing needful) who were concerned in the Scots conspiracy; thus "tempting him," says Lockhart, "to save himself by charging others with what he knew they were innocent of; but he (to his immortal honour be it said) answered he was willing to die rather than save his life on such terms; whereupon the sheriff ordered the cart to drive on, but finding he was resolved to stand it out as became a good Christian and worthy gentleman, produced Queen Anne's reprieve, suspending the execution. And Lindsay, having thus, by his heroic behaviour, disappointed the designs of those who hoped by this severe method to force a confession (true or false all was one) out of him to justify their proceedings, was remitted close prisoner to Newgate, where he remained in a miserable starving condition for three or four years, and was then banished out of Britain, and died in Holland for want of necessary food and raiment."—*Lockhart Papers*, tom. i. p. 86.—It appears from his trial that he was a native of Dundee, where his father also was born,—that he had dealt in wine, and resided in France, which he quitted "because he would not be a Papist,"—that he bore the character of being "a fair, peaceable, friendly man,"—and that he had been latterly Secretary to the Earl of Melfort.—*Tryal and Condemnation of David Lindsay, a Scotch gentleman*, &c., Lond. folio, 1704, *passim*.—I know not to which of the numerous Lindsay families in Angus he belonged.

friends set off for Scotland with a guard of about twenty-four troopers, and arrived safely in Edinburgh towards the end of February, 1689. "They employed their endeavours," says Smollett, "to preserve union among the individuals of their party, to confirm the Duke of Gordon, who began to waver in his attachment to their sovereign,* and to manage their intrigues in such a manner as to derive some advantage to their cause from the transactions of the ensuing session."

For the proceedings of the adverse parties till the determination of the Jacobites to quit Edinburgh and call a new convention at Stirling (for which Colin, Dundee, and the Archbishop of St. Andrews had received a commission from King James), I refer you to the memoir already quoted.—All being prepared for starting, proceeds Lord Balcarres, "the Marquis of Athol sent to your friends to entreat one day's further delay, which, to satisfy him, they consented to, considering how necessary he was to them upon that occasion. To be the less remarkable, they resolved once more to go to the house. After a general meeting of your friends was over, the Viscount of Dundee came there, expecting immediately to be gone, and not informed of the Marquis's delay and your friends going again to the house. He was much surprised at this new resolution, and told me that, notwithstanding, he would go before, and that, if any got out of the town, he would wait for them. It was so evident his departure would give the alarm, and break all the measures taken, that I used all the power I had with him to stay another day, and go with the rest of your friends; but he, having appointed many to meet him at a house near the town, thought himself obliged not to disappoint them, so went off with about fifty horse. His road to Stirling was by the bottom of the Castle of Edinburgh, where the Duke of Gordon was, in a manner, blocked up by the western rabble. The Duke made signs he desired to speak with him, which he got done with great difficulty, the rock there being extremely

* "The Duke of Gordon," says Earl Colin, "was in terms for the surrender of the Castle, when the Viscount of Dundee and myself waited upon him. In going to the Castle we met his furniture coming out of it, which left us small hopes of his maintaining it; but we had the good fortune to convince him that it would be so much for your Majesty's service and his own honour, that he resolved to defend it until he saw what the Convention intended to do in the great affair they were called for." *Memoirs*, p. 24.

steep.* The Viscount told the Duke the resolution of your friends to quit Edinburgh and set up the King's standard at Stirling, and that their first work should be to relieve him. While they conferred, some of those employed to blockade the castle perceived them, and ran to the Convention and told there was a great body of horse assembled, and the Viscount of Dundee talking with the Duke of Gordon, which was thought a crime of the highest nature after they had outlawed him. Their fears increased the belief that some general design was formed against them. The Duke of Hamilton had hitherto behaved himself with temper and equality, but, like smothered fire, his natural temper, upon this occasion, appeared in all its violence. He told the Convention that now it was high time to look to themselves, since papists and enemies to the settling of the government were so bold as to assemble in a hostile manner; and since he doubted not there was several sitting amongst them were in the same design, therefore it was his opinion the doors should be locked, and the keys laid upon the table, and some of their number sent out to beat drums and assemble all the well affected to religion and liberty,—that, apprehending such designs of their enemies, he had brought some foot from the western shires, which he offered to employ in the public

* This was the famous interview, so stirringly described by Sir Walter Scott, in his glorious ballad of 'Bonnie Dundee.'

—"The Gordon has asked of him whither he goes?
'Wherever shall guide me the soul of Montrose!
Your grace in short space shall have tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee!

'There's lands beyond Pentland, and hills beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the South-land, there's chiefs in the North,
And wild dunnie-wassels three thousand times three,
Will cry hoigh! for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee!

'Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper I'll couch with the fox;
So, tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,
For ye've not seen the last of my bonnet or me!'

He waved his proud arm and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till by Ravelston craigs and on Clermiston-lea
Died away the wild war-note of Bonnie Dundee.

—'Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses and call up my men,
Fling all your gates open and let me go free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!'"

cause. What he said was approved by all parties,—several others likewise bragged of men they had brought to town, and magnified their numbers; the Earl of Leven was appointed to assemble them, which when done, never was seen so contemptible a rabble; nor was it to be doubted, if your friends had known their own strength, or had not judged their enemies far more considerable than they were, but they might easily have accomplished their designs in declaring for your Majesty, and put themselves out of hazard from their enemies.

"Such of your friends as were locked up in the house, and guarded by the most violent of the party, looked upon themselves as undone, nor did anything save them but the irresolution and disagreement of your enemies, as I was informed. The Duke of Hamilton and his party (for now I call it so, having never declared himself before that day), having the most considerable part of your friends in their power, and finding the Viscount of Dundee became no stronger, and that he was marched off, ordered one Major Buntin to follow him with such horse as he could bring together, and, thinking themselves out of all hazard, the Duke dismissed the Convention, to the great satisfaction of your friends, little expecting to come off so well. Thus all the noise and apprehensions of both sides ended, and likewise ended all the hopes of setting up another Convention at Stirling." *—Athol, Marr, and Annandale now went over to the Whigs, who became all-powerful in the Convention.

"Being now," continues Colin, "freed of most of those who obstructed their designs of settling the government as the Duke and his party had undertaken, they fell heartily to work with the affair for which they were called by the Prince of Orange, but, fearing he might think them proceeding too slowly, they sent up the Lord Ross with the reasons of their delay and assurances of speedily settling all things to his satisfaction, as they were now rid of those who had opposed it. They appointed a committee for settling the government, and another for considering the present state of affairs:—what was done or said in these committees I pass over, being one of the first who left the house, and observing both parties too much incensed to have an impartial account from either of them." †

* *Earl Colin's Memoirs*, p. 30.

† *Ibid.*, p. 32.

Great disputes ensued "as to the manner of declaring the Crown vacant. Some were for abdication, as had been done in England; but that could not pass, as the most violent could not pretend you had abdicated Scotland; others were for making use of an old obsolete word, 'for-letting,' used for a bird's forsaking her nest,—but Sir John Dalrymple ended the controversy by giving such reasons against both, that they went into his proposition, which was, to have it declared that, by doing acts contrary to law, you had forfeited your right to the Crown; not that they intended to forfeit your Majesty as a criminal, but that you, of yourself, had forfeited, which would render the whole clear, and likewise remove any right the Prince of Wales might afterwards pretend to." *

The vote was carried the next day, and William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen of Scotland.

This having been done, and three commissioners despatched to offer the Crown to the Prince, they adjourned the Parliament for a few days, after passing an Act to enable their President, the Duke of Hamilton, to imprison any one whom he might suspect of disaffection, during the recess.—"This power was given to him," says Colin, "fearing, if lodged in many hands, some might be partial to their friends and relations,—he had given such proofs of his zeal and inclination, that all the different factions arisen amongst themselves agreed to put this power into his hands."

The first that felt the effect of it were Dundee and Colin. Some letters to them from the King having been intercepted, two detachments of infantry were despatched to apprehend them. Dundee, living farther north, escaped, but Colin was taken prisoner and thrown into the common gaol. "For some days," says he, "I had the liberty to see my friends, until the first meeting of the Convention; then, letters, directed to me by the Earl of Melfort, were read, wherein, after full assurance of speedy and considerable relief, he was pleased to express himself in these terms,—that he wished some had been cut off that he and I had often spoke of, and then these things had never come to the pass they were now at, 'but, when we get the power, we will make these men hewers of wood and drawers of water.' The Duke of Hamilton conceived these words as meant to himself.—What the

* *Earl Colin's Memoirs*, p. 35.

Earl of Melfort's design was in using these expressions to one he then knew was in the hands of your enemies, I will not determine, but, for his lordship's justification and my own, although I be now out of the reach of all my enemies, I DECLARE BEFORE GOD and your Majesty, I never heard him use any such expressions, nor ever heard of any such propositions.

"But, whatever he intended by these expressions, nothing at that time could be more to the prejudice of your affairs and to my particular hurt; it was proclaiming fairly—nothing was to be expected upon your return but cruelty and barbarity. These letters were printed both in Scotland and England, and had near their designed effect upon me."

On the reading of them, the Duke of Queensberry defended Lord Balcarres, "which," says Colin, "was the more generous that, before the invasion, and till I saw his firmness in your service, being of different parties, we were in very ill terms."—The Duke expressed his conviction that Melfort had written the letters on purpose to injure Lord Balcarres, arguing that, "if letters coming to one without direction should be made criminal, it was in the power of every man's enemies to undo him."—"Although," says Colin, "what the Duke of Queensberry said shewed his good will, yet it did not allay their heat. Duke Hamilton told him he had as little reason as any to defend me, for he doubted not but he was likewise comprehended, as did almost the whole house think themselves meant by the 'hewers of wood and drawers of water.' So I was voted close prisoner, and kept four months until the surrender of Edinburgh Castle." He was then removed to that fortress.*

Dundee, in the mean while, had raised the standard of the Stuarts in the Highlands. With the enthusiasm of the Cavaliers grafted on the proverbial gallantry of the Grahams,† he left nothing untried that might advance the interests of his sovereign,

* *Earl Colin's Memoirs*, p. 36.

† —"The gallant Grahams,
That aye were true to royalty!"

– The simple enumeration of Sir John Graham, the "fidus Achates" of Wallace—of the heroic Montrose—of Dundee—of the veteran Lord Lynedoch, will vindicate the propriety of this popular epithet. The very spirit of the Grahams, I may add, breathes through the beautiful song of Graham of Gartmore, printed in the Border Minstrelsy, "If doughty deeds my lady please," &c.

and his victory at Killicrankie might even then have changed the fortunes of Britain, had Providence permitted the master-spirit of the day to survive his success.*

"The victory," says Earl Colin, "was complete, but I must own your Majesty's affairs were undone by the irreparable loss of

* Earl Colin's account of the battle of Killicrankie is clear and interesting:—"MacKay, having entered the pass without resistance, formed his army, of above four thousand men, upon a plain, having a small river in his rear, upon the farther side of which he placed his baggage.—The Viscount of Dundee encamped upon a heath the night before the battle, and was desirous before so bold an undertaking to have symptoms that his Highlanders (after so long peace) still retained the courage of their ancestors, so manifest upon former occasions. For this end, while his men slept in their plaids, near the break of day, he caused a loud alarm be made the enemy was at hand. The Highlanders instantly were roused, threw away their plaids, seized their arms, and ran to the front of their camp, drew up in order—then calmly stood expecting the enemy. When the Viscount perceived this, and that not a man of them had retired, with full assurance he instantly began his march to meet the enemy. When he came to a height that overlooked the place where MacKay was, he was much pleased to observe them drawn up in but one line, and without any reserve,—he assured his men they should beat them if they observed his orders. The posture of the enemy made him change the order of his battle; he formed his small army, of near two thousand, into three divisions, deep in file, with large intervals between them, that he might not be outflanked by MacKay, who was more than double his number, and of veteran troops.—Having completed his disposition, which took up time, in the afternoon he marched down to the attack. The Highlanders suffered their fire with courage,—then, when nearer them, delivered their own, and with sword and targe rapidly broke through their line and fell upon their flanks and rear; so that, in a moment, the whole intervals of this extended front gave way and fled. The Viscount put himself at the head of his small body of horse,—Sir William Wallace had produced a commission from your Majesty that morning, to command them, to the great mortification of the Earl of Dunfermline, and even of others who thought themselves injured, yet had that respect for your service that no dispute was made at so critical a time. The Viscount advanced to attack their cannon, but thought Sir William advanced too slowly; he called to them to march, but, Sir William not being so forward, the Earl of Dunfermline and some others left their ranks and followed the Viscount; with these he took their cannon before the rest came up. When he observed the foot beaten and horse fled, he rode towards a body of the MacDonalds in the rear, intending to make use of them to attack the regiments of Hastings and Leven, who were retiring unbroken from not being fronted, but unhappily, while doing this, he was, by a distant shot, mortally wounded,—he attempted to return, but fell from his horse.—Although the Highlanders had acted with order and intrepidity, yet unluckily, when they came to the enemies' baggage, it stopped their pursuit, and lost them part of the fruits of their victory, for MacKay and those regiments got off,—yet many of them were killed next day by the Athol men, as they were repassing at Killicrankie. General MacKay fled to Stirling, and arrived next day with not above two hundred of his army; he had two thousand men killed upon the field, and near five hundred made prisoners.

"The victory was complete," &c.

the Viscount of Dundee. Your friends who knew him best were in doubt if his civil or military capacities were most eminent. None of this nation so well knew the different interests, tempers, and inclinations of the men most capable to serve you; none had more the ability to insinuate and persuade; he was extremely affable, and, although a good manager of his private fortune, yet had no reserve when your service and his own reputation required him to be liberal, which gained him the hearts of all who followed him, and brought him into such reputation that, had he survived that day, in all probability he had given such a turn to your affairs that the Prince of Orange could neither have gone nor sent into Ireland, so your Majesty had been entirely master of that kingdom, and in a condition to have landed, with what forces you pleased, in Scotland, which of all things your friends most desired." *

"After the battle of Killicrankie," says the accomplished editor of Law's Memorials, "where fell the last hope of James in the Viscount of Dundee, the ghost of that hero is said to have appeared about daybreak to his confidential friend Lord Balcarres, then confined to Edinburgh Castle. The spectre, drawing aside the curtain of the bed, looked very stedfastly upon the Earl, after which it moved towards the mantelpiece, remained there for some time in a leaning posture, and then walked out of the chamber without uttering one word. Lord Balcarres, in great surprise, though not suspecting that which he saw to be an apparition, called out repeatedly to his friend to stop, but received no answer, and subsequently learnt that at the very moment this shadow stood before him Dundee had breathed his last near the field of Killicrankie." †

"Never," says Earl Colin, "were men in such a consternation as Duke Hamilton and the rest of the Parliament at Edinburgh, when they knew from those that fled of the defeat of MacKay. Some were for retiring to England, others to the western shires of Scotland; this they only delayed till the Viscount of Dundee approached them, for they knew not he was slain. Then they considered whether to set at liberty all the prisoners, or make them more close; the last was resolved, and we were all locked up and

* *Memoirs*, p. 45.

† Law's *Memorials*, Prefatory Notice by C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., p. xci.

debarred from seeing our friends,* but never had so many visits from our enemies, all making apologies for what had passed, protesting they always wished us well, as we should see whenever they had opportunity."† The death of Dundee was however conjectured by those who knew him, and were certain that, had he survived, his arrival would have given the first intimation of his victory.

The general's baton was wielded for awhile, though with a timid and inexperienced hand, by Colonel Cannon, who succeeded to the command of Dundee's army; he was unequal to the task, and was baffled in his first enterprise; his successor, Buchan, was equally unfortunate; the war soon died out, the hopes of the Jacobites seemed crushed, and Lord Balcarres was released from prison.

SECTION IV.

The Revolution was now complete, and in Church as well as State. William Earl of Crawford, the leader of the Presbyterians, was the most active agent in effecting the fall of Episcopacy. "Passionate and beyond measure zealous in his principles," as he is described by Burnet,‡ he had inherited the zeal of his father and the fanaticism of his remoter ancestors—the Lord Lindsay who bearded King James in 1596, and the still earlier baron of the

"iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain."

During the years preceding the Revolution he had been living in profound retirement. He was a marked man through his nonconformity, and the deference paid him by the Presbyterians,—

* The following mandate appears in a letter from Lord Melville, Secretary of State, to the Duke of Hamilton, 2 July, 1689:—"All the King commanded me further to signify to your Grace at this time was, that he desired that the Duke of Gordon and the Earl of Balcarres might not be kept close prisoners, but may have the ordinar liberty of the Castle, being weill looked to, till his further pleasure were known." *Leven Papers*, p. 135.—And see a letter from Margaret Countess of Balcarres, *ibid.*, p. 141, and *Acts Parl.*, tom. ix. App. p. 21.

† *Memoirs*, p. 48.

‡ *Hist. Own Times*, tom. iv. p. 52.

his fortune was embarrassed through his father's extravagance, and through his having made his non-entailed property responsible for payment of that father's debts, "that the memory," as he expresses himself, "of so good a man and so kind a father might not suffer by the neglect of a son that owed all things to him, in gratitude as well as duty,"*—and moreover, many of the leading ministers of state, and the dignified Episcopal clergy, were desirous of stripping him of the Earldom of Crawford, and restoring it to the House of Edzell. All these circumstances being against him, he had determined on emigrating, even before the death of Charles II., but was refused permission to leave the kingdom,—and his wife and family were bonds that prevented his making his escape alone.† The Revolution, therefore, was emancipation and life to him. William immediately distinguished him by his favour, and appointed him President of the Parliament, a Commissioner of the Treasury, and one of the Commission for settling the government of the Church.‡ This latter appointment was a deathblow to Episcopacy. William was desirous of obtaining toleration for it, but the Presbyterians, with Crawford at their head, zealously urged what they termed the "purification of the Kirk," and William was compelled to comply with their demands, and sanction a test by which the clergy were forced explicitly to abjure prelacy or vacate their charges,—which was followed up, still (it is said) at Crawford's instigation, by an edict of the Privy Council, inviting parishioners and other hearers to inform against all such ministers as had not read the proclamation of the Estates, and prayed for King William and Queen Mary,—an invitation which was followed by denunciation and ejectment all over the

* Letter to Lord Melville, *Leven Papers*, p. 259.

† All these circumstances are detailed in a curious letter, dated Sept. 8, 1685, in which Lord Crawford consults two Presbyterian ministers on the question of emigration, laying before them the reasons for and against his going, but assuring them of his determination to abide by what they may judge to be his duty. I have printed it in the Appendix, No. XXXVIII., from Dr. Burns' appendix to Wodrow, as illustrating the general state of things at that time by a particular example.

‡ *Acts Parl.*, 5 June, 1689; 15 April, 1690; 9 May, 1690, &c., tom. ix. pp. 95, 109, 114.—"At the time of the Revolution," says Collier, "he was by his Majesty's favour and the people's choice made President in all the chief judicatories of the kingdom, that of Common Pleas excepted, in all which stations he behaved himself as a loyal subject and a true patriot to his country." *Hist. Dictionary, art. Crawford.*

kingdom.*—Crawford's correspondence with Lord Melville, Secretary of State for Scotland, during this eventful year, has lately

* *Burnet*, tom. iv. p. 52.—Presbyterianism, however, has never been so popular in the Highlands as in the low country, and in the district of Glenorchy and Inishail, the parish of the Reverend Dougal Lindsay, it seems to have been regarded with peculiar distaste. This good man's memory was long cherished in the glens, and his history is a pleasing exception to the general severities exercised on his order. "Mr. Lindsay," says the author of the 'Statistical Account,' "would not conform. Pressed by the synod of Argyle, the noble proprietor of the country (Lord Breadalbane) reluctantly wrote a letter of invitation to a Presbyterian probationer in the shire of Perth, to be minister of Glenorchy. He accepted, came on the close of a week to the parish, but could find no house to receive him, or person to make him welcome. In his distress he was driven to the house of the man whom he came to supplant, and was welcomed with a cordiality and kindness becoming a minister of the Gospel. Over the whole parish there was a strong ferment. People of all ages and conditions assembled from all quarters in the churchyard on the Sabbath, long before the usual hour of worship. At the appearance of the stranger, accompanied by their own pastor, there was a general murmur of indignation. Twelve armed men, with drawn swords, surrounded the astonished intruder. Two bagpipes sounded the 'March of Death.' Unmoved by the tears and remonstrances of Mr. Lindsay, in this hostile and awful form they proceeded with their prisoner to the boundary of the parish and of the country. There, on his bended knees, he solemnly engaged never more to enter the parish, or trouble any person for the occurrences of that day. He was allowed to depart in peace, and he kept his promise. The synod of Argyle were much incensed—time cooled their anger. The proprietor was indulgent, Mr. Lindsay deserving, the people loved him. He continued in the undisturbed possession of his charge till his death, more than thirty years after the aforesaid event." *Old Stat. Acc.*, tom. viii. p. 354.

Dougal Lindsay was the last Episcopal minister of Glenorchy.—His name is associated also with one of those beautiful legends that attach themselves to every bush and bower, craig or cave, in the Highland glens,—streaming, like gossamer threads, on the breeze of tradition. "It is yet remembered," says the author of the 'Stuart Tales,' that he was one evening "leaning on the dyke of his churchyard in the twilight, and suddenly saw two little red lights rise from the ground, cross the girth, and glide along the lane towards the river. He followed, and saw them pass the ferry where the bridge of Urcha now stands, and, ascending the hill, vanish among the cottars' houses on Aidendonich. In a few moments they reappeared, but seemed larger than at first, and, as they approached, the clergyman discovered that the two small lights were accompanied by a larger. They returned by the same way to the churchyard, and disappeared where they had risen. In the morning Mr. Lindsay went to the place and discovered that it was the burying-place of the MacNichols in Aidendonich, of whom the last interred were two infant children of a man who, with all his family, was in good health. Not long after, however, the minister was called to attend his sick-bed, and he died, and was buried beside his children on the spot where the lights had risen and disappeared." —He had seen the corpse-candles.[a]

[a] Among the nonconformists of the eighteenth century may be honourably mentioned the Rev. John Lindsay, born in 1686, and originally an attorney-at-law in Cheshire, but subsequently of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, and admitted into Holy

been printed among the 'Leven Papers;' his letters bear the stamp of burning and enthusiastic sincerity,—while in point of taste, though abounding in Scriptural images, they are unusually graceful and free from cant; and the impression they leave is more favourable to him than might have been expected. It must be remembered, indeed, if we would judge impartially, that Episcopacy and the principles of the Revolution, as then enunciated, could not co-exist,—that the Episcopalians were to a man hostile to the House of Orange,—that every instance of lenity on the part of William's government was construed into weakness,—that the vigour of their opposition was almost incredible,—and that whatever rigour was manifested by Crawford and his friends in the hour of triumph might be palliated to a certain extent by the remembrance of the severities inflicted upon them by the Episcopalians after the Restoration. But persecution never crushed a creed, and the succession of the Episcopal Church has been kept up in Scotland, in Apostolic purity and poverty, ever since.*

* I have printed several of Lord Crawford's letters to Melville in the Appendix, No. XXXIX.; and it is but fair to remark, that he not only repeatedly disavows

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Orders by the Nonjurors. He was fifty years minister of the chapel in Aldersgate, London, and died on the 22nd of June, 1768, aged 82, much regretted. He published many works of enthusiastically High Church tendency,—'A Short History of the Revolution,' 8vo. 1716; 'A Short History of the Regal Succession,' 8vo. 1720; a translation of Mason's 'Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ,' with a prefatory discourse, folio, 1726-8, to which Lord Crawford, the Rev. John Lindsay, of Dufton in Westmoreland, and the Rev. William Lindsay, of Melmerby in Cumberland, (the two latter being descendants of the family of Fesdo, a branch of Edzell, and probably relations of Mr. Lindsay,) are subscribers, —'Annotations on the New Testament,' 2 vols. folio, 1734; 'A brief History of England both in Church and State,' 8vo. 1748, &c. &c.—He was for many years corrector of the press to Bowyer, and some extracts from his letters, and copies of the inscriptions on his tomb and on that of his wife, are given in Nichols' *Anecdotes*, tom. i. p. 373. See also Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, edited by Bliss.—From his early connexion with Cheshire, he may have been a kinsman of Mr. Robert Lindsey, an opulent proprietor of salt-works at Middlewich, in that county, the father of Theophilus Lindsey, Rector of Catterick, the celebrated convert to Unitarianism, who had the honesty to avow his conversion and quit the establishment, and became a voluminous writer in vindication of his new opinions. His life has been written by Mr. Belsham, and a list of works by him and about him may be seen in Watt's *Bibliotheca Britannica*.—A Rev. John Lindsay, chaplain of his Majesty's ship 'Fougueux,' and author of a 'Voyage to the Coast of Africa (with Admiral Keppel) in 1758,' Lond. 4to. 1759, was contemporary with the Nonjuror. Mention is made in the preface, of "our author's brother, the brave Capt. William Lindsay, one of the most intelligent, active, and industrious officers in the service of the light horse," and "brigade-major and captain of a troop in Lord Ancrum's dragoons, who fell in a desperate attempt to prove the usefulness of those light troops he himself had the honour to introduce into the British service." His death is mentioned in Entick's *Hist. of the Seven Years' War*, tom. iii. p. 189.—I cannot precisely affiliate any of these Lindsays, whose memory however deserves this brief notice.

Earl Colin had, even before his release, been engaged in measures for the King's service, and he no sooner regained his liberty than he engaged deeply in a plot for his restoration, set on foot by Sir James Montgomery of Skelmorly. "This plot," says Earl James, "wherein the Duke of Argyle, Marquis of Annandale, Lord Ross, Sir James Montgomery, and many other Whigs who made the Revolution, were concerned, in order to restore King James, was in consequence of the same measure taken by the heads of the whole Whig party in England,—the very men who formed the plan of the Revolution agreed to bring back the king they had turned out, and this from their being disappointed in all the interested schemes they had formed. After the Prince of Orange became their king, he was under a necessity of employing only the Tories in the administration, being much the majority in Parliament and the whole actors in the change. The Whigs, having at last got a majority in Parliament, were resolved to satisfy their ambition and revenge, which they might have accomplished if contrary winds had not prevented the French fleet, then master of the sea, from landing thirty thousand men, embarked at La Hogue. The Dutch fleet, having joined the English, became superior and beat the French fleet, which put an end to the plot in Britain.—When King William came to be informed of the measures of the Whigs, by the advice of Lord Sunderland, he not only forgave, but put them in possession of all the great offices, as believing they had acted from ambition rather than from disaffection to him,—which fully thereafter appeared to be so. This account by Colin,* which is not mentioned in history, was thereafter fully confirmed to me by Lord Stair and Lord Bolingbroke, with the further circumstance, that Sunderland was sent by the King with the seals of Secretary of State to the Duke of Shrewsbury, head of the party, who told him the King was fully informed of all he had been doing, yet not only forgave him, but had sent him the seals as Secretary of State. He declined accepting them till he had consulted his friends,—he was told there was no time

the severity imputed to him by Episcopalian writers, but that some of his brother Commissioners, even more ardent than himself, blame him as remiss and timorous in the work.

* That is, received from his father Earl Colin. These particulars do not appear in Colin's 'Memoir,' which was written before they could have become known.

for hesitation; he was either to accept of them instantly, or a Colonel of the Guards attended to carry him to the Tower,—the last he did not chuse." *

On the discovery of the plot, in 1690, Lord Balcarres, who had transacted the affair with James, as far as related to Scotland, and expected no favour from William, thought it advisable to leave the country. He landed at Hamburgh, and from thence, on his road to France, "went," says his grand-daughter, "by Holland, that he might take the opportunity of paying a visit to the relations of the first Lady Balcarres. He appeared before them with that mitigated mildness of well-bred sorrow, which, after a lapse of fifteen or twenty years, and two or three wives in the interim, was not supposed to be very lively. They were all grown old, but, the circumstances attending the whole remaining fresh in their minds from having less to think of than he had had, they presumed that he would have a melancholy pleasure in looking at the picture of his first wife. He replied, 'that her picture was unnecessary to recall features he never could forget—there she was!'—(looking at a painting well appointed as to frame, and honourably stationed over the chimney-piece)—'her manner—her air!'—The honest *vrow* smiled; it was one of the four seasons!"

From Holland he proceeded through Flanders in a coach with some friends. "As he ever found health and pleasure by walking," says his son, "he chose to go on foot with a guide through a wood to the next stage; he met with a party of banditti, who seized and robbed him, and were going to kill him, but he had presence of mind enough to tell them they had better let him live, and he would pay them a good ransom,—but how could he pay them? He remembered the Jesuits had a college at Douay,—they, he said, would pay it. They agreed for one hundred pistoles, but were thirty miles from Douay; they gave him his choice either to walk with boots, or with his hands tied behind his back; he chose the latter, but found the first best; he walked afortight† with them; they took his oath never to discover them;

* *Earl James's Memoirs.*

† I cannot explain this word, unless it be a mistake for "fortnight." A MS. transcript from the original, now before me, has so understood it, and yet why walk a fortnight when the ransom was settled, and they were only thirty miles from Douay?

the money was paid, and he got his liberty, and went to the college. The famous Father Petre was then there; they received and treated him in the best manner, got him clothes, and lent him money upon his bills; but the Father could not help making great complaints against the King, that, if he would have taken his advice, all his misfortunes might have been prevented. This Colin repeated to some of his friends, when he came to St. Germains; it was carried to the King, and the consequences became hurtful to Colin. The King received him with the utmost affection; the Queen no less so, having ever been favourable to him; and both acknowledged his zeal and activity in their service." *

It was then and there that Earl Colin presented to his Majesty the curious memoir from which I have made so many extracts, and which, says Sir Walter Scott, "as he was chiefly trusted by King James in his civil affairs, has always been accounted a valuable historical document, containing many particulars of the causes and effects of the revolution in Scotland, not to be elsewhere found." † It has twice been published, though from miserably corrupted and interpolated manuscripts.‡

"Colin," says Earl James, "was still of opinion that much might be done for the King's restoration, and twice offered him schemes for that end; when he presented a third to him, he owned that what he had formerly writ was specious, but that there was an error in all his views; that his foundation of them was wrong, as he relied upon the assistance of France for his restoration, which neither he nor his family would ever obtain,—that France would ever find their advantage in the confusions of Britain, and its being ruled over by kings who had not its true

* *Earl James's Memoirs.*

† Somers' *Tracts*, tom. xi. p. 487.

‡ In 1714, at London, and in 1754, at Edinburgh, both in octavo.—Since the above was written, I have printed it for the Bannatyne Club, for the first time in its original state.—In general, I may say, whenever an illiberal reflection (such as that on Lord Mersington, protested against by Sir Walter Scott in the 'Provincial Antiquities,'—that on Sir George Munro,—on the conduct of the MacDonalds at Killicrankie, &c.) is met with in the former editions, one may be pretty sure of finding a different or at least a gentlemanly statement in the original work. These interpolations (as is suggested respecting one of them in a MS. note to a copy of the 'Memoir' in the library of Christ Church, Oxford) were probably made by the person who brought it from France, "who, they said, was Cockburn of Ormiston, Justice-Clerk at that time." *Letters of the Viscount of Dundee*, 4to., 1826.

interests at heart, and that he hoped nothing from them.—Colin often said that this unhappy King (except in affairs where religion was concerned) was a wise and good man. Bishop Burnet, in his memoirs, says no less, although one of his most zealous enemies."

After passing "six months at St. Germains, in great familiarity with the King,* Colin came to be thought too much in favour by Melfort and the priests; they artfully forged a calumny against him, and he was forbid the Court. He retired to the South of France, and writ an expostulatory letter to the King, of which he kept a copy; when he came home, he found a letter from his father writ to King Charles II. upon a like occasion, and almost every word the same as his, and the sentiments likewise. He had, by means of Lord Clarendon, been forbid the Court, but soon was invited back again. So likewise was Colin, by a letter from the King, writ with great goodness, owning that he had been imposed upon. He was made sensible of this by James Malcolm, who had been commissary-general of the army, and brother of Lord Lochor of the session; both had owed their fortunes to Colin.† James would not leave the Court to go with Colin till justice was done him, yet Colin would never return, as his enemies governed all. He passed a year in France, returned to Brussels, then to Utrecht, and sent for his wife and family from Scotland. He passed there some years with tranquillity, in society with Bayle, Leclerc, and other learned and agreeable men."‡

* Earl James has preserved one or two anecdotes of the King and Court, which may be worth inserting. "At a supper he fell a speaking of his daughters; he never, he said, had any resentment against Mary,—she had no will nor sentiment but her husband's; for Anne he could not say so much, yet said something to soften her behaviour to him. This much offended David Floyd, one of the grooms of his bedchamber, a brave sea-captain, with a blunt wit, indulged in speaking; he left the room, but put back his head, and said, 'Bitches both, by G—!'—Upon a like occasion, one came in to the King while at supper, and informed him that a ship was arrived from China with great news, that the Emperor's eldest son was certainly converted to the Christian religion. 'Don't you rejoice at this news, Davie?' says the King:—'No, Sir!' says he; 'I am sorry for the Prince,—they will certainly turn him out.'"—The French missionaries were about this time making great progress in China, and Davie Floyd was probably David Lloyd, Esq., of Foes-y-Blaiddud, ancestor of the Lloyds of Dan-yr-allt, whose genealogy is given in Burke's 'Landed Gentry.'

† See Fountainhall's *Diary*, passim.

‡ *Earl James's Memoirs.*

I insert here a few interesting letters that have escaped the general wreck of Earl Colin's correspondence—from his near relation and hereditary friend, John Drummond Earl of Perth, Chancellor of Scotland during King James's prosperity, and his faithful adherent in adversity. Besides some curious "notes of the time," they give a more pleasing and, probably, a juster impression of the writer's character, than that which he is remembered by in history. The two last, it will be observed, are addressed to Earl Colin at St. Germains, which seems to imply that he did pay a second visit—probably a very short one—to the Court of the banished Stuarts.

John Earl of Perth to Colin Earl of Balcarres.

"My dearest Lord,

"I forgot to tell you in my last that the Fathers Jesuits of Liege had sent your money to Dinant, but the messenger was stopped within the lines at Liege, so they writ to me that they feared you might be in distress for want of money, but that they could not hit upon any way to help you; and now, by yours of the third, I find it is but too true. Woe's me for your severe sufferings; I'll swear I could have far more easily borne a share with you in them than reflected on them so much as I have done since I got your letter,—but I hope your welcome has made up all again, and that now you are brisk and hearty. If you be as well as I wish, I am sure you shall have little to wish for yourself.

"For God's sake, write often, for I entirely depend upon your friendship and tenderest affection; and you know you have a faithful return. Hold to [God]; all your unlucky accidents may move you to . . . . . how to love and serve that benign Being, [whose] protection extricates you out of all your troubles. My dearest friend, adieu!"

John Earl of Perth to Colin Earl of Balcarres.

"My dearest Lord,

"Before this comes to your hands, you will have had mine of the 26th July, and that makes that I shall say the less now. It was most friendly and obligingly done to see my lads at Douay.

I 'm glad they have so much of your good opinion.; if they were not glad to see you, they have not much of their father's inclinations. You may write as freely hither as you do to Paris, for all comes safe. My letters from Venice did not so, for I lost two packets. I had the honour to receive Earl Middleton's most obliging answer to a letter I writ to him, and he may be sure of my service upon all occasions; I told I would write often to him, but I wait for your advice.—Mr. Sec. Caryll* does me justice when he has some kindness for me, for I have a great deal for him; and if anybody be my enemy upon my brother's† account, I hope never to augment their ill will by anything done willingly by myself, and, if they continue to be unjust, let them see to that, for I am not to blame.

"As for your news of Scotland, Father Lesly, of the Scottish College here, is better informed than anybody; he tells me that the Parliament there have given 120,000 pounds sterling, what by cess, what by poll-money; that old Stairs is pursued for bribery, and Sir John, his son, for accession to the order for the massacre of Glencoan;‡ that Earl Wigtoun, my son, and Meldrum, are cited over to Edinburgh, to depose who is at St. Germains, in order to forfault them,—but I hope they will have such regard to their honour and to justice, as to preserve themselves from being evidences, and none, save such people as we have to deal with, would put men of quality upon such hard locks.

"Your Aix-la-Chapelle friend§ gives you her faithful service. . . . You know that you are to dispose of me, so I add no more. Adieu."

John Earl of Perth to Colin Earl of Balcarres.

"I have been very glad to receive your letters, but never any of them gave me the joy this I have just now got brings me. I hope in God your health shall be good after this severe bout. Take care of it, if you have any love for me; but you have many better motives; however, let this come in for one.—You tell me

* John Caryll, Esq., secretary to the Queen. † Melfort.
‡ This took place in February, 1692.
§ His wife, Lady Mary Gordon, daughter of the Marquis of Huntley.

you were not too satisfied with your old friend in that short interview. I'm sure, of all men, I have least ground to be pleased with him, but I forgive him; I'm sure I shall not be too frank to trust him a second time, for he has dealt barbarously with me, while I trusted him most entirely. Give my duty to your best friends; and remember all you have to say there, when you have health and leisure. I shall add no more now; you shall hear more afterwards; this night I am in haste. Continue to love me; I hope I shall convince you that Italy does not corrupt all your friends, for I have my head very much that way,—for now I have no home; I have no leave to go where I would,—that's too great a happiness for me to hope for; and I know my friend has made all his relations odious, so at Rome I may lurk, and end my days quietly.

"Your friend here receives your remembrance with all affection and respect, and was more sorry than you will believe for your illness. Let me know if you got all my letters. Adieu.

"For E. Coll."

John Earl of Perth to Colin Earl of Balcarres.

"My dearest Lord, "Antwerp, 15 July, 1694.

"You must find out some way how we may write by other names, and then we shall correspond more freely. I have yours of the 9th (as I guess, for it has no date), and I'm heartily glad of your safe arrival. If the young man love you as well as his father does, he'll deserve your favour. You may entirely confide in Mr. Innes,* and Jo: Wall, and, for Jo: Menzies, he's your own; as I am sure he's kind to me, which is as much as he's capable of, and that says much, for he's as capable as any I ever knew.

"The treatment you have met with from your old friend and his lady is very odd. God forgive him, for he does hurt to what I'm persuaded he wishes well to; but when people are entirely devoted to themselves, (as it is said his lady makes him,) it blinds exceedingly. You do most generously in taking no notice of it.

"My heart has not been capable of any joy like what yours

* Father Innes, president of the Scots college at Paris, and secretary of state for Scotland in the exiled King's cabinet.

must feel, now when you are to see our K. and Q.—I'm sure it must be such a one as to me is unconceivable at present. I'm told from home, that there's no defence against the forfaulture of my family. I thank God, I have never been tempted to wish it might subsist upon any other terms than to be serviceable to my dearest master; if things go well with him, I need not fear; and if not, should I beg a morsel of bread, I hope I shall never complain. Give him and his lady my duty, and kiss our young master his hand for me; I have no longing but to see them all together, and I must confess I languish for that happiness.* I'm sure if some-body have anything, you will not want, so you may call for it until your own money arrives. I'm going to Bruxelles for eight days; there I hope to hear from you. Your friend you were so well with at Aix salutes you cordially, and speaks often most kindly of you with great esteem. Continue to love, my dearest Lord, yours entirely, &c.

"A Mr.
M. Du Gat; chez Mons. Lucas,
Marchand Libraire,
A la Bible d'or,
Rue de la Harpe,
Paris."

John Earl of Perth to Colin Earl of Balcarres.

"My dearest Lord, "Rotterdam, 23 Aug. 1694.

"Since my leaving of Ghent, I had not the good luck to meet with a post-day until now that I'm here, where I found

* "The disinterested affection," observes Miss Strickland, "both to James and Mary Beatrice, that pervades" this letter, "is an honour to human nature." *Lives*, tom. ix. p. 344.—Equally honourable to Lord Perth is the following passage in a letter to his sister Lady Errol, from Stirling, 29 Dec. 1688, after his original capture: —"I have not one less contented thought than I had while Scotland was at my beck; nay, I am exceedingly more satisfied, for now I am under the Great Physician's hand, and I can say with joy to him, 'Burn, cut, administer bitter things, provided all my sufferings be here; yet, Lord! let me die in the agony of sufferings, amidst tortures and disgrace, provided it can either advance thy honour, the great interest of thy Holy Church, or the salvation of my own soul, or that of any other.' .... My enemies insult over me; the rabble curse and would tear me to pieces; the grief of a few friends melts my heart; the prospect of approaching death cannot but be uneasy to flesh and blood: but in all this I have a clear conscience, an innocence unspotted in all my administration, an excellent religion, a good cause, and an infinitely merciful God, so that on Him I do rely, and will do so as long as I live, hat I may be his to all eternity." *Letters from John Earl of Perth, &c.* (Camden Soc.), p. 7.

yours of the date of August, but without any day; however, I guess by it, it is about the 9th. I heartily thank God for your recovery, and, to tell you my very sincerest thoughts, few things in this world could have moved me so very much as your sickness has done; I was afraid while it lasted to such a degree that I trembled to open any letter from your quarters; and your recovery gives me a joy suitable to the fright I was in; and, both proceeding from my love to you, it is no wonder they are excessive. Dear Earl, for God's sake, mind your health, and remember you owe some regard to your friends in the matter; do not believe your health such as cannot be ruined, but manage it so as to be useful to your master, to your family, and to your friends.

"In the next place, let me beg you to find some way, how we may correspond under other names; this shall be my last with either name or title, so, using the address you gave me, conclude all you get written in my hand is for you. Do not you say anything to me that looks like title either, but let us tell our tale, and there's an end.

"I hear that the affairs of your family, where you are, are in a very bad state, God help them! I hope your endeavours will help to bring them to such a strain of reason and moderation as may give reputation to your proceedings; for the most part, trade is carried on by credit, and a good reputation goes a great way. Rational sober methods, such as may be feasible, is what I ever liked in my own affairs, and I like well to hear that your friends are inclining that way. I could say a great deal, but must delay it for a reason you shall know.

"As to your stay where you are, I doubt not but you will soon be at a point, and, I hope, to all our satisfactions. Meanwhile mind your health, for there, at present, lies my chief care,—and poor Florio too has been very ill, and another dear friend likeways, whose love to me is most tender, has been ill; it is almost fatal to have any kindness for me. Sir Ad. B. said true of D. Q.;*—he was very ill, and much dejected, as you know sickness is apt to make him, but he's better, and may come through; but I hardly think he'll live long. Your friend says she'll never fail you; a thousand times she says she admires how she did not know you much sooner, but she promises to redeem the time.

* The Duke of Queensberry.

"I have now gone through all your most welcome letter; I need add no more this bout. God knows how faithfully I love you, and what joy it is to me that Mr. Innes and you are so good friends. I wish the continuance of it, and of all other felicities, (for certainly it is no small one to have such a friend,) to my dearest Lord!

"Adieu."

John Earl of Perth to Colin Earl of Balcarres.

"Dearest Sir, . . "27 Sept. 1694.

"The letter you sent me in your last was a cordial that had its full effect in giving me a joy that cannot be expressed. And I must tell you, for your comfort, that none alive could have a more just esteem of your carriage than I find marked in that letter, so you have but to go on, and you will procure honour to your friend by answering his character of you, and favour to yourself for your capacity, and the well employing of it. . . The young man is very proud of your kind remembrance; there's nothing yet done as to his security, nor can there until it come from home,—he is your faithful servant. Pray write fully, but not too plain; for, although nothing of consequence can be betwixt us, yet here they make mountains of mole-hills.

"I do not much covet Sir K^nt's^ conversion. If it be, God grant it be sincere, and then he'll cheat nobody; for to be Catholic indeed, is not to change an opinion only, but to become conform to what God requires of such to whom He has revealed what they are to believe of Him, and what they must do to please Him. If he be thus converted, there will be joy in heaven for it, and all true Catholics will not need to blush at their receiving him into their society; but now you will begin to think I'm going to preach,—there's only you and Jo: Florio (where you are) that I would fain preach to; and I have hitherto had so small success, that it is a wonder I'm not rebutted; but I shall never give over.

"The enclosed is for the person who writ under your cover last; I hope you will be as good as my promise for you; I were unworthy of your friendship, if I had any doubt upon that head.

Let me know all your news, and believe I'm as much yours as I can be. Adieu!

"My friend and yours salutes you with the wonted affection and familiarity; when we know where we are to winter, we will write about the lady upon the Elbe. Adieu!

"A. M.
M. Fontenay le Jeune,
Banquier,
à Paris."

John Earl of Perth to Colin Earl of Balcarres.

"My dearest Lord, "Rome; 10 May, 1695.

"Many a time I have been vexed at the heart for what related to you, but never for what came from you before; can my own dearest Lord fancy me capable of the villany of failing to him without any apparent ground? Since I saw you, I have passed through Germany, but am not yet so tainted with that air as to lose my senses by the fumes of old hock to the degree of making a *querelle d'Almagne* with one of the persons breathing I love and honour the most. Since I left Holland, I have two of yours, but both were here before me, so that, until yesterday, I saw neither; and, on the road, (except I had had a style florid enough to have outdone Scuderi, Balzac, Voiture, &c., in giving you a description of the odd romantic situations on the banks of the Rhine, and the other knight-errant adventures of a distressed lady and a banished cavalier,) I had nothing worthy your trouble to send towards you. Indeed from Venice I ventured two letters (although that state be now very indifferently affectionate towards our interest, and consequently letters going towards France with difficulty enough) to Mr. Innes, to tell him I was got that length, but I reserved to write to your lordship from hence, where I hope I may adventure to write more freely,—and from you (notwithstanding you say you write often) I have not one syllable but the two I have got within these twenty-four hours. Mr. Innes tells me he has writ severals too, but all have miscarried save two I got at Venice, one at Modena, and those I found here.

"I confess both yours and mine, and the concerns of all such as have no resource save what you call their own little baggage,

are to be pitied, but what shall we do? Duty calls upon us to suffer; want is a grievous burden; and to be unjust loses all! For me, I see no remedy save patience; and even this virtue must be supported by a great deal of faith, God help us!—My son applied to P. O. without my concurrence (for I had rather have lost my life than done what he has done), but he had reason to believe he had ground for it, although indeed he had none. This may seem a mystery, but many things must be such until we meet, and then, if I be put in mind by you, I will clear all.

"I believe no people are more jealous, envious, and peevish, than such as have not the possibility of making any fortune by those they serve; for, where the interest cannot carry men on in their duty, mere virtue will scarce do the feat without a great deal of the grace of God. But to be so well with those you serve is a support that is a counterpoise to very many other inconveniences. I believe both my companion and you are weary of travelling; I'm sure she is to a very strange degree; but we must follow our destiny. This is to let your lordship know my thoughts upon reading your first letter, which is of the 20th of March:—now to the next. I find you are half jealous that some influence from where you now are may have made me less yours than formerly; but God knows how ill grounded any such suspicion is, far less from the hand you imagine than from any other,—for my brother has so far taken pet at me (although I be not in the wrong to him), that, since I left Rotterdam, I have not one word from him. So, my dearest Lord, conclude that I'm more proof now against all the world in your concerns than ever I was. Although I do not profess to be indifferent for my wife, yet we have never pretended to be led by one another,—however, an adroit turn or discourse may hurt or help one in any person's opinion; this temptation makes me always most upon my guard with those I love best,—and, some time ago, I had this to fear in your lordship's case; you were not very intimately known to my wife, and many of her friends, as I told you, had wrestled much to have her no friend of yours; but, since our being at Aix, I dare say that you have not a friend loves you better, or has a more just esteem of your merit, than she has. This being, what's next to be doubted? and even this is nothing, were it as at the worst; for I know you, others do not. This is the first

post-day after my arrival; my next letter shall be fuller; meanwhile believe that I'm fully and entirely your own, and nothing shall ever alter me. My wife is your servant. Adieu!

"Give my faithful service to dear Earl Middleton. I'll write to him by next post. You have reason to believe Mr. Innes your friend; believe me, he'll never make a profession of friendship that is not sincere, and I know he loves you.

"For the E. of Balcarres,
at St. Germains."

John Earl of Perth to Colin Earl of Balcarres.

"My dearest Lord, "Rome, 26 July, 1695.

"Yours of the 15th June has been with me more than a fortnight, but I have been indisposed ten days of it. I make no doubt but that St. Germains is, as all courts are, full of jealousy and envy, and the more that there's little to give, and many that want; and even those that do not ask are hated because they may come to ask; and, if every one had what he imagines he deserves, the three kingdoms would not suffice; and much of all that's the ground of jars with you is chimeras and goukrie (folly),—but, amidst all this, I rejoice that you keep yourself free of siding, and that nobody has your clatter to pursue. For my part, I would be as soon angry at Cromwell's porter in bedlam, as with the poor diseased folks who rave against one another upon none or very small grounds; but you do well, and I am satisfied; and, seeing you are good friends with one of my best friends, good worthy Mr. Innes, I have enough. They are happy who serve so just and so discerning a master and mistress as we do. They will not receive a tale, without it can be made out, nor discredit anybody until it be more than deserved; for my own part, I have troubles and difficulties more than you can imagine, but to serve such masters sweetens all.

"My brother does ill to push to return; for my part, had I twice his parts, and were I vain to a degree to believe myself useful to the King's service, I could never be brought to fancy that I could be worth maintaining against many, or to be put in the balance against those who must do the great work, or it must be undone.

"Now I'm glad you are satisfied that you were in the wrong

in believing me unkind,—I 'm sure you shall never have reason; and you do my wife justice when you believe her your servant. She dates your friendship with her from Aix-la-Chapelle, and defies all the world to find a flaw in it since that time,—and, except three letters, I had none from my brother since I saw you, two of which I got since I came to Italy, but he never names anybody in particular, although in general he is not pleased with those who he thinks occasion his absence from the Court; but I never enter into that subject, for, in my judgment, I am not for his desiring to return, and every truth is not acceptable, so I say nothing.

"I am glad my lady is returned, for I was not for her stay in Holland or Flanders; the expense was great and very useless; if she had been with you, well; but to be keeping two distinct equipages, little as they are, takes money. Except the P. of O. be very successful this campaign, I do not believe the Scottish pretended Parliament will dare to forfault anybody, for here (where people see far enough, and are fond enough of him too) his affairs are not looked upon as very fixed; and although in Scotland they are fool enough and wood-headed* to boot, and ruled by Johnston, who has nothing to lose, yet, I fancy, they will have some reserve in forfaulting, lest a sauce for a goose come to serve a gander.

"As to your hopes of somewhat now, I should be glad to know the grounds; for really (to write as to my friend), I do not see the least probability. The passage stopped,—no forces to spare,—no solid correspondence at home,—many engaged on the other side by what 's owing to them, by new honours, by present gain, by hatred to us, by fear of punishment, or, at least, reproach, and a multitude of other reasons; and for the mob, good God! who would have to do with them that were not absolutely able to keep them in awe? Our Spaniards here will have France swallowed this year up like a poached egg. Casall does not please them as to the treaty, for France offered more than this to the Pope, Venetians, and Great Duke, three full years since; however, Flanders is the hopes; they make no doubt but that P. O. will quarter in the Fr. country this winter, and then, they

* Wood, wod—mad, *Scotticè.*

say, England will give more than ever; but, as you would advise our folks very justly not to divide the bear's skin before he's caught, so they must defeat the French before they share his country. Our good old man here loves the K. and will do him what kindness he can, if it come once to a treaty, and most people here look on this as the last campaign of this war.

"I have not heard from Jo: Menzies since I left Antwerp. I writ to Earl Middleton, and had the honour of a letter from him; if it were not to trouble him, I would write often, no man having more esteem of him or sincere inclination to serve him than I have, so let me know if I shall write frequently, and I'll do it; for nothing but respect restrains me. Be pleased to give his lordship my service. My wife gives you hers. She bears the heat better than I do.

"Dearest Earl, for this bout, adieu!

"For the Earl of Balcarres,
St. Germains."

Some years previous to this period, Earl Colin had married a third wife, Lady Jean Ker, paternally Drummond, only daughter of William Earl of Roxburgh, youngest son of John Earl of Perth, and cousin of the friend whose letters you have just perused. By this lady he was father of Colin Lord Cummerland, Master of Balcarres, who died unmarried in November, 1708, while aid-de-camp to his father's old friend, the Duke of Marlborough,—and Lady Margaret Lindsay, who married John Earl of Wigton, and had one daughter, married to Sir Archibald Primrose. Of Jean Lady Balcarres there are no descendants, but those of Lady Margaret Campbell, Colin's fourth and last wife, are very numerous. This worthy lady, who survived her husband many years, was daughter of James second Earl of Loudoun, by Lady Margaret Montgomery, paternally Seyton, daughter of Hugh seventh Earl of Eglintoun. She bore him several children, of whom four survived him; Alexander and James, successively Earls of Balcarres,—Lady Eleanor, wife of James Fraser of Lonmay, third son of William eleventh Lord Saltoun,—and Lady Elizabeth, or, as she was commonly called in the familiar style of that day, Lady Betty Lindsay.

As Colin had ever been careless of his fortune, his long exile

brought his affairs in Scotland into great disorder.* His pension had been stopped at the Revolution, and the difficulties incidental to the homeless life of a proscribed Jacobite had burdened him with five thousand pounds of debt. Many applications were made to King William to permit him to come home. The Duke of Queensberry says, in a letter to Carstares (Secretary of State for Scotland), "I have now fully discoursed the King's servants about Lord Balcarres; they express all of them a compassion towards him, and a trouble for the sufferings of his family, but are of opinion that the favour which his Majesty intends him should be delayed till after the Parliament. For my own part, I see no danger or inconvenience in letting him come over immediately. He is an instance of the folly of Jacobitism, and, when he comes, the party may see in him the fate of their extravagances; wherefore, I am so far from opposing the King's intended goodness to that lord, that I wish his Majesty would allow it in such a frank way as that he should be obliged by it." †

Carstares had already influenced his master in Colin's favour. "This man," says Earl James, "had merit, and the direction of all Scots affairs. Colin had walked on foot, as usual, to the Hague, to solicit his favour; Carstares told the King, a man he had once favoured was in so low a condition that he had footed it from Utrecht that morning to desire him to speak for him. 'If that be the case,' says he, 'let him go home; he has suffered enough.'" Lord Balcarres accordingly returned to Scotland towards the end of 1700, after ten years' exile,—and his mother, as I have already intimated, had thus the happiness of once more embracing him before her death.

Colin had scarcely reached home before the news arrived of King James's decease at St. Germains. "Happy," says Lady

* In illustration of this carelessness, I may mention a traditionary anecdote. An estate near Balcarres, the acquisition of which would have been very advantageous, was likely to be sold, and, with a view to the purchase, Colin disposed of another estate, at some distance, and deposited the sum received for it in a strong box—to be forthcoming when wanted. Day after day, however, some exigency, political or domestic, occasioned his extracting a "gowpen" of gold from this repository,—at last the expected hour arrived—the estate was announced to be in the market—and Colin resorted to his strong-box—but he had visited it too often, and found it empty.

† Carstares' *State Papers*, p. 630.

Anne Lindsay, " is the man who, on closing a life of error and misfortune, can lay down his head on the pillow of death, conscious that pure meanings at least have guided him in all his acts. —Short-lived are the triumphs of greatness in this world. William survived his father-in-law but a few months. As he was his opposite in everything, one might have expected a better character of him from our historian than that he gives him,—it only proves that the reverse of a fault is not always stamped as a virtue :—' a fatalist in religion, indefatigable in war, enterprising in politics, dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart, a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign.' "

SECTION V.

On Queen Anne's accession Lord Balcarres went to Court to wait on her Majesty, and negotiate for the interests of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. The Bishop of Glasgow, his dear friend, and for many years, I believe, a constant resident at Balcarres, was his chief confidant and adviser in these matters.* Macky describes Earl Colin at this period of his life as " a gentleman of very good natural parts, hath abundance of application, handsome in his person, very fair, and towards sixty years old."† The Duke of Marlborough, " with whom," says Earl James, " he had an early friendship, and who often said he was the pleasantest companion he ever knew, got him a rent-charge of 500*l.* a-year, for ten years, upon the Crown-lands of Orkney, as he had lost his pension of 1000*l.* a-year at the Revolution.‡ This gift enabled him to live cheerfully with his friends and neighbours, his vivacity, knowledge, and experience rendering him agreeable to all men."

* Letters from the Bishop, *Haigh Muniment-room.*

† In appearance,—for he was not in reality more than fifty. Macky's *Memoirs*, p. 245.

‡ Signature, by Queen Anne, May 29, 1704. *Haigh Muniment-room.*—The grant proceeds on the consideration of Anne Countess of Balcarres having surrendered the heritable right to the government of the Castle of Edinburgh.

Ere the ten years, however, had elapsed, his necessities compelled him to sell, for a mess of pottage, even this small compensation for his birthright; and, at the close of those ten years, I find him addressing the following affecting memorial to the last of the royal Stuarts that filled the throne of her ancestors, the good Queen Anne,—Belisarius never begged his obol with more dignity:—

"May it please your Majesty:—

"Since the beginning of our little family, my forefathers and I have constantly been in the interest of the royal family, have served our kings in prosperity, and followed their fortunes in adversity, nor have we ever thought of making any other estate but their favour. On the other side, they were ever so kind, gracious, and bountiful to us, that, either with royal donatives or good employments, they kept us in condition, though with a small estate, to live up with any of our rank they had been pleased to advance us to. My father waited on your royal uncle in all his misfortunes, and died the year of his happy restoration, just when in view of reaping the fruits of all his labours; but his Majesty was so gracious as to provide for his widow and children, and settled one thousand pounds a-year on her and the longest liver of her two sons, which I enjoyed until the Revolution. I do not complain at its being stopped all the reign of King William, since, by following an interest which in gratitude I thought I was bound to do, I put myself out of capacity of having any favour from him; but, since your Majesty's happy accession to the Crown, all your servants will do me the justice to let you know I never failed in going along with them in everything was judged for your interest. I have likewise tasted of your royal bounty, but now, my two sons being men, and their employment bearing no proportion to their expense, and having two daughters unprovided for, makes my circumstances very hard; which obliges me to beg of your Majesty that you will be pleased to continue this pension I have for life, or any part of it your goodness will be pleased to bestow; that I may pay my debts, provide for my children, and taste in my old age a little ease and quiet; which will oblige me more, if possible, so long as I live, to pray for your long life and prosperity. "BALCARRES."

—I know not what success attended his suit.—He was appointed a Privy Councillor by Queen Anne,* and in 1705 was talked of as Justice-General,† but he held no public office subsequently to the Revolution.

William Earl of Crawford had in the mean while died, in 1698, leaving a large family, of whom the eldest son, John, succeeded him as nineteenth Earl of Crawford. "He hath neither genius nor talents for business," says Macky;‡ yet he had a seat in the Privy Council, and a curious letter by him yet extant seems to imply a taste for genealogy and antiquities.§ As a soldier he rose high in the army, and died a Colonel of the Horse Guards and a Lieutenant-General, in 1713, leaving one son, Earl John, surnamed the Gallant Earl of Crawford, and two daughters, Lady Catherine Wemyss and Lady Mary Campbell, wife of Dugald Campbell of Glensaddell, and ancestress of the Campbells of Newfield, heirs of line of the family.

John Viscount Garnock had died four years earlier, in 1709,‖ leaving an eldest son, Patrick, the second Viscount,¶ and four others, who all died without issue,—and also a daughter, Margaret Crawford, wife of MacNeal of Ugadale, in Argyleshire, a remarkable woman, whose memory and virtues are still recorded traditionally in the district.**

Scotland, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, was politically divided between the Whigs, Jacobites, and Country party—which professed indifference as to the succession to the Crown after Queen Anne's decease, provided the independence and interests of their country were secured. The next heirs were

* He was a Privy Councillor in April, 1705. *Jerviswood Correspondence*, p. 74.

† *Ibid.*, p. 131.

‡ *Memoirs*, p. 249.

§ In the Errol Charter-room.

‖ For a minute description by William Dobie, Esq., of Grangevale, of the Garnock or Crawford gallery and pulpit in the kirk of Kilbirnie, the former of oak, the latter of Norway pine, erected by John Viscount Garnock, and richly decorated with carvings of foliage, coats of arms, mottoes, and other devices, see the *Scottish Journal*, tom. ii. pp. 33 sqq., 51 sqq., 68 sqq.

¶ For Viscount Patrick and his posterity, see Section II. of Chapter XVII. of these Lives.

** Many of her letters have proved of signal service as evidence in the Crawford Peerage claim, through the kindness of her present representative, the Laird of Ugadale.

the Prince of Wales and the Elector of Hanover, the nearest Protestant relation of Queen Anne. The Jacobites, believing that the Queen was favourable to her brother's claims, were willing to submit to her for the present and "bide their time."

The union of the sister kingdoms took place in 1707, a measure of which the experience of a century has proved the wisdom, though nothing could be bitterer than the opposition offered against it at the time from every quarter of the country. It was long indeed before the advantages that accrued from this treaty to both kingdoms were felt and acknowledged. Earl James, though his father—like his kinsmen Crawford and Garnock—had approved of and supported the measure, could never, to his death, think or speak of it without indignation.*

* In a poetical epistle to his wife, written forty-four years after the Union, and in which he represents himself sitting

"As whilom miserable Jews
Upon Euphrates' banks,"

vainly lamenting Zion lost, this feeling bursts out in a few rough and nervous lines of indignation at the Squadrone—

"Surely condemned in everlasting flames
To howl their penitence and country's praise!"—

and lamentation over his country,

"Bound and delivered to her worst of foes
By traitor sons,
And ravished under wedlock's sacred name!"

"The song," he proceeds (alluding to the well-known scoff of Findlater),

—"The song
Shall never die while men and letters live!
Still shall be sung how the great Fergus conquered,
And how his valorous progeny maintained
This hardy soil, by social arts and well
Conducted armies; Rome's rapid eagles here,
Repelled, could soar no more—
The intrepid Normans, Saxons, Danes,
Invincible in every other clime,
Here nothing gained but graves, ennobling
Our chiefs of families and clans
For ages past resplendent! Alas! how now
Obscured, degenerate!
. . . When liberty departs
Fair virtue is no longer heard nor seen!

* * * * *

When young, I boldly drew my sword
In our sold country's cause, and now in age,
Unable to relieve, lament, deplore!"

—It is yet remembered, I may add—with reference to the epithet "sold," and the suspicions entertained that the Union had been carried by bribery, that when

A question of precedency, which had long been debated between the Earls of Crawford and Sutherland, was revived and discussed

Lindsay of Glenquiech, a gentleman of Angus, was asked at a banquet by one of the suspected betrayers whether he would have any English cheese, his feelings broke forth in the bitter retort, "Had every person here present liked English gold as ill as I like English cheese, there would have been more honest men among us!"[a]—And a similar feeling to that which animated Lord Balcarres—the result of the depressing influence that for a long time weighed down the spirit of Scotland—inspired the following touching lines, printed by Hogg in his 'Jacobite Relics:'—

"Shall thy name, O my country! no longer be heard,
Once the boast of the hero, the theme of the bard?
Alas! how the days of thy greatness are gone,
For the name of proud England is echoed alone!

What a pang to my heart, how my soul is on flame,
To hear that vain rival in arrogance claim,
As the meed of her sons, what thy children have won,
And their deeds pass for deeds which the English have done!

I sooner would see thee, my dear native land,
As barren, as bare as the rocks on thy strand,
Than the wealth of the world that thy children should boast,
And the heart-thrilling name of Old Scotia be lost."

—I know not who wrote them, but in after years—after Grief and Wisdom had left their shadow on his brow—the poet would, I think, have cancelled, or at least modified them; he would have rejoiced rather, if now alive, in the thought that the Scottish and English nations have become One, even in name—each doing justice to the other, and both uniting in the furtherance of those great designs which Providence has intrusted to the execution of Imperial Britain; while in that union of interests and affections, once so unlikely to have been accomplished, he might have recognized a pledge, a type of that Universal Union—Man's cherished expectation since Abraham's heart first leapt at its annunciation on the willowy banks of the Euphrates—that Universal Union of nations, in the bonds and obedience of Christianity, to which the step of Providence is visibly leading us, and to which the sublime words of De Lamartine—only partially as yet applicable—refer in their full significance:—

"L'Esprit des Temps rejoint ce que la mer sépare,
Le titre de famille est écrit en tout lieu;
L'homme n'est plus Français, Anglais, Romain, Barbare,
Il est concitoyen de l'Empire de Dieu!
Les murs des nations s'écroulent en poussière,
Les langues de Babel retrouvent l'unité,
L'Evangile refait avec toutes ces pierres
Le Temple de l'Humanité."

[a] "It has been a good deal the fashion," observes Lord Minto, "to assert that the Union was brought about by money sent from England to purchase the votes of our nobility and representatives, and that the paltry sum of £8000 had been sufficient to corrupt the Parliament of Scotland. It is not impossible that means may have been afforded to the leaders of the Squadrone, by which they might secure the support of some needy dependants; but that they themselves, men of distinguished rank, fortune, and honour, and who had shrunk from no sacrifice of ease or fortune in maintaining their principles, should have been influenced by the sordid motives imputed to them, always appeared to me utterly incredible." *Preface to the Jerviswood Correspondence*, &c.

among the subordinate details of the treaty of union. It was settled, or rather re-affirmed, after long and learned investigations, in favour of the Earls of Crawford, who rank accordingly as the premier Scottish Earls on the Union Roll.*

Colin Master of Balcarres died, as I have already mentioned, in 1708. Of Alexander, the second son, afterwards Earl of Balcarres, I shall speak more hereafter. James, his only surviving brother, preferring the naval to the military service, went to sea at the age of thirteen. "He got the Queen's letter," says he of himself, "on board the Ipswich, commanded by Captain Robert Kirktoun, who owed his preferment to Sir George Rook, the ablest marine admiral of his time; and he appeared to have deserved his power by many brave and successful actions, which acquired him a great fortune, which he generously and genteelly used. He had been riotous in his youth, but was become sober, studious, and regular; although without education, his excellent judgment and memory acquired him an universal knowledge in what was most valuable among men; his zeal for liberty, his virtue and capacity, and the beauty of his manners, made him loved and esteemed by all who had merit. James was so happy as to get into favour with this excellent man, who treated him as a kind father during the five years he passed with him; the last

* If date of creation were the sole criterion (as I think, abstractly, it ought to be), there is no doubt but that the Earldom of Marr would take precedence of all other existing British Earldoms, and that of Sutherland would, in Scotland, assume the second place. But precedence did not depend in Scotland exclusively on the date of creation; the will of the sovereign and other collateral circumstances controlled it. For example,—the Earls of Argyle, of later creation by sixty years, took precedence of those of Crawford, in virtue of the hereditary High-Justiciarship of Scotland, bestowed upon the family in the sixteenth century. The Earls of Angus similarly had received a grant of perpetual precedency over all other Earls in Scotland, and they were accordingly ranked first, before those of Argyle, though much more recent than either Sutherland or Marr. Crawford can assert no such grant, nor were there any great public offices hereditary in the family such as that possessed by Argyle,—and yet, whether through the non-appearance of the Earls of Sutherland in parliament previously to the year 1477, whether through the honours having lapsed to female heirs, or through whatever cause, it was a fact that the Earldoms of Sutherland and Marr had lost the precedence, and that Crawford possessed it; and on this immemorial usage and prescription the family lawyers rested their defence on the two great occasions when the question was mooted,—in 1606, when the "Ranking of the Nobility" took place at the command of James I., with a view to settle the feuds then existing regarding precedence, and now at the Union, in 1707; at both which times the sentence was given in favour of the Earl of Crawford.

three, he lived with him inseparably, at sea and on shore, as a friend. If there was any merit in his future life, it was owing to the precepts and example of this accomplished friend, who died, to his great misfortune, at the time he was involved in the disorders of our country in the year 1715. It was by his means James was made lieutenant of the Portland; in this ship he underwent all manner of hardships for near three years, went late in the year to Archangel, and was twice in Sweden, where the plague had raged; this obliged him to two quarantines in winter. He lost his health in the last voyage, which he did not for many years fully recover; this obliged him to uncommon temperance, which he came to love, and persevered in it to the end of his days."

The following anecdote of Earl James's early career was related to me by one of his sons, and shews the folly of puppyism, and the contempt in which it is held by the wise and experienced in the naval, as well as every other profession. Like most other gay and handsome young men, he was fond of shewing off his natural graces to the best advantage, and, on the day appointed for his examination as lieutenant, he waited upon his judges in a rich suit of clothes, with red silk stockings and pink heels to his shoes; his examiners were a set of rough seamen in sailors' jackets, who abhorred dandyism; they determined not to let him pass, and sent him back to sea for six months. At the expiration of that time, he reappeared before the nautical tribunal, a wiser man—in a sailor's dress, with a quid of tobacco in his cheek,—passed a most rigid examination with great credit, and was dismissed with the assurance that he had acquitted himself equally to their satisfaction six months before,—"but we were determined," said they, "not to pass you till you were cured of your puppyism, which will not do for a sailor."

James's ship being paid off at the peace, want of health and the desire of seeing his friends brought him, then a youth of twenty-five, to Scotland. He found his father engaged with Lord Marr in measures for the insurrection of 1715. Earl Colin's affection for the Stuarts had not chilled beneath the snows of more than sixty winters; he thought his example might induce others to join the Prince's standard, and the venerable enthusiast was prepared to hazard once more, and on this last cast, the life he had

so long devoted to the Stuarts' cause; and "those," to use the words of his granddaughter, "those who know the manner in which a Scotsman's heart leaps at the sound of the trumpet, when it calls him into the field to assert his monarch's hereditary right, will know how impossible it was for Colin to resist its impulse."

"It was with grief," proceeds our well-remembered relative, "that James saw his father plunging himself deeply in a cause which his own heart would have rushed forward to join, had he conceived there was any hope of success. Every habit of his infancy, every prejudice of his nature, attached him to a family under which his own had been so much advanced, but he saw in the Chevalier de St. George (as he wished himself to be called) a prince so unsupported by friends, allies, resources, or experience, either in politics or war, that he augured ill of the attempt, and, like Cassandra, he spoke his prophecies in vain."—"As, however," to use his own words, "he found his father inflexible, he would not desert him, especially as our poor country was recently betrayed and sold,—its liberty and independency, so nobly defended for ten ages, given up to a nation who were never our friends, and this done by a parliament, in opposition to the general voice and petitions of every town and county in the whole nation; this rebellion, then, seemed to him as the only means left to recover our lost liberty." "In good men," continues Lady Anne, "a love of their country is a principle congenial with their nature, but with my father it was a passion which took the lead of all others,—applying himself to this chance with every exertion of his powers, nothing was left untried." "He and his friend the Master of Sinclair, with the help of others, levied three troops of gentlemen, who acted as common soldiers; he was one of the three captains of this body; they acted as soldiers at the battle of Sheriffmuir,—five squadrons of dragoons ran away before three squadrons of them; they kept together and in order, acting with the greatest gallantry, and, when the Highlanders returned from the pursuit, upon the left wing being beat, they had these squadrons to rally to; this saved the army, and Lord Marischal, by order of the Earl of Marr, came to their front, and thanked the whole body for their behaviour."

All was at last undone; the Prince fled the country, and almost every family which had joined in the insurrection was ruined. "Here," says Lady Anne, after mentioning the Prince's flight, "before we land him safely in France, let me say one word in favour of the Scottish nation, of poverty, and of human nature. Though 100,000*l.* had been offered for the head of this young Prince, taken dead or alive, no Highlander or Lowlander could be found so greedy, poor as they were, as to betray the unfortunate Chevalier, who passed on to the seaside through bands of people, all of whom knew him, and had but to lay hold of him to be protected and enriched.—Of his companions in arms, some were pardoned, though of these the numbers were very few, some banished, and their estates forfeited; others were executed, in spite of the tears and entreaties of their wives and families; and some, the objects of particular resentment, had their heads posted up with ferocious policy at Temple-bar, to mark to the citizens of London, as they passed under them, the fate of REBELS,—for they had not then Adam Smith, that enlightened philosopher, to define the word 'rebel' to be one of those poor devils who happen to have taken the losing side."

All hope being over, and Colin's head being in danger through his share in the insurrection, the Duke of Marlborough, without any solicitation, wrote to General Cadogan to do whatever was in his power to save his old friend. The Duke of Argyle, to whose father Colin had been of service in the low estate into which he had fallen in King James II.'s time, was also favourably disposed. After Argyle's execution in 1685, and the ruin of his family, his son, the Duke's father, was in London, and in extreme want, when Colin, interceding with King James, had procured him a pension of 800*l.* a-year.* "A good turn," says the proverb, "is never lost." The Duke, by whose exertions the late rebellion had in great measure been suppressed, and who was eager to do what he could for his father's friend, agreed with Marlborough, that, on Lord Balcarres' surrendering himself, they should send him to his own house, with a single dragoon to attend him, on which understanding he gave himself up, and remained at Balcarres till the indemnity.†

* *Earl James's Memoirs.* † *Memoirs of Lady Anne Barnard.*

"My father,* on the other hand," says Lady Anne, "felt no anxiety respecting results, but left his interest in the hands of his partial aunt, Lady Stair, who was at Court, and solicited a remission for him, under the plea of his having been in some degree constrained to follow his father in the rebellion; which remission being granted," (accompanied with a lieutenant's commission in the Royal North British Dragoons, or Scots Greys, commanded by his uncle, Sir James Campbell,) "all was supposed to be forgiven and forgotten."

Earl Colin spent the rest of his days at Balcarres. "The night-gown and slippers," says his granddaughter, "which formed the first jest of his married life, formed the solace of his old age; he never wore any other dress, but gave himself up to the love of letters, and added to his library." Sibbald, in 1710, describes Balcarres as "a large and fine house, with gardens, great enclosures, and much planting. He" (Earl Colin) "has a great bibliotheck here; he has caused build a handsome village below his house, which is named after himself, Colinsburgh."†—Sixty years had elapsed between his residence as a boy at Balcarres in Cromwell's time, and his return thither in that of George I.; he had survived the oppressor of his childhood, the benefactor of his youth; the memory of Charles and his gay Court, to which the "light Lindsay" had once been such a distinguished ornament, seemed as a dream to the aged and "decourted" statesman; Lauderdale, Sir Robert Moray, James and his Queen, Argyle, Dundee—all were gone; William of Orange, his private friend and political enemy, was gone too; Mary and Anne were dead and forgotten,—he had flourished and fallen with the House of

* "When all was undone, James was concealed till he could find means to go abroad. His aunt, the Countess of Stair, who loved him, represented him to General Cadogan as one who was in arms only upon account of his father. Cadogan sent her a remission to James, got by his and Lord Stanhope's request to the King." *Earl James's Memoirs.*—His concealment was in the Castle of Newark, now ruinous, near the picturesque old town of St. Monan's, about three miles from Balcarres, and then belonging to the Anstruthers. One of the young ladies concealed him in a secret room communicating with her apartment, and situated near the leads of the house. She feigned a ravenous appetite, the cravings of which increased to such a degree that she declared she could not endure that any one should see her eat,—she had all her meals brought to her room, and the supply her voracity required served to satisfy both.

† Sibbald's *Hist of Fifeshire*, p. 358, edit. 8vo.

Stuart, and withered under that of Hanover; after seven years of tranquillity, and preparation, I trust, for eternity, he died in 1722, in his seventy-third year, "much lamented by his children and friends, who passionately loved him,"*—and was buried with his fathers in the chapel of Balcarres. †

"One of the handsomest and most accomplished men of his time, a man of letters, but fond of pleasure, and pleasure's favourite,"‡—warm in his affections, grateful to his benefactors, impartial in his judgment whether of friends or enemies, unswerving in faith to his Church and his King—a rare praise in that age of perfidy, when favour was to be won, on the one hand from James, on the other from William, by apostacy,—and one of the few who have dared to tell the truth to princes—such was Colin Lindsay, "the elegant and learned Balcarres." §

* *Earl James's Memoirs.*

† "Colin's second son and successor happening to have also married when an old man, a grandson and a granddaughter of the favourite of Charles II. are still in the land of the living. The excellent Lord Bishop of Kildare (born 1760) and his sister Elizabeth, Countess-Dowager of Hardwicke (born 1763), children of James fifth Earl of Balcarres, are both, in February, 1846, able to tell the strange story, that at their grandfather's (first) marriage King Charles gave away the bride." *Quarterly Review*, tom. lxxvii. p. 480.[a]

‡ *Lady Anne Barnard's Memoirs.*

§ Chambers' *Hist. Rebellion of* 1689, p. 114.—Earl Colin was fond of Art as well as books. Several pictures of the Dutch school collected by him during his residence in Holland are still in the possession of my father.

[a] Since this was written, the venerable Bishop has fallen asleep in God.

CHAPTER XVII.

" O amor! O nascens belli virtutibus heros!
O Britonum gentis publica spes et amor!
Lindesiique simul spes sola atque unica stirpis,
Quàm tua tota domus te moriente cadit!"

ELEGY ON JOHN EARL OF CRAWFORD.

" When young, I boldly drew my sword
In my sold country's cause, and now in age,
Unable to relieve, lament—deplore."

JAMES EARL OF BALCARRES.

" A memorable age,
Which did to him assign a pensive lot,
To linger 'mid the last of those bright clouds
That on the steady breeze of honour sailed
In long procession, calm and beautiful."

WORDSWORTH.

SECTION I.

EARL Colin was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Alexander Master of Balcarres, described in his brother's memoirs as " tall and strong, beautiful and indefatigable, of a cheerful and benevolent spirit,—he seemed to love, and was justly beloved by all men for his integrity, vivacity, and goodness. He had entered the army at an early age, and served in Lord Orkney's regiment in Flanders from 1707 to the end of the war, was in all the battles and most of the sieges during that time, was wounded at the siege of St. Venant, and was looked upon by all as an active, intrepid, and skilful officer."—A spirited reply of his is still remembered and cited in illustration of his character. A portion of the British army, in which he had a command, besieging a town in Flanders, was in its turn threatened by a superior force. Voting under these circumstances for perseverance in the siege, he was asked, " What then have we to retreat upon?"—" Upon Heaven!" was his reply,—and they ultimately took the town.* The smooth and

* Information from the Right Rev. Bishop Low.

lofty brow, contrasting, in his portrait, with the stern, haughty, compressed lip—the ideal with the practical struggle of life—the one all inspiration, the other defiance—bear witness to this character, and remind one of the early likeness of Dante.—"He was in Ireland with his regiment," continues Earl James, "at the time his father and brother were in the rebellion, which made him lose all hope of favour or preferment in the army; he came home, and married Miss Elizabeth Scott, daughter of Scotstarvet,*—a woman of uncommon merit and virtue, who loved him and his family, and was beneficent to it even after he was dead."

The only one of his letters (with the exception of the last he ever penned) that I have been fortunate enough to discover, affords an instance of the affection with which she concurred with her husband in comforting his aged parent on some occasion when his mind had been painfully agitated by the difficulties that loyalty had entailed on his family. "It was heavy to me," he writes, "to see my dear father so uneasy when I parted with you; let me beg of you that you'll be a little easier, and be persuaded that there is nothing in my power shall be wanting to contribute to your ease and quiet, and that it will be the greatest pleasure of my life to make yours as agreeable as I can, which both nature and gratitude oblige me to."—He proceeds to entreat him, when in want of money during his absence, to apply to his wife for it as readily as he would to himself, and to spare his shyness by communicating his wishes (which she was prepared to comply with) through "the Bishop,"†—a reverend friend, then domiciled at Balcarres, whose sacred character would, alone, have ensured him a welcome in those days of persecution.—"For God's sake, my dear father," he concludes, "take care of yourself, as you regard the satisfaction of your children—and I may with safety say never son had more kindness for a father, or [with] more reason, than I have,—all the blessings of heaven and earth be with my dear father!"

Earl Alexander needed the philosophy of a Christian to lighten the difficulties into which the reverses of former years had plunged his family. His estates were deeply involved, and, preferment in the army being closed against the son and brother of a rebel, it was not till the year 1732 that he attained the highest military

* In 1718.

† The Bishop of Glasgow, I believe.

rank he ever enjoyed, a company in the foot-guards. Two years afterwards he was chosen one of the sixteen representatives of the Scottish peerage, an honour he did not long live to enjoy, being called from this world to a better in 1736.

He, too, had a friend—one whom his father's mother would have deemed worthy of that sacred title—one whose name is associated with all that is excellent and amiable—Duncan Forbes of Culloden, the well-known Lord President of the Court of Session,* by whom the following letters were received shortly after

* "Duncan Forbes," says Lord Woodhouselee, "was in all respects one of the most eminent men of his time. His learning was extensive and profound, reaching even to the Oriental languages;[a] and he had that acuteness and subtilty of parts which is peculiarly fitted to the nice discriminations of the law, but which was always regulated in him by the prevailing principles of his nature, probity, candour, and a strong sense of the beauty of virtue and moral excellence. . . In the eloquence of the bar Forbes outshone all his contemporaries; for he united to great knowledge of jurisprudence a quickness of comprehension that discovered to him at once the strong ground of argument which he was to press, or the weakness of the doctrine which he wished to assail. When raised to the presidency of the court, the vigour of his intellect, his patience in the hearing of causes, his promptitude in the despatch of business, the dignity of his deportment, and, above all, the known probity and integrity of his mind, gave the highest weight to the decisions of that tribunal over which he presided. When to these qualifications we add an extensive acquaintance with human nature, acquired and improved in a most active public life, and uniformly directed to the great ends of promoting the welfare and prosperity of his fellow-citizens, and discharging his duty to God and to his country, we shall have some faint idea of the character of Duncan Forbes."—"In his person," says the editor of the 'Culloden Papers,' "Mr. Forbes was elegant and well formed. . . As a husband, father, and brother, he was exemplary; and as a master, affable and indulgent. . . No man was in society more divested of care, or merrier, 'within the limits of becoming mirth.' . . In his friendships he was sincere and very steady; and those of any merit, with whom he had in the early part of his life been intimate, never found that his elevation to fortune or office occasioned the smallest coolness or distance in him. . . To his friendship the first families were often indebted for advice and assistance; and not a few confided to his integrity the care of their children. . . His knowledge of mankind was deep and extensive; and no man had studied with more success the peculiar character and motives for action of the Highlanders; which gave him great weight among them. This was increased by his boundless generosity. . . He was a sincere believer in, and defender of, the Scriptures, and the doctrines of Christianity; from which he derived a steady incentive to that virtue which he loved and practised throughout life, and rays of comfort in the hour of death."—Such was Duncan Forbes, "one of the greatest men," says Bishop Warburton, "which Scotland ever bred; both as a judge, a patriot, and a Christian."—For further details respecting the life and character of the Lord President, I may refer to the interesting biography lately published by Mr. Burton.

[a] He is said to have read the Bible in Hebrew eight times over.

his friend's decease; the former written by Lord Balcarres on his death-bed, the latter from the house of mourning by his successor.

"My dear Lord, "Balcarres, 20th [July, 1736].

"I know upon these occasions it's imagined by some people something should be said, but, as I know both our sentiments upon this subject, I let it alone. With my latest prayers I pray to God to preserve you and yours, and that everything that is happy may attend you. I return you my sincerest acknowledgments for all your favours and goodness to me since the first day of our acquaintance.

"I go out of the world quite undisturbed; that's a satisfaction they cannot deprive me of. Only one thing disturbs me, the situation of my family in so straitened a way.—Let me, my dear Lord, recommend to your protection my wife and my brother; I know I need say no more to you upon this subject. May the blessings of heaven and earth ever attend you, my dear Lord!

"Adieu!"

"My Lord, "Balcarres, July 27, 1736.

"I have lost my loved and worthy brother, and you, my Lord, have lost a sincere and faithful friend. He preserved his understanding to the last, and left the world with a mind clear, easy, and undisturbed, the effects of a life honestly and honourably spent.

"Four days before he left us, he took his farewell of all his friends, then caused raise him up in his bed, and, with his feeble hands, writ a letter to you, full of love, gratitude, and esteem, recommending his family to your protection,—then called for me, and spoke of you with the utmost tenderness, and desired me to seek your friendship as the most valuable thing he could leave me.

"This, my Lord, is a legacy can give you nothing but trouble, and yet I am persuaded you have generosity enough to accept of it.

"I have not a heart to offer you of near his value, but, such as I am, allow me to be always

"Your devoted, humble servant,

"JAMES LINDESAY."*

The legacy, I need scarce say, was acknowledged, as it deserved to be, in a kind letter from the good President:—"No man," says he, "feels more sensibly than I do the loss which you, his friends, his family, and indeed the whole country, have made by the death of your poor brother; the value he put on my friendship in thinking it worth bequeathing to you is honourable to me, though the request, with respect to you, was unnecessary, because you had possession of it long ago, by an undoubted title, your confessed worth."

Lord Balcarres having left no children, his brother succeeded to the family inheritance, still embarrassed by Jacobite debt. Blessed, however, with resources in himself, that rendered him independent of the world, and with a guardian angel in his beloved sister, Lady Elizabeth, he was fairly to be accounted happy. A man of deep and ardent feeling, the love that he had shared between his brother and his sister became concentrated on her after that brother's death; both indeed being invalids, they loved each other with a degree of tenderness more resembling that which we may suppose the spirits of "the just made perfect" feel for each other in heaven, than the commonplace affection of busy mortals on earth; they lived each in the other's heart, and were all the world to each other. The following letters (which no one, I believe, but myself, has perused since the death of the correspondents) will, I think, be interesting to the descendants of the one and the collateral relatives of the other, who traditionally reverence the brother as the last of the old knights of chivalry, the sister as the model of all that is amiable and excellent in woman.

The remembrance of the year "fifteen," I must premise, was a constant bar to Earl James's promotion; and when he quitted the army after thirty years of hard service and hope deferred, neither

* Printed (now for the first time) from the originals, kindly presented me by Sir Charles Ross, Bart., of Balnagowan.

the good-will of Sir Robert Walpole, nor the interest of his two uncles, Lord Stair* and Sir James Campbell,† then at the head of the army, had availed to advance him beyond the rank of a subordinate officer.

LETTERS, 1738-39.

To James Earl of Balcarres.

"My dear Brother, "Edin., Jan. 14 [1738].

"I had yours from Stilton, but how sadly was I disappointed to find you have disagreed so much with the coach in which I had so much comfort with the thoughts of its easiness and the Brigadier's‡ care of you; I heard, after you was gone, that he carried up his coach for no other end but your conveniency. I shall be very unhappy till I hear you are at London, and well. As for your affairs, they give me no disturbance; I make no doubt but you will be provided for; your life and health are all my cares; and indeed I have no hopes nor fears in this world but about you, nor is there any other idol in my heart now but yourself, so that you can do me no other good but by taking care of yourself. There is no occasion for my advice as to sobriety and regularity,—I wish you did not find those virtues so necessary; but I must entreat you not to be uneasy about your circumstances and affairs; the bad consequences anxiety had with our dear friend that is gone§ makes me mention this to you, who may think you have the same reason for it; but a serene mind being the chief cordial of life, it's best to make sure first of that, however other things may go.

"My mother has been ill with the cold, but is now better. I wish you may remember to write to Lady Stair; you know she

* John, the second and celebrated Earl of Stair. He married Lady Eleanor Campbell, youngest daughter of James second Earl of Loudoun, and sister of Earl Colin's last wife. She was the widow of James first Viscount Primrose, and died at Edinburgh, 21 November, 1759.

† The gallant Sir James Campbell, third son of James second Earl of Loudoun, —Lady Balcarres' brother,—and grandfather of the late Dowager Marchioness of Hastings, in her own right Countess of Loudoun.

‡ Sir James Campbell.

§ Earl Alexander.

was always very fond of you. . . Sister Kingston* is still very bad, loaded in body and spirit.

"May all blessings be ever with my dear! Adieu!"

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, at the Countess of Balcarres'— Canongate, Edinburgh.

"Feb. 22 [1738].

"I should write oftener to you if I had more spirits, but they are often oppressed, and thinking becomes troublesome to me. I can't say I am any worse than I was, but am loath to write to any of you without being able to tell you I am better, or that there is any alteration in affairs. Till two or three battles more are fought in the House of Commons, nothing will be minded. I was at one of them last night, till eight o'clock; the patriots had a mind to reduce part of the army, which the other side did not think convenient. All the first speakers opened, and with full animosity on both sides; I suppose they hated one another at least as much as they loved the public. There will be yet a warmer contest on Monday; they have a mind to have the same settlements made on the Prince that the King possessed while he was so; this is a subject that may give many uneasiness.

"I shall be glad to get away from this busy scene as soon as possible, for none can have less pleasure in it. I have no reason yet but to expect things will be tolerably well; if not, it will give me no great pain. I observe no study forms a philosopher so well as infirmities,—they cure us of all the passions that disturb the world; they put us in mind daily that we are men, and make us think of futurity; they fill the mind with humanity, and make us sensible of the ills of others as well as our own,—could men think when they are in health as they do when they want it, they would be the best folks to make bishops of. I don't know why I write this to you, who have ever been the same, and who seem to have no imperfection but too eager a desire to be better than, I believe, is expected from human nature,—but I write to you whatever comes uppermost.—Adieu."

* Lady Anne Lindsay, Earl Colin's only surviving child by his second wife, Lady Jean Carnegie,—widow of Alexander fourth Earl of Kellie, and James Seyton, third Viscount Kingston, attainted in 1715.

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

"London, June 28 [1738].

"I had my dear sister's; you will be longing to hear from me, and as yet I have nothing to tell you can satisfy your curiosity, but that I think I am rather something better in point of health, and I believe the world will make no great alteration upon me, go how it will; the men who are most intimate with L. I.* tell me there is nobody more in his favour, and that he has a sincere intention to do me good, and it's all my hopes.—My brother's friends have barely shewn me common civility since I came here, nor did I expect more from them than he met with. The Court is now gone to Richmond, and will be in ten or twelve days at Hampton Court; when they are there, I intend to pass a while with our agent, who has a little house and family hard by it, and will now see what I have to expect from them.

"You wonder how I get sillar to live here,—your wonder will cease if you consider me as a well-dressed hermit; I have passed more of my time alone this winter than ever I did in my life, and, far from feeling any uneasiness by it, I think I have seldom been in more tranquillity, when not disturbed by indisposition. I have a single friend here, who lives with the same abstinence as I have done of late; we eat milk, and laugh at the follies of the world, without ill-nature.

"I am going to the country with L. I. in a day or two, but shall not stay. Make my compliments to sister Kingston; I am glad she is recovered: and say to our other friends whatever is fit for me to say.—Adieu!"

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

"My dear Betty, [1738.]

"I had yours last post,—it would have given me great pleasure, if you could have told me you were well. It's long since we had any correspondence together; I believe it has not proceeded from any great diversions we have met with; I fancy neither of us have met with anybody since we parted we like more

* Lord Ilay, brother and successor of John Duke of Argyle.

than each other. It's as troublesome to me as it can be to you that we have not met; it was thought necessary I should attend here, and yet it's very possible I had as good have been absent, for there is no more appearance of anything's being done than there was, and it may possibly continue so till the next session of Parliament.

"This place is now quite without company; one may be as much a hermit in it as in a desert, yet I never find myself at a loss in the disposal of my time. I commonly ride in the forenoon, dine alone upon milk and vegetables, free from the noise and tumult of taverns, and find the sentiments of the dead much more instructive and entertaining than the fellowship of most of the living; yet, when I have a little spirit, I do not decline that neither; I have many coffee-house friends, and several families where I am always welcome. . .

"I am glad to hear Willie* does well, but hope my mother will not keep him longer in Edinburgh than is fit. I am afraid the ladies, as well as the Earl,† are not so wise as they ought to be; it's inconceivable how any one who has common sense can make themselves feel poverty in the country; it's vanity that seems to make most men unhappy,—almost every one wants to make a figure that neither fortune or nature intended them.

"I am thinking to leave London some time next month . . ." [Rest torn off.]

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

"London, April 6, 1739.

"I have long suspected my dear Sister was worse than they told me; your last lets me see my fears were too well grounded, and nothing could touch my heart nearer, for I have but few attachments to the world left, and you are one of the strongest. Our distempers are so much alike, and I have so often thought I was at the brink of the last stage, and yet have mended, that I would fain hope a better air and warmer weather may yet relieve you.

"I am uncertain yet of the time I shall get away from this

* His nephew, William Fraser. † Of Kellie.

place. It will be as soon as I can; if I cannot get them to do something that's honourable for me, it will be my choice to quit all expectations from them; as there is nothing vacant at present, I do not think fit to hurry them in what they propose for me.

"It surprises me to see you write with so much spirit, and yet in so low a condition; when I go out of tune, my spirits are always much oppressed. I would imitate you at present in your style, and yet I shall have no real cheerfulness till I hear you are mended, which God grant, though I believe it's a prayer more for the benefit of your friends than your own.—My dear Betty, adieu!

"My duty to my mother, and services to friends."

LETTERS, 1742-44.

To James Earl of Balcarres.

"My dear Brother, "Edinburgh, April 27 [1742].

"I see you have got none of our letters but that my mother wrote last; it is no matter,—you can hear nothing from me but discontent, trouble, and dread of your going abroad. I thought it a good Providence Lord Stair was gone before you got to London. I hope God will disappoint every project you can have of leaving your own country. I have lived upon the hopes of General Campbell's not suffering you to do it; all the world will condemn him if he do, but I'm afraid some folks think only for themselves—I wish you would do so too. I always thought, till now, you had believed the character of being a wise man preferable to any other; can any be thought wise enough that does not consider what they are able for? You write to my mother to make herself easy with the thoughts of your being in the last war without being hurt,—had you the youth, health, and strength of those days, the argument would be good, but now it is none, for it is your want of those things that makes me miserable.—My earnest desire of keeping you may appear selfish, because, without you, I'm destitute of any comfort or support from this world;

but though I was sure of dying to-morrow, I would have the same sentiments. All your friends at Newliston* are of my mind, as everybody must be that knows how you live. You never tell us how you are in your health just now,—I know it too well, for I have observed you, for some time past, always worst in summer. May God overrule you in all things, and take care of you, for it does not appear you have many friends; if you had any, they would shew themselves at this time,—but I hope God will do all, and bless and preserve you.

"My mother is in the same way you left her,—there is nothing else to be expected now. Do not neglect to write, though I'm afraid of every letter; nothing can make me easy except I hear you are not to go abroad. I'm pretty sure none of your generals would stir a step, were they in no better health than you are. I can never be reconciled with your doing a thing that no other mortal would do were they in your case. I could write by hours upon this subject, and you know too well all I say is true. May God direct you—Adieu!"

To James Earl of Balcarres.

"My dear Brother, "Edinburgh, May 4 [1742].

"I had yours last post; this is the third time I have wrote,—I would do it every day, could my letters be of any use. You judge rightly in thinking I have been ill, nor can I ever be better till I hear you are not going abroad, for that torments me night and day. Everybody here thinks it impossible a man of your sense can be capable of such a thought, except you had better health than you have known these many years. You tell me you must try if you be able,—do you not find every day that you are scarce able to live at home, with all the care and abstinence that's possible? Can you endure the fatigue that other men do, without being able to eat and drink as they do? Had you health, and was in a station any way suitable to your age and rank in the world, I would not be so unhappy. For God's sake, think on these things, and take care of a life so dear to your friends and so necessary to your family. You desire

* Lord Stair's.

me to submit to the will of Heaven,—that 's what we all ought and must do when once we know it, but none could persuade me I was obliged to go a journey when I found myself not able to walk, nor can I believe it 's the will of God you should do a thing you find yourself so unfit for. Had your great folk some of the infirmities that others feel, they would be more humane. I see a high station makes great alterations in some people's way of thinking—this war, that was thought so bad a thing last year, is now approved of; I 'm indifferent what they think or do,—if they would order you home, I should forgive them for all other things. I hope God will send you back in peace, disappoint my fears, and give us a soon and happy meeting.

"Adieu, my dear!"

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

"Gravesend, July 21, 1742.

"I writ to my mother before I left London. We came here yesterday, and immediately got our whole regiment aboard, without any accident. The General embarks in one of the King's yachts,—I shall go in my transport, with my troop, thinking, as Cæsar, that it's better to be first in a village than the second in Rome. I have better health than for the most part of the time I was at London, and find no pain in this work but the trouble it will give you, and that will soon have an end, for it's doubtful that we take the field this year,—if we do, I am hopeful I shall get about Lord Stair. Lord Loudoun* goes to him from this, and offers to propose it to him. I seem to be well enough again with our friends, though I thought I had reason not to be well pleased. The wind is fair, and, if it continues, we shall not be above a day in going to Ostend. Be easy, and I hope all will be well.—We are in continual hurry here, so, my dear, adieu!"

* John fourth Earl of Loudoun, son of the third Earl by Lady Margaret Dalrymple, Lord Stair's sister.—He died, unmarried, in April, 1770.

To James Earl of Balcarres.

"Edinburgh, 24 July [1742].

"I wrote to my dear brother, Tuesday last, but, after having got yours, I did not send it, because I see you are fully determined to go,—all that you can say to make me easy has no effect; nothing less than a miracle that would give you the health you have so long wanted can make me content with your absence. I should be sorry you knew how heavy my heart is, a weight too much for so weak a body. You say you will endeavour to get out of the army when you are abroad, but I'm afraid you will do as little that way when there as you have done at London. I see little good the grandeur of our relations has done you, except the trusting to them may have made you neglect to make friends that might have been of use to you. I have given over writing to your General; he gives me no occasion for gratitude or thankfulness, but puts me upon the more difficult virtues of suffering and forgiveness, the last of which, I'm afraid, I shall not attain to till I see you.—You do not tell us what day you are to go, so I thought you might get this ere you leave London. My end in giving you this is, to beg and entreat you, by all the love and affection you have for us, and for God's sake, give over thoughts of staying in the army; you say it's so right and honourable to go—I must say no more, but I am sure it will be more wise and just to yourself and family to come back:—as for the opinion of the world in general, I think no more of it than of the wind that changes every hour. Mr. Scott told me you were still troubled with that deafness which you had when you left us; had you no other infirmity, that alone would make you unfit for the hurry and noise of the world. Your uncle has given his word that, if you are not well when abroad, he will send you immediately back; I do not expect that fatigue and all the inconveniences that people in your way must meet with will do you good, so, for God's sake, come back before winter. I earnestly entreat you, write often, since it will be all the comfort I have in this world to live upon. May the blessing of Almighty God be ever with you, as my heart and prayers is for your preservation. Adieu!

"You needed not have given yourself any trouble about the watch; I neither care for it nor anything else, except you had brought it with you."

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

"Audenarde, Aug. 30, O. S. [1742].

"I have not neglected to write to my mother, nor my dear sister, since I was here,—this is the fourth, but, except one I had from you, which you expected would reach me before I left London, I have had no letters from Scotland, and it makes me uneasy, considering your poor state of health and the uneasiness of your mind,—which indeed was unreasonable upon my account, since I have held out very well, and been as active in the care of the regiment as any one; but, in spite of all we can do, we have many of our men sick of fever and agues, and, I think, entirely owing to the love of brandy and drinking, which has so miserably taken possession of the whole commons of Britain. We have, by severe and repeated punishments, got it stopped, and our men begin to recover; of the officers of the two regiments none have been ill. We are still as uncertain as ever of the time of taking the field, and of the views when there; they are reasonable and wise men who govern, so we have nothing to do but be easy and obey.

"Our town is as poor and as quiet as Cupar, and [with] as little to divert a stranger. We saw two poor nuns yesterday take the vows, with all the ceremony, music, and dress, of a marriage; you will not pity them, who have felt so much of the ills of life, and so little of its pleasures; it seems to me a heinous crime to persuade any one to quit the world who is capable of sincerely renouncing it.

"I shall not be easy till I hear from you. . . Make my compliments to our friends, and hope we shall meet again ere it be long. Adieu!"

To James Earl of Balcarres.

"My dear Brother, "Edinburgh, Sept. 2 [1742].

"I got yours last week, of the sixth,—long, long was I thinking for it! . . I thank God you have held out so well,

and I thank you for telling me so. Was your body equal to your spirit, I should not have so many fears, for, though you have had strength to do all this in the good weather, it would not do in bad. . . I think myself obliged to your princes for diverting you, and to the nuns for singing to you, and to every creature that does you any good. I believe the princes with you are as poor as the nobles with us, but the nuns, I fancy, live better and are merrier than I have been for most part of my life. . . Sister Kingston is ill again, and sees nobody. My mother had yours, last post, of the 20th,—she gives her blessing to you; may God bless you, and bring you home in health and in peace! Adieu!—

"O write often!"

To James Earl of Balcarres.

"My dear Brother, "Edinburgh, 5 Oct. [1742].

"I am always very unhappy when we are long without hearing from you,—we have had no letter since one dated the 30th of August, and, though you said then you was well, yet I'm still afraid you say more of that than is true, in compassion to the weakness of my mind and body. I wonder you had got none of our letters; my mother has wrote often, and I have done it thrice, for I know you are always pleased to see that I am not dead; it will contribute much to my living, if you will now be thinking of coming home again,—it is very strange to hear of your taking the field at this time of the year, when everybody is taking their beasts from it, that they have any care about.

"You say you have wise governors; I pray God their wisdom may appear,—as yet it is a mystery, and, though we must believe mysteries and receive them from heaven as good, because we have no capacity to understand them in this life, [still,] as to the affairs of this world, we think it a bad sign of anything when it must be a secret. I should have little concern in all their projects if you was from amongst them. Your great ones have great hopes, good health, and good pay, and are in no danger but the fate of war, but you have many hazards from your bad constitution, fatigue, and bad weather; for God's sake be thinking of these things before the winter come on. Lord Stair is now so great a man, it will be easy for him to do a small favour for a friend,

and get you off handsomely. . . Sister Kingston is bad of her old illness. The girls have been all summer in the South with their uncle Harden,*—he is very kind to them. . . My mother continues pretty well; she gives her blessing to you. May all blessings be ever with my dear brother!

"Adieu!"

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

"My dear Sister, "Ghent, Nov. 9, 1742.

"I have just now got my mother's, of the 23rd last, and have no pleasure equal to hearing that you live, and the hopes of meeting again. I observe your letters come more regularly here than mine to you, for I think I have not been a week without writing to you or my mother. I writ to my sister† ere I left Audenarde, for I have been here near a fortnight. I came to see Lord Stair, and to know what I could expect from him; he has a multitude of affairs upon his hands, and never without a crowd about him. I was with him some days ago, before he was out of bed, and complained to him of the treatment I had met with from the ministers his friends; I told him I believed he had some good will to me, that I was tired with acting in a low station, and unable to bear the drudgeries of it, and, if he could not get me into a better, begged him to help me out of the army; he said he thought it would be the best thing for me.—We were interrupted by some of the generals, and I have not yet spoke to him of the manner of getting it done.

"It would have saved me a great deal of trouble and expense, if this had been done before I left Scotland, but a little pride is the last thing we get rid of,‡ and I thought something

* Mary and Anne Scott, the children of John Scott, Esq., of Harden, by Lady Jean Erskine, Lady Betty's niece. Their father died in 1734, and was succeeded by his uncle Walter, whose kindness is alluded to in the text—the grandfather of the late venerable Lord Polwarth.—Mary Scott was popularly called "the Flower of Yarrow," a title originally bestowed on her beautiful ancestress, the wife of the renowned "Wat of Harden," in the sixteenth century. See the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' Canto 4, Note 11, and 'Marmion,' Canto 2, Note 3.—A full-length portrait of the second Flower of Yarrow is said to be preserved at Hamilton Palace.

† Elizabeth Countess of Balcarres, the widow of Earl Alexander.

‡ "Plato saith, it is the last coat which a wise man doth put off." Barrow's *Sermons*, tom. i. p. 85.

was to be done for the honour of our family and myself before I had done with the world, and could not but hope the power of our relations would be of some use to us. You will be better pleased as it is than otherwise, and it gives me no pain. Some time in winter I hope to be in London with General Campbell, and to get home in the spring.

" My dear Betty, adieu ! "

To James Earl of Balcarres.

" My dear Brother, " Edinburgh, March 10, 1743.

" I had both yours, one dated the 2nd of February, from Ghent, and one of the 13th, from Tongres ; it is good in you to write often, since it is all the comfort I have in this life in your absence to hear that you are tolerably well,—that you are perfectly so is, I am afraid, more than you can say. You know every foot you have gone from this has been against my will, and still, the farther you go, I am the more dissatisfied and discontent.

" I am afraid all our letters, giving you the accounts of poor sister Kingston's death, have miscarried ; she died the 4th of February, in a manner most comfortable to herself and all about her ; it might have convinced an infidel to have seen her, for you know she was all her life terrified for death in every shape, but, when it came, she was perfectly satisfied and easy ; all her lowness of spirits and former complaints left her, for which she was very thankful, and left this world full of faith and hope.

" My mother gives her blessing to you—may all the blessings of heaven and earth be with you ! I no sooner get one letter from you than I long for another. . . Mrs. Sharpe gives her blessing and her service to you. . . Mr. Hunter* blesses you — may Almighty God do it ! Adieu ! "

The Countess Dowager of Balcarres (widow of Earl Colin) to her son, Earl James.

" My dearest Son, " Edinburgh, April 18, 1743.

" I got yours of the 6th of April two days ago, which I was longing prodigiously for, not having heard from you since

* The Episcopal clergyman, I believe.

that you writ to my daughter Balcarres;* and what doubles my anxiety is, I find you have not been well, which makes me beg you, for God's sake, that you would think of coming home, for you have not a body fit for the army.

"As for poor Betty, her health has been but very indifferent; I believe her anxiety about you adds to her illness, and I find myself weaker than I use to be, which is no wonder at my time of life, but I pray Almighty God preserve you, who is the support of us all,—whom I may justly say my life is bound up in. So, praying God that we may have a soon and happy meeting, and that all blessings may ever attend you, I shall now say no more,—so, adieu, my dearest son!"

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

"Hock's Camp, near Frankfort, May 20, O. S., 1743.

"I writ to my dear Sister the day before we left Aix, and likewise to my Lady Balcarres. I was not then well,—the hurry of the march (which was sooner than I expected) had disordered me; I mended on the road. General Campbell led us, and offered me his coach, but I had no occasion to use her. From very bad weather we stepped in at once to summer, and marched most of the way through a very fine country, and are now encamped on one of the most delightful spots of ground I ever saw, the sides of the river Maine being all covered with vineyards and fruit-trees. I have lain in my tent near a week, and find yet no harm in it. Lord Stair and General Campbell are in good houses four miles distant upon our right; I seldom see either of them, and find no great want in it, as with some of the other generals and my companions I find myself as well as I can wish, and possibly may be again so with them too.

"I could not write to you sooner, having been upon duty these five days past. Yesterday I crossed the river with the command of a hundred horse, and had Lord Stair and all the generals under my potent protection; they went to mark out the ground for laying bridges and forming a camp on the other side of the river, and we cross it in two days, and the whole army will be assembled

* Widow of Earl Alexander.

in ten or twelve. We expect the King is to come to us from Hanover, and then we shall begin to see what is our aim; at present we know as little as you do. The Austrians have had some considerable advantages lately in Bavaria, and the French army near us have detached a large party of their army to stop their progress; this may induce us to move nearer them, as soon as our army is joined. Our greatest difficulty is our subsistence, as the French have magazines and we none; but the goodness of our troops and the skill of our generals will, I hope, remedy all things.

"You have been much against all my military steps I have yet made, but I hope the conclusion will be better than you expect, and, though otherwise, no conclusion can be bad to one who does his duty and endeavours to be well with his Maker,—it's my only wish, and, while I do live, to live with some honour.

"I got yours some days ago here, and kissed it with that kind of spirit folks have here when they meet with some famed relic,—only with more reason, as being sure it contained but good sense and affection to me. You think this twelvemonth past I have been deceiving you,—I did not. When I came to London, I thought, and reasonably, as my two uncles were at the head of the army, they would either get me preferred to a station where the duty was easier, in the army, or, from my ill health, have helped me out of it; at the end of the campaign, I hope I shall be able to make out the one or the other, even though I have no aid from my relations, and I hope I shall be able to go through with it.

"Give my affectionate duty to my mother; I am afraid she is not well,—not from the words of her letters, but her hand is changed.

"I am in plenty here, though I have five servants, ten horses, a cart, and variety of fine clothes; a sutler feeds the whole officers, and there is a cheerfulness and vivacity in camps that supplies the want of politer conversation. I have scribbled out all my paper—my dear, adieu!"

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

" My dear Sister, " Camp at Hanau, July 4, N. S.

" I hope my letter to Lady Balcarres, the day after our scuffle,* will come to hand. . . I have stood out all this hard work with the sturdiest; no one yet has done an hour's duty for me, and I have often for others; it will, I think, be of no other use to me but to be pleased with myself, which I never could be but when in comparison with others.

" I enquired after Sir J. Sharp† (the regiment had marched)—he was rid over by a musquetaire, but not hurt. Charles Colvin, your friend,‡ is well too. Frank Stuart is shot through the body, but out of danger. Captain Campbell of Monzie died yesterday. Peter Lindsay's son is well.§ The President's son, a cornet, when the regiment was running away, would not move, and called them villains for leaving the King's standard.‖ Lord Crawford¶ behaved nobly and wisely; he had a ball pierced within an inch of the sound leg. All lament Clayton; the success of the day was much owing to him. Young Jamie Ross** escaped narrowly; he was mistaken and shot through the crown of the head by the Austrians,—he is quite well again.

" My services to all friends, and my kind duty to my mother. I shall not neglect writing as often as I can, which is seldom, as our regiment is always on the right of the line. Doubt not but we shall meet again. Adieu!"

* The battle of Dettingen, 16 June, 1743.

† Sir James Sharpe, of Stonyhill, Bart. ?

‡ Charles Colville, second son of Alexander (by right) sixth Lord Colville of Culross, by Mary daughter of Sir Charles Erskine, of Cambo, Bart., sister of the second and third Earls of Kellie. He died at Edinburgh in 1775, in his 86th year.

§ John, subsequently Lieutenant Colonel John Lindsay of the 33rd foot, and military Mentor of Earl James's son, Earl Alexander,—the second son of Patrick Lindsay, M.P. for Edinburgh, and representative of the Eaglescairnie branch of Kirkforthar. Patrick and Peter are interchangeable names by ordinary Scottish usage.

‖ John Forbes, afterwards Laird of Culloden, " a sensible and honourable man, and a very brave officer of cavalry."—*Culloden Papers*, Introd.

¶ The gallant John twentieth Earl of Crawford.

** Grandson, probably, of George Ross of Galston and Lady Christian Campbell, sister of the aged Countess of Balcarres.

To James Earl of Balcarres.

" My dear Brother, " Edinburgh, July 17.

" The anguish of soul I suffered can only be known by those who have felt the like, from Monday the 27th last, the day on which we heard of your battle; I sat like one dreading a sentence of death (though I always had hope, on which I lived), till Saturday, that I saw, by yours to Lady Balcarres, that you was safe, and had made a narrow escape,—for which I will ever thank God, and trust in Him that He will preserve you, as in time past. The only thing in which I desire to have the preference to you is, that I may get out of the world before you, which would be a desert to me, without a friend and without comfort; may I never be in such a state!

" We have it in this town to-day that the French have left you,—I heartily wish you would leave them too, and let those have the glory of these achievements who think a great name will make them happy. I'm sure you think they have a better [chance] for being so, who seek it in peace and a quiet mind, which a wise man may attain without hardship and the hazard of your lives. Much are you wanted to your own poor family,—as for me, I can have nothing without you, so that it takes a great deal of my christianity to pray God to forgive them that suffered you to go. You will think I am full of discontent,—it is my profession to be so, while you are in a low station, fatigues, and dangers.

" Mr. Hunter alway blesses you and prays for your return,—oh that it may be soon! Lady Balcarres shewed much concern about you after we heard of your battle till we knew you was well, which endeared her much to me. My mother gives her blessing to you,—may all the blessings of heaven and earth be with you!"

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

" Hanau Camp, July 19, O. S.

" I had my dear Sister's, of the 19th last, with the same pleasure they always give me. I writ since to my mother. We have continued here since the French left us in great tranquillity,

and are in no danger but from luxury and intemperance, which are enemies that will not hurt me. We have had a great deal of rainy and bad weather,—now it's better; a canvas house, at such times, is but a bad habitation, yet I have not lain out of one since we crossed the Rhine. I but rarely leave the camp except to go to Crawford, who quarters in a village near me, and is much my friend; but his wound has again broke open, and makes his reputation and fortune of little value to him. . . I was at Court two days ago to see Prince Charles of Lorraine, Kevenhüler, and some of the Austrian generals who have got so great a reputation by their indefatigable industry and wise conduct; I believe they came here to persuade us into an invasion of France in conjunction with their army they left about forty miles from us; it is generally thought they have not succeeded, and, in that case, it's probable our troops will, ere long, repass the Rhine, with the few laurels our country has paid so dear for. I am almost of opinion a well-dressed field of wheat is preferable to a wood of them, even after all our labours.

"I have but just time to tell you I am well, and to bid you, if you can, to be well,—and farewell!"

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

"Camp near Mentz, 7 Aug., O. S., 1743.

"I was longing much to hear from my dear Sister, and got yours yesterday, of the 17th last.—How can you throw away so many soft words upon me? I wish you had full health, and that so much tenderness were more naturally employed, if one could be found to deserve it,—till then we must e'en continue to love one another.

"If battles cost us no more than the last, we need not care how many of them we are in. I am mistaken if, in all my letters, I did not tell you our regiment was not engaged; we had two lieutenant-generals at our head, who did not think fit to stir from the ground where we were posted, with two other regiments of dragoons; all the other British horse and dragoons were unskilfully led up and repulsed, yet soon were in order again, and it is certain, after the enemy gave way, their whole army must have been lost, if they had been well followed. There is a great deal

of chance in all military affairs, and a weakness often attending the wisest heads to bring about the ends of Providence.

"I had my mother's, and a very kind letter from my sister Bal. You will tell her how much I was pleased with her concern for me. Be now easy about me; I doubt not but ere long you will hear of our moving again towards Flanders. Take care of yourself, and I doubt not ere long we shall have the pleasure to meet again. My compliments to our friends, and, my dear, adieu!"

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

"Worms, Sept. 4, N. S.

"We had a piece of news last night will surprise many, though it did not me. Lord Stair has resigned the command of the army,* and leaves it in a few days. I saw well, by the complaints were made immediately after our battle, how things must necessarily turn out; he yet keeps his regiment and government,† and, if he is wise, will pass the rest of his days in quiet. I am little interested in this affair, for I can have no enmity with Lord Stair, nor had I the least mark of favour since here, notwithstanding the professions you know I often had of friendship from him. Lord Dunmore, Honeywood, and General Campbell, they say, are to direct the army.

"My duty to my mother, and services to all friends, and, my dear, adieu!"

[*James Earl of Balcarres to John Earl of Crawford.*

"Mayence, Sept. 13, 1743.

—"I am undetermined what to do—probably to embark from Rotterdam for Scotland, and afterwards to try to get leave to sell my commission, though it will be a hard choice,—but as our family has hitherto produced none but men of worth and honour, I can no longer bear being treated as if I were without either,

* In consequence of the preference shewn to the Hanoverians, through which Lord Stair found his authority reduced to a cipher. He was reappointed Commander-in-Chief the following year.

† Of Minorca.

and drudge on a captain, after having been thirty-seven years an officer, and lived in peace and war without reproach.

"I do not know whether General Campbell will think it fit to ask the King leave for my going to Aix; if he has, when you casually speak to the King, as I see you do it with freedom, may you not mention me to him as having been once your lieutenant, and the length of my services, and, as I believe you can answer for me, my fidelity and zeal for his service? I shall not resolve to quit the army till I consult you, who I look upon as my most real friend.

"I suppose you will take the air where you now are till your retreat to Flanders; if you had anything to do, I should die with sorrow from being unable at present to have a share in it. I have tired you with the length of my letter, but you would forgive a greater trouble from one who is from the heart your affectionate and devoted servant,

"BALCARRES."]

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

(From Aix-la-Chapelle, after a severe illness, 2nd October.)

—"I cannot say but I feel myself much mortified by having flagged after all our hard work, but, as I did my best, I shall be consoled there too.

"I use the baths in the mean time, which I am sensibly the better of. The company is almost gone, but I have got still one English gentleman, extremely agreeable. Lord Bolingbroke and his lady are here too; I had a visit from him this morning.

"My duty to my mother, and services to friends; and, my dear, be easy, and farewell!"

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

"Aix, Oct. 25, N. S.

"I writ to my dear sister immediately after I came here, and since to my mother a few days ago; I was afraid you might hear of my being ill, without knowing from me I was recovered; I have had no relapse since I came here, and am now as well as at any time since I came to Flanders. . . I have not yet determined

upon anything further than that only necessity can oblige me to make another campaign as a captain. If the game goes on, I must throw up the cards, being now both too old and too infirm for war. I doubt I will be obliged to be in London to transact the parting with my commission, which, I believe, I can now get leave to do."

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

(Still from Aix-la-Chapelle.)

"I live here with no company but books; my philosopher, I told you I was so fond of, is gone for Italy; he has a good estate, goes there every winter, and keeps, he says, as near the sun and the best company as he can, and as far from care. I have still in the house an old general, worn out, but still sensible and wise; his wife the remains of a beauty, and seems to have been always a good friend to his aid-de-camps; she will have me to be in love from walking so much, being so lean, and talking so much upon the subject; if I was younger, I believe she would undertake to be my physician.

"My duty to my mother, and, my dear, adieu!"

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

"Aix, 2 November, 1743.

"I have been here now more than two months; the first letter I wrote was to desire you to write to me here; I have writ either to you or my mother four times, and I have had no return, and begin to doubt if my dear sister still lives,—I am sure I could not well live without you. I had one from my mother some days ago, of the 29th September, and was glad of it, for it's the only one I have had these three months; the different movements of the army, I suppose, has made you uncertain how to direct letters.

"Our army has now all passed by here in their way to their winter-quarters; these long marches and late campaigns are yet more ruinous to armies than battles. I intended, when I first came here, to have gone soon directly for Scotland, but could not

go to Britain without leave, and I got it not till General Honeywood passed here; it's now too much winter for so long a voyage, and seems likewise more reasonable, since I intend to leave the army, to be in London to make the most of my commission. We shall have enough to do our business, if we can get folly out of our heads, but, alas! how difficult to part with folly, the amusement, the darling, the joy of our little lives! How heavily do the wheels of time move without her! A mistress once fond of we can never entirely forsake, but we may change her dress and her manners for one more suitable to a country life, and try to reconcile the lady to peace and innocence.* You will not wonder I write to you in this strain when I tell you I have read over a collection of ten volumes of French novels since here; these good people seem to make the best of the 'foresaid lady, and, of all nations, to dress up their amours and other pleasures with the most delicacy, and yet we were all almost enraged we did not near exterminate them this campaign, when so much was in our power.

"I think I shall not be much longer here; I should have marched with General Campbell, but the place, the waters, and Lord Crawford made me stay. The General has behaved in a very kind manner to me ever since our battle,—had he not sent me into Mayence, I think I should have ended; he loves and esteems you—write to him a few words to Ghent where he commands; he is in better esteem with the army than any of our other generals,—it is not saying a great deal.—My kind duty to my mother, &c."

* The praise of folly was a favourite theme with Earl James.—"I forget," says he, in the conclusion of a letter to his wife many years afterwards, "I forget what author makes it a question whether mankind are more miserable or ridiculous; he determines upon the last, and justly. Old age needs little more than innocence and peace, yet passion or folly attends us to our last moments. I shall never part with the charming folly, if I can help it; she makes us love ourselves, it is the reverse of her, dear Annie, that makes me love you."—"I am not yet free from folly," he writes, on another occasion, to his mother-in-law, "nor desire to be. Montaigne says, old age stands in need both of wisdom and folly to mitigate the evils attending it. To an honest mind the last seems best, as the little wisdom we are capable of produces doubts and inquietude."

To James Earl of Balcarres.

" My dear Brother, " Edinburgh, Nov. 25.

" Well might you think I was dead since you say you have been three months without hearing from me; nothing but a total incapacity could have made that my fault,—many a long scrawl have I wrote to you;—base must they be that have kept my letters to you, since the hearing from you has been the only solace of my comfortless life since we parted. The first I had from you from Aix I answered next day; I was too full of passions to be silent at that time,—of sorrow to see how ill you had been, of fears you might grow worse, and joy to find you alive and so much better. You gave me hopes then that you would have been with us ere now, but, by your letters after, I saw you would go to London; I believe you are in the right,—I shall not grudge that, nor anything else that can facilitate your getting quit of the army. I thought never to have troubled General Campbell any more with my letters, but, since you desire me, I shall write to him when I hear you are come to Britain; till then, I will not be in good enough humour to do it. You say nothing to me in your last about your health; I hope you are tolerably well because you write of folly with some taste. I believe she does little harm to those that are wise enough to see her; her votaries still believe her wisdom, when with them.

" I shall long much till I hear you are come to London; wherever you are, may God be always with you, to direct and preserve you! Adieu, my dear brother; my mother gives her blessing to you—may all blessings be with you!"

To James Earl of Balcarres.

" Edinburgh, 10 Jan. 1744.

—" I take it very kindly that you thought I was dead rather than believe me capable of being for months without writing to you after the many kind and merciful letters you have wrote,—for we have had seven from you since you have been at Aix."

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

"My dear Sister, "Aix-la-Chapelle, Jan. 7, N. S., 1744.

"The weather has been so extremely bad this fortnight past, that I have not yet been able to begin my journey, and deferred writing to you from day to day, till I could tell you I was set out. I have got a chaise to carry me to-morrow to Maestricht; three days more will bring me to Rotterdam, and I hope the packet-boat to London, where, I believe, my only aim will be to have a little tranquillity at home, and free of the many different cares we have had since parting.

"I cannot express how painful it is to me to have heard nothing of you nor my mother since I was here; though my motions were uncertain, I remember I desired twice to you and my mother to write to me here, and, considering your low condition, I have many fears I shall hear from you no more. Were it not for this uneasiness, I believe I should have stayed some weeks longer here, being well lodged, and with my friend Crawford, and averse to be in London without any other view but the poor one of selling a little commission after the many campaigns I have made. I find myself the better of having used the waters here, and hope still to have some spirit left, in whatever situation it pleases Heaven to place me.

"You will not neglect to write to me to London, as soon as you get this. and to give my duty to my mother, and my services to our friends.

"My dear, adieu!"

To James Earl of Balcarres.

"My dear Brother, "Edinburgh, Jan. 26.

"I got yours two days ago; my mother would write then, but I must do it now, for I'm sure it would give you some pleasure if you knew the satisfying quiet your return to Britain gives to my anxious mind, a satisfaction I have never known since we parted. It is wonderful how Almighty God has brought you through so much hardship, sickness, and difficulties, and convinced you how unfit you are for that way of life; while I

live, I shall be thankful for your preservation! . . When you write to Mr. Hunter, I beg you may return him thanks for his friendship to me, and for the great concern he has always had for yourself in your absence,—so much it was, that, when I made him read your letter, giving me account of your progress from the time of your leaving the army to your coming to Aix-la-Chapelle, he wept like a child for you; his wife says she shall pray always for you till your return. . . I never have nor will yet tell my dear brother how I ha[ve suffered] since you left me; I will give y[ou no] such welcome in my first letter.

"Farewell! May all happiness ever attend you! My mother gives her blessing to you."*

They met again, I believe, but it was to part for ever; within two months after he received her last letter, his beloved sister was no more. Yet her token surely was, like Christiana's, "an arrow sharpened with love,"—the God she trusted in spared her till her brother's return to close her eyes in peace and thankfulness. "She died," says Earl James, "unmarried, although extremely handsome, with the completest merit. She had a long tract of ill health, yet ever serene and cheerful, always entertaining from wisdom and the brightest imagination, yet never known in word or deed offensive to any one, as piety and goodness regulated her whole life. She appeared to the author as the most perfect pattern of agreeable virtue he ever knew among mankind." †

And now he stood alone on his hearth—by the death of the last Lindsay of Edzell, the chief of his clan, but the last of his race. He, probably, found little difficulty in reconciling himself

* However interesting the preceding correspondence may be to the family, I might have doubted its being so to others, but for the judgment of the Quarterly Review, thus expressed:—"His (Earl James's) letters to his only sister, Lady Elizabeth, and hers to him, during these long weary years of hope deferred, are most affecting compositions—painting the deep simple earnestness of the domestic affections, so honourably characteristic of their country and family, with an effect which no ideal representations of poetry or romance could surpass." Tom. lxxvii. p. 481.

† *Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres.*

to the necessity of making another campaign before he could get quit of the army. He succeeded at last in effecting his escape from this thankless servitude, but not till after the battle of Fontenoy, in which his gallant uncle, Sir James Campbell, received a mortal wound. After the field of Dettingen he had been represented to the King as a man deserving a higher rank, but "the meanness of the man on this occasion got the better of the dignity of the monarch; he fell into a passion, and told the minister that he had occasion to know before that no person who had ever drawn his sword in the Stuart cause should ever rise to command, and that it was best to tell Lord Balcarres so at once.* There," observes his daughter, "he was right, but he ought in justice to have told him many years sooner. This, and other mortifications, the suite of early transactions, disgusted his mind with Kings and Courts, without diminishing its sweetness towards mankind in a body.

"The price of his commission," continues Lady Anne, "and some thousand pounds bequeathed him by the son of his aunt Lady Henrietta, enabled him to pay off a debt of five thousand pounds left by Colin on his family estate, the unavoidable consequence of the multiplied reverses which his fortunes had sustained. This act of love and duty performed,—tired out with fruitless service, with thwarted ambition, with vague hopes, he retired to the solitude of Balcarres,—there, with a few trusty domestics who had accompanied his fortunes, the old library of books, which had made chemists and philosophers of all the moths in the castle, and a mind so replete with ideas as to fear nothing from vacancy, he quietly reposed himself.

"Had the honest people who composed his society possessed discernment to know the treasure they had acquired, they would have blessed the illiberality of George, who had refused him that rank which many years of faithful service then entitled him to.

"The accomplished gentleman, the reasoning philosopher, the

* His own account of this application and its result is very simple:—"He was represented to the King, by some of the generals, as deserving a better rank, but it was then remembered he had carried arms against him in the rebellion. Finding this irremissible to him, as it had been to all others, he resolved to quit the army as soon as possible."

ardent soldier, the judicious farmer, and the warm partisan, my father argued on everything, discussed everything, with fire and ability; but concluded every subject with the beauty and wrongs of the fair Mary Queen of Scots, and with the base union of the two Crowns, which had left the peers of Scotland without Parliament and without consequence.

"These were topics of inexhaustible disapprobation. No guest escaped from his table without his sentiments being sounded, and, whether opposed or not, Lord Balcarres always ended in a passion, and was sorry for it till he sinned again. That which made his greatest difficulty was the old attachment of a Jacobite amidst the habits of a Whig; his blue and white as a seaman, his scarlet and yellow as a soldier, shut up his lips from abusing the reigning government, though the old Jacobite adage, 'when war is at hand, though it were a shame to be on any side save one, it were more shame to be idle than to be on the worst side, though blacker than rebellion could make it,' had justified his conduct in all its line. Certain it is, that, while he fought over again the battles of George I., his eye kindled when the year fifteen was mentioned, with an expression that shewed his heart to be a faithful subject yet to the old Tory cause.

"He had not long remained in this retirement before he found that there was something wanting which he could not define. 'It is not good for man to be alone,' says the great Judge of all things. His neighbours, though well educated for country gentlemen, as most of the Scots are, had no ammunition to bring into the field against such a man as my father. Past occurrences had left his fancy full of animated recollections, but they were the same day after day; some new source of satisfaction was wanting, and, willing to discover what it could be, he left Balcarres to drink the waters of Moffat at about fifty miles distant.

"It was there that he met with Miss Dalrymple, and her charms made him soon forget every pursuit but that of love.

"She was fair, blooming, and lively; her beauty and embonpoint charmed my dear, tall, lean, majestic father. At sixty he began to love with the enthusiasm of twenty-five, but he loved in Miss Dalrymple not the woman she really was, but the woman he thought every female ought to be; and with this pattern of ideal excellence he invariably associated the remembrance of his

favourite sister Lady Elizabeth, who had died ages* before that period, but, though dead, she still continued his model of perfection; her picture was looked up to as the relic of a saint, and her gentleness, mildness, and indulgence so lived in his heart and fancy as indispensable to what was charming, that he never supposed it possible that Miss Dalrymple should not be equally tender, accomplished, and complying. His extreme deafness, perhaps, might have aided his mistake; he saw with the eyes of his heart, and listened with the ears of his imagination; but, though the excellent Miss Dalrymple had no resemblance in mind or manners to Lady Elizabeth, she had a set of sterling qualities more fitted to the situation into which my father wished to draw her.

"She had worth, honour, activity, good sense, good spirits, economy, justice, friendship, generosity—everything but softness. Fortunate it was for him that this was wanting, for, had she possessed as much of feminine gentleness as she did of vivacity, she would not have been found by him at the waters of Moffat, with her heart free, and her hand unsolicited.

"Lord Balcarres had now discovered what it was that he stood in need of; that it was the society of a charming princess to add to that of his books,—a princess less unfortunate and more alive than our old friend Queen Mary.

"But though Miss Dalrymple respected and looked up to him, she was not disposed to pass the bounds of gratitude for his marked admiration of her. Lord Balcarres was almost sixty, and, what was worse, the world reckoned him eighty! Though his aspect was noble, and his air and deportment shewed him at once to be a man of rank, yet there was no denying that a degree of singularity attended his appearance. To his large brigadier wig, which hung down with three tails, he generally added a few curls of his own application, which, I suspect, would not have been reckoned quite orthodox by the trade. His shoe, which resembled nothing so much as a little boat with a cabin at the end of it, was slashed with his penknife for the benefit of giving ease to his honest toes;—here—there—he slashed it where he chose to slash, without an idea that the world or its fashions had the smallest right to smile at his shoe; had they smiled, he would

* Five years only.

have smiled too, and probably said, 'Odsfish! I believe it is not like other people's, but as to that, look, d'ye see? what matters it whether so old a fellow as myself wears a shoe or a slipper?'

"The charms of his company and conversation carried with them a powerful attraction to the fair princesses whom he delighted to draw round him,—for I ought to have mentioned that my father's passion for Queen Mary gave royalty to the sex, in order to account for a phrase I have often repeated, while his total want of knowledge of the world, in which he had never lived, might have laid him too open to the arts of those princesses, had not Providence directed his choice.

"This, however, was a character which could only be taken in the aggregate. Lord Balcarres had proposed,—Miss Dalrymple had not courage to accept; she refused him,—fully, frankly, finally, refused him. It hurt him deeply,—he fell sick,—his life was despaired of. Every man of sense may know that a fever is the best oratory a lover can use; a man of address would have fevered upon plan, but the fever of my simple-hearted father was as real as his disappointment. Though grieved, he had no resentment; he settled upon her the half of his estate—she learnt this from his man of business,—he recovered, though slowly,—and in one of those emotions of gratitude, so virtuous at the moment, but which sometimes hurry the heart beyond its calmer impulse—she married him." *

* *Memoirs of Lady Anne Barnard.*—Lady Balcarres was the daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castleton, eldest son of Sir Hew of Northberwick, Lord President of the Court of Session, and who had died before his father.[a] The widowed Lady Dalrymple and her daughter had arrived at Moffat the night before Lord Balcarres, and they and Lord Balcarres were invited to the same party. It was at the house of a Mrs. L——, who had an unmarried niece. In the early part of the evening the young ladies were playfully speculating as to their success in captivating Lord Balcarres, but "you need not give yourselves so much trouble," said Miss Dalrymple, laughing, "I know he will fix on me." She had never then seen him. When he made his entry late in the evening, Mrs. L—— said to him *en badinage*, "My Lord, here is choice for you!" naming the young ladies present—and her niece. His eye glanced with the keenest eagerness at each of the fair circle; he came round, and, to Miss Dalrymple's dismay and astonishment, laid his finger on her shoulder, and said, "I fix here!" Lady Dalrymple and her daughter imme-

[a] Sir Hew was the third son of the first Viscount Stair, the celebrated author of the 'Institutions,' the text-book of Scottish lawyers.

"She brought him," says he—and this testimony it would be unjust to both to give in other than his own words—"an approved merit, with all the ornaments of beauty. She gave him a numerous offspring and all other blessings. Possessed of the rational and natural felicities so overlooked in this vain world, he became thankful to his Maker for his disappointments in the visionary aims that so disturb the minds of men."*

SECTION II.

Two months after this happy marriage, Lord Balcarres had the misfortune to lose the friend and fellow-soldier so affectionately mentioned in the preceding correspondence, John, surnamed the Gallant Earl of Crawford—in his day one of the most distinguished soldiers in Europe, and whose brief but brilliant career marks by the strongest contrast the political difference established between Whig and Tory, Hanoverian and Jacobite, during the earlier half of the eighteenth century.

While Earl James is settling into a domestic character at Balcarres, you will not, I think, be uninterested by a slight sketch of the fortunes of his celebrated kinsman and contemporary.

He was born on the 4th of October, 1702,—the son, as I before mentioned, of John nineteenth Earl of Crawford, who died in 1713.

Losing his mother in infancy, and his father in childhood, the charge of his youth devolved on his grand-aunt, the Duchess Dowager of Argyle, at whose house in the Highlands he resided, under the superintendence of a private tutor, till of age for the university of Glasgow.† His amusements were hunting—follow-

diately returned to Edinburgh. Lord Balcarres followed them, obtained a formal introduction to the young lady, and proffered her his hand and heart.—The remainder of the story is told in the text.

* *Memoirs.*

† Rolt, his biographer, relates "a little incident of love," during this his residence in Cantyre, "with a young Highland shepherdess, in whose company he frequently amused himself as he was playing about the hills; which so imperceptibly stole upon his young heart, as to create all the warmth of a fond innocent passion for his dear pretty companion; his affection being so strong that he could not be restrained within doors, not even to meals, which he was accustomed to make

ing the hounds on foot over the mountains, and sailing in a small Norway boat. His military predisposition soon evinced itself; Quintus Curtius and Cæsar were his favourite authors; "nor could any one," says Earl James, "have more the spirit or application fit for a soldier,—and this with a most amiable and beautiful person, that was beloved by all who knew him."

After two years' study at the military academy of Vaudeuil, in Paris, he returned to England, and, in 1726, was appointed to a company in one of the additional troops of the Scots Greys, commanded by Lord Balcarres' uncle, Sir James Campbell, who bore him an almost paternal affection ever afterwards till his death at Fontenoy. From this epoch too, his friendship with Lord Balcarres probably dated.*

He was now looked upon as one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the age. "He was not tall," says his biographer, "but graceful, strong, and active; a fine shooter, a masterly fencer,† an expert rider, and an elegant dancer,"—in which last character he was noted for his noble way of performing the "Makinorsair," or ancient Highland war-dance, "habited in that dress, and flourishing a naked broadsword to the evolutions of the body," a dance which has now completely disappeared.‡ "So celebrated was he for his performance, that he was requested to dance it before his Britannic Majesty, which he did at a numerous Court,

on her oaten bread; and his lordship has often declared that the harmless recreations which he partook, and the pleasing sensations he enjoyed, in the company of his little shepherdess, made a stronger impression upon his mind than all the gallantries of the politer world, and all the pleasures of a court." *Life*, &c., p. 41.

* It is to this period that Lord Balcarres refers, "as having once been" his "lieutenant," in the letter printed *supra*, p. 225.

† "As to fencing, it was his delight, because it continually furnished him with military ideas; but," after one engagement in early youth, "he never exercised his sword in a real private engagement, for he thought duelling the most execrable custom that ever was introduced among society. He had as much personal bravery as any man, and he was fond of shewing it in a glorious manner,—that is, in the plain open shock of battle, where he sought for honour and where he declined no manner of danger; but he found there was something so rash and barbarous, so impious and inhuman, in the fashionable and pernicious practice of determining trivial points of honour by duelling, that he held it incompatible with true bravery, and inconsistent with the character of a soldier, whose sword should be devoted to the honour of his King, and whose blood should stream only for the service of his country." Rolt's *Life*, p. 90.

‡ Stewart's *Sketches of the Highlanders*, tom. i., App. p. lxviii.

to the great satisfaction of the King and company. He afterwards performed it,"—(and for the last time, being a little before the battle of Krotska,)—" at the request of General Linden, before a grand assembly of illustrious persons at Comorra, in Hungary, habited in the dress of that country, which became the dance exceedingly well." *

After a campaign, as volunteer, with the imperial army under Prince Eugene,† succeeded, as it had been preceded, by two years of hard study, he sailed for Petersburgh in April, 1738, with the intention of serving as a volunteer against the Turks,—a warfare in which he seems, from his correspondence, to have sincerely considered himself a crusader in the cause of Christianity. His name and character were already well known in Russia; the Czarina Anne Iwanowna, niece of the great Peter, received him with much kindness, and offered him a regiment of horse and the rank of lieutenant-general in her service, which he declined.‡

He started for the army about the middle of May, and after a fatiguing and dangerous ride of nearly a thousand miles, across a country almost impassable,§ reached, though with much difficulty, General Munich's quarters. Three actions rewarded his enterprise, in the last of which (fought on the 28th of July, on the Dniester) he accompanied the Calmucks, with whose khan, Donduc Ombo, and his son, Goldonarmi, he had struck up an intimate friendship, his skill in horsemanship at once proving a passport to their esteem. " In this last engagement," says Mr. Rolt, " he shewed as much agility in charging and retreating as if he had been educated among the Tartar nation; he sabred one of the

* *Life*, &c., pp. 88, 92.—His personal strength was also very great,—see p. 89.

† On the morning of the battle of Claussen, (17 October, 1735,) his young and dear friend, Count Nassau, hearing he had gone on a reconnoitring party, galloped after him, and, just as he was coming up, was mortally wounded by a musket-ball in the forehead, within a few yards of him. During the action that ensued, he lay in great agony in a cottage to which he had been removed, on an eminence overlooking the field of battle; at his desire, his servant watched the battle from the window, and described its vicissitudes,—the young warrior, less fortunate than Ivanhoe, died the next day. *Life*, p. 82.

‡ He there bought his favourite Spanish barb, killed under him at Krotska.

§ The diary of this journey, dictated by Lord Crawford and corrected by his own hand, a large folio, is now in my possession, with various other journals and military MSS.—the bequest of my kind relative Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford, sister of the last Earl of Crawford of the Byres line.

enemy, whom he stripped of his arms, and brought his bow, together with his quiver full of arrows, with him to England. He acquired great reputation among the Calmucks, and became thoroughly acquainted with their singular manner of fighting."*

All this was not mere adventure; he sought for military wisdom and found it everywhere; nothing in the field escaped his eye, and every interval of rest was spent in study and in writing his observations on the campaigns he served. Had Providence spared and given him an opportunity of bringing his theories into practice in the service of his country, he would have introduced the same system of rapid marches and sudden attacks by surprise, to which Bonaparte, in after years, principally owed his success. He was constantly projecting and contriving methods for facilitating such marches and simplifying the incumbrances of the soldiers, it being his firm opinion that a change in the system, as then established, would, at least for a time, give a decided advantage to the army which adopted it.†

The season being now far spent, and the Turks too strongly entrenched on the opposite bank of the Dniester to admit of the Russians' passage, Marshal Munich retreated to Kiow, and Crawford, after accompanying him for three weeks, finding that nothing more was to be undertaken, parted with him and rejoined his old friends, the Imperialists, riding post through Moldavia and Hungary to Belgrade. On the army going into winter quarters, he attended Prince Eugene to Comorra, where, and at Vienna, he passed the winter very agreeably between the society of his friends and his private military studies.‡

* *Life*, p. 131.

† To his Calmuck experience is perhaps to be referred a desire equally decided for the partial re-introduction of archery, which, he thought, would go far to restore the ancient superiority of the English arms.—He had also a scheme for creating "a company of heroes to every regiment," of light horse, "in the Turkish and Tartarish manner."—"I shall conclude this," he says, "as I do all my other works, as only hints till more is required of me, or, if never desired, to serve greater geniuses, who may be more fortunate."—The above schemes, he says, "I intended at my own expense to bring about, by contriving secretly before a review all the above articles, as one would incline the King should appoint them to the army; all which, being assembled," would avail more "than by talking years about it, and cannot, I should think, be taken ill, since it is shewing at my own expence the best intentions for his Majesty's service."

‡ *Life*, pp. 429-432.

But the day was at hand when this gallant eagle was to be brought down from his pride of place. He rose often on the wing afterwards—his eye was bright to the last, looking to the sun, but the arrow was in his side, drinking his life-blood.—I allude to the wound at the battle of Krotska, which, after many years of excessive though intermittent suffering, at last carried him off while still in the prime of life.

He had rejoined the army, under Marshal Wallis, at Peterwaradin, in the spring, particularly attaching himself to his old acquaintance, Prince Waldeck, lieutenant-general of the infantry. They marched in the highest spirits towards Krotska,* and were approaching the enemy's outposts about three o'clock in the morning, when Lord Crawford, who had reconnoitred the ground the night before,† rode up to the commander of the vanguard (composed of Rascians and hussars), and, warning him of their near neighbourhood to the enemy, advised the maintenance of strict silence during the rest of the march. They had scarce advanced fifty yards, before a body of Turks attacked them with musketry from a wood that overhung both sides of the defile they were entering into. The whole body of Rascians, except ten or twelve men, instantly fled. Crawford, shouting their war-cry, "Heide, heide!" put himself at the head of the handful that remained firm; they stood but a moment, and, looking back and seeing their companions in flight, followed their example, throwing

* Lord Crawford's account of the battle of Krotska, with the sequel of the campaign, &c., is printed in Mr. Rolt's work, pp. 179–230.

† "The Earl of Crawford," says a writer, describing this battle, "was the first that discovered the enemy in the churchyard at Krotska, and attacked a small post they had on a little hill, about two hundred paces from the church," accompanied merely by four cuirassiers, though he was presently "joined by about fifty horse volunteers and others;" the Turks retreated "as well out of the church as out of the village, and got quite over the brook of Krotska." In spite of Crawford's warning, the general who commanded retired instead of keeping his ground, which if he had done, "it is probable the Ottomans would have retired entirely to Semendria, where they must have attacked us with greater disadvantage than we did them at Krotska; for they were resolved to give battle, and the choice of ground is a battle at least half won. The Earl of Crawford gave one of the troopers a horse instead of one that was wounded under him, and to each of the other three he gave six ducats as an emulative encouragement; and indeed he was so beloved and esteemed by our soldiers, that they thought no danger could happen where he led; for they had as high an opinion of his prudence as of his valour, which was almost too much." *Life*, p. 165.

Lord Crawford's groom into a dry ditch, as they rushed past him. The last of them having retreated, Crawford, believing his servant was killed, returned through the defile and joined Palfi's cuirassiers, who were at that moment advancing to the attack.

The defile being carried and the armies meeting beyond it, he was charging the Turks like an old paladin of romance, when, in the thickest of the fray, his gallant and beautiful Spanish charger (a loss he never forgot) was killed under him;* an officer supplied him with another, but he was immediately afterwards desperately wounded by a musket-ball, which, entering on the outside of the left thigh, about three inches below the hip-joint, entirely broke the thigh-bone, the strong resistance of which flattened and cut off a part of the bullet.

Falling to the ground, his friend Count Lucchesi had him carried off by some grenadiers, who set him on a horse, and led him out of the immediate scene of the battle,—in which condition his servant found him about eight o'clock, holding the mane of his horse with both his hands, without his hat, and deadly pale. "The groom," says Mr. Rolt, "instantly leapt from his horse and ran to his lordship, who seemed agreeably surprised to see him again,—though he appeared to be in great agony as they conducted him towards the defile where he had been deserted by the Rascians early in the morning, and where some of the imperial army were yet marching up to the engagement."

Prince Hilberghausen's body-surgeon passing by, and knowing Lord Crawford, examined his wound as he sat on horseback; he hastily bound it up, put a bandage on it, and hurried off in search of the Prince, who had sent for him. The servant followed to ask his opinion concerning his master's wound; "He will not live three hours" was the answer.

Lord Crawford was then conducted a little farther up the defile,

* "As he was a most excellent horseman, so his love for horses was exceeding great; he always lamented the death of his beautiful and generous Spaniard."—"It was a beautiful black horse, whose noble behaviour in the field was afterwards frequently commended by his lordship, who used to say, that he was of opinion, if his Spaniard had not been killed, he might have escaped the wound he received; and when any of his acquaintance mentioned the Spaniard to his lordship, he generously regretted him by saying, 'Oh my beautiful Spaniard! he was a fine soldier's horse indeed!'" *Life*, p. 270

till the plaster was washed off by the great effusion of blood; they met another surgeon, who again bound up the wound, and, seeing his lordship very weak through loss of blood, gave him a little brandy to strengthen him.

"His lordship," continues Mr. Rolt, "endured inexpressible torment by the whole weight of the leg hanging only by the muscles, which was aggravated by the motion of the horse, whereby the shattered bones, lodged up and down in the fleshy part of the thigh, grew so very painful as to make him entreat his servant to lay him down anywhere on the ground, and let him die in peace; but, as they had not all this time made above four or five hundred paces from the seat of action, and being in a narrow defile where it was impossible to get out on either side, besides the imperial troops coming constantly along, the servant persuaded his lordship, if possible, to have patience till they came to the least opening where they might quit the road and sit down; which his lordship endeavoured to do,—but, as he repeated his former desire, his servant obeyed and laid him down on the bank of the defile; when Count Lucchesi's servant wanted to return to his master, but, through persuasion, stayed a little longer, and permitted a man to ride the horse his lordship had been on, to the camp, with an order for his sleeping-waggon to come up immediately.

"In the mean time Dr. Pratti, an Irish gentleman, and protomedicus of the army, came past; who knew his lordship, pitied his misfortune, cut open his boots and breeches to examine the wound, and put fresh plasters on it, giving him good hopes of recovery, which proceeded more from friendship than from his real sentiments. As a great many of the wounded came by his lordship, and gave information that the imperialists were giving way, the doctor persuaded him to get out of this hollow road, for fear of being trampled to death, if the forces were obliged to retreat; at which time the Prince of Waldeck's black running footman, with one of his hussars, who was riding a Turkish horse he had made booty of, and leading his own, very fortunately came by, who readily offered their assistance to their master's favourite friend; upon which the officer's servant was dismissed, and his lordship was remounted on horseback, his own servant and the running footman walking on each side of him, and the hussar rode

before leading the horse, while Dr. Pratti went on to the field of battle.

"They had scarcely advanced two hundred paces with his lordship when some cavalry came up. His lordship's servant kept on the side of the horse next to them, and earnestly entreated they would not ride too near; but having fresh orders to march up as fast as possible, they came rushing so violently by, as to push away the servant; and thrusting back his lordship's sound leg, they tumbled him off his horse, when he fell upon his belly to the ground; but as the troops had then the humanity to stop till he was remounted again, he discovered a painful smiling countenance, as if it was at their barbarity in occasioning this fall, and also at the heap of misfortunes which surrounded him in one day,—though he gave no utterance to the least angry word; but as the principal officers of both the infantry and cavalry passed by, with most of whom his lordship was acquainted, they would cry out, 'My dear lord! I am heartily sorry for your misfortune!' to which he replied, with a brisk voice, 'I thank you, and wish you better success!'

"To prevent the like misfortune again, the footman mounted behind his lordship, and held him in his arms about one hundred paces further, when they came to a rising ground, where they found a little opening to the right, and conducted his lordship out of the defile about twenty paces from the road, where they took him off his horse, and seated him in the lap of his own servant, who waited for the sleeping-waggon, which the Prince of Waldeck's servant was to order to that place.

"In this situation his lordship continued only with his servant about an hour, when Prince Waldeck's French cook rode by, who was desired by the servant to look out for his lordship's sleeping-waggon, and order it immediately there. During this time the wounded were carried off this way in great numbers, some of whom the servant asked how the day went, who gave him but a melancholy account of it, saying that their people were retiring; but in this terrible condition, his lordship still expressed the native bravery of his heart; for, observing one of the wounded soldiers smoking his pipe as he was carried along, his lordship shewed a smile, and said, 'I warrant him a brave fellow.'

"It was now about ten o'clock, when they heard some scattered shot on their side, and the defile about the valley became filled up with Imperialists, from which his lordship could judge no otherwise than that they were so far repulsed by the enemy; whereupon, seeing another scene of danger likely to open, and no appearance of the sleeping-waggon, his lordship gave his gold repeating watch, and his purse full of gold, to his servant, saying, 'Dear Köpp, take these; go, save your life, and let me die here in peace.' 'No, my dear lord,' replied the servant, 'I am resolved to share the hard fate of this day along with you!' His lordship several times repeated his desire, which his faithful servant as nobly refused.*

"About eleven o'clock the defile cleared up again, except that the train of wounded frequently passed, and scattered troops returned to the field of battle; but the firing had been so near his lordship, that a Franciscan friar belonging to one of the regiments, who stood nearer the road to officiate to such of the wounded as desired a priest, received a musket-shot through his body; his lordship, observing this, again desired his servant to fly and save his life, but he still persisted in his resolution of continuing with his lordship, who, with a smiling countenance, turned his head about to look at him, and pressed his hand without saying anything, for his gratitude was too strong for words; while the poor Franciscan expired with terrible groans about noon, when the sleeping-waggon came up, together with his lordship's valet-de-chambre, a groom on horseback with a led horse, besides the coachman and postilion, who informed his lordship that Prince Waldeck's French cook had given them the first in-

* Many years before, when in danger of shipwreck on the coast of Scotland, his vessel having grounded on a sandbank, the sailors had taken to their boat for safety, and offered to take him in also,—but he declined it, as they would not admit any of his servants. This act of generosity was now requited in kind.—Köpp, a German, I believe, by birth, had been recommended to Lord Crawford by the Duke of Hamilton, "on account of his fidelity and his knowledge of the German countries."—"The following sheets," says Mr. Rolt, in the dedication of his work to the Duke, "are compiled through the encouragement of many illustrious personages of several nations, as a small tribute to the memory of an illustrious soldier, and also intended as a benefit to a faithful domestic, well known to your Grace, who attended him in all his military expeditions, and who participated of all his dangers."—It was published in quarto with a portrait and plans of battles, &c., in 1753; and reprinted, in small octavo, in 1769.

telligence of his disaster. They immediately endeavoured to get his lordship into the sleeping-waggon, which, notwithstanding all the gentle means they used, gave him excessive pains, as his blood, by this time, was growing a little cool; however, they got him in, and his two principal servants seated themselves on each side of him, in which manner they proceeded directly to Belgrade, and, when they arrived within a league of the city, the groom of the horse went on before to acquaint the commandant, General Suckoff, of his lordship's misfortune, and to desire him to recommend the best surgeon and doctor that could be got; who readily promised all the assistance in his power."*

Lord Crawford entered Belgrade about four o'clock in the afternoon,—three days afterwards the fortress was invested by the Turks. For some weeks he lay in agony and danger, bombs, shells, and cannon-shot constantly falling around him, splinters continually coming away from his wound, and fresh incisions being repeatedly inflicted by the lancet, all of which he bore with unvarying patience and good humour. After his friend Prince Waldeck's departure, his only amusement was hearing a soldier play a few marches on a violin, and his servant read aloud Quintus Curtius.†

The fever at length left him, though in a very reduced state, and on the 27th of October he was carried on board a small transport vessel, in which he ascended the Danube to Vienna. The boat, says the journal of the voyage, kept under his direction, was "about sixty feet long and about twenty broad, with a flat bottom, pointed fore and aft; but as these vessels are scarcely ever brought up the Danube, on account of its rapidity, they are very slightly built, and the wood is sold for firing or building. The outside of this vessel was only some planks nailed on small cross trees, and the little openings were stopped up with moss. The inside, on account of its having brought grain, was all lined with rough

* *Life*, pp. 266 sqq.

† The groom "accidentally began to read that part of the ninth book where Alexander answers Craterus, Ptolemy, and the other generals who solicited his return from India to Greece, by saying, 'The most cowardly souls and the greatest lovers of ease, that place their only happiness in a long life, are frequently disappointed and cut off, as well as others, by untimely and painful deaths;' at which his lordship seemed highly delighted, saying 'It was very true.'"—The surgeon, however, forbade the repetition of this entertainment, as too exciting. *Life*, p. 280.

boards, covered with the same, and pointed like the roof of a house. It was separated into four divisions: the soldiers and boatmen were in the steerage; next to this was his lordship's room, double-lined with boards, which were covered with blue cloth, having a stove in it, and two little windows; the third part contained all his family, and the fourth was made use of for a kitchen." *

In this primitive conveyance, on the 27th of December, exactly two months after his embarkation at Belgrade, Lord Crawford arrived at Comorra, where the principal part of the bullet was extracted. He reembarked on the 28th of April, 1739, and arrived on the 7th of May at Vienna, lying all the while in a recumbent posture, splinters constantly coming away from his wound, as they did for many years afterwards. From Vienna he proceeded to the baths of Baden, where he resided nearly a year, and where he recovered so far as to attend the meeting of the burgher marksmen, win the two best prizes, and entertain the whole company a few days afterwards with a grand shooting-match and collation. From Baden he proceeded through Presburg, Vienna, and Leipsic to Hanover, and, after waiting on George II. at Hamelin, returned to England.

He had not been neglected at home during these busy years. In 1739 he obtained the rank of adjutant-general, and, the same year, was appointed to the command of the Black-Watch, famous in modern history as the "Gallant Forty-second"—then first united into a regiment, and called "Lord Crawford-Lindsay's Highlanders." Familiar with the language, fond of the dress, and attached to the manners and character of the Gael, he "was dearly loved by them," says General Stewart, "for his chivalric and heroic spirit." † He was made colonel of the second troop of Grenadier Guards in 1740, and, three years afterwards, Colonel of the Scottish Horse-guards, disbanded in 1746. In May, 1745, he was gazetted major-general. In September, 1747, he was appointed to the command of the Scots Greys, and died a lieutenant-general.

After a year's residence at Barèges and in Italy, he joined the British army under Marshal Stair, in May, 1743, "where he was

* *Life*, pp. 287 sqq. † *Sketches of the Highlanders*, tom. i. p. 283.

appointed adjutant-general," and proved himself, in the words of General Stewart, "a most enterprising, intelligent, and successful partisan, ever on the alert, procuring the best information, counteracting the plans and cutting off the supplies of the enemy." * Here he again met his old friend Lord Balcarres, whose commendation of his "noble and wise" conduct at the battle of Dettingen you have already read,—conduct which was acknowledged by the King the following day in the emphatic words of welcome, "Here comes my champion!" †

At Fontenoy, two years afterwards, he behaved with his usual gallantry, covering the retreat in excellent order, while his brave

* "He was no less discerning and penetrating into their designs," adds General Stewart, "than fearless and judicious in the attack, and displayed the greatest presence of mind in extricating himself from any unexpected difficulty." *Sketches of the Highlanders*, tom. i. App. p. lxvii.—An instance of this presence of mind occurred at the battle of Dettingen, where he commanded the brigade of life-guards. "He happened," says his biographer, "to be in gold-staff waiting, and had the charge of his Majesty's person. As his lordship was moving his brigade through the field, observing what passed in the time of action, he discovered a French battery, which had not been played all the day, planted in a place where no cannon was suspected, and pointed directly upon his Majesty. Had his lordship, upon this discovery, made the least stop, as any person less attentive than he was, and less quick in forming just measures upon every casualty that happened, would have done, the enemy no doubt would have done all the mischief they were able from this battery; but, instead of this, his lordship continued moving forward in the same direction, and then made a tour as if he intended to attack a small body of horse, which was posted near that battery; whereby the enemy, observing this manœuvre, reinforced this corps with a large body of cavalry, and then advanced to attack his lordship, who continued to move forward by several countermarchings and wheelings, as if he intended sometimes to receive them in front, and at other times to attack them in flank, until he had drawn their whole body of cavalry between himself and their battery; when he retired to his Majesty to receive his further instructions,—which excellent behaviour won his lordship the affection of his soldiers in so extraordinary a degree, that they ever after acknowledged him the protector of their lives.—Soon after," adds the writer, "an aide-de-camp came to his lordship with orders to charge the French infantry, which were within about forty or fifty paces in front of his brigade; when his Lordship answered the aide-de-camp, 'Mind, Sir! I shall obey orders when it suits most proper,'—then, turning to his men, with a great deal of vivacity, said, 'Come, my brave lads, follow me! I warrant you, we shall soon defeat 'em!'—after which he led them on, with this caution, 'Hark! my dear lads, trust to your swords! handle them well, and never mind your pistols,'—which injunction they punctually obeyed, and, like true Britons, when properly directed, drove the French before them with great slaughter; when, on their beginning to give way, the trumpeter of his lordship's troop, of his own accord, sounded *Britons, strike home!* upon which his lordship turned about and thanked him." *Life*, p. 362.

† *Life*, p. 364.

Highlanders, as he says in his account of the battle, "fought like heroes, and acted, each man, with the skill and conduct of a general." *

On the breaking out of the rebellion that year, he was summoned to Scotland to command six thousand Hessians, who secured the passes into the Lowlands, while the Duke of Cumberland went North after the insurgents.—In June, 1746, he rejoined the army in the Netherlands, and on the morning that preceded the battle of Roucoux (October the 1st) exhibited a singular instance of presence of mind. He had ridden out before day—with his aide-de-camp, some volunteers, and two orderly dragoons—to reconnoitre the enemy, and fell in with one of their advanced guards. "The sergeant who commanded it immediately turned out his men, and their pieces were presented when the Earl first perceived them. Without betraying the least mark of disorder, he rode up to the sergeant, and, assuming the character of a French general, told him in that language that there was no

* For his spirited account of the battle of Fontenoy, ("essential," says Andreossi, "in the history of the war,") see his Life.—"All," says he, that "we were permitted to do, we did, and that was to retire in tolerable order, after MERITING SUCCESS."[a] —"The Earl of Crawford," says his biographer, "behaved with the greatest intrepidity and composure of mind during the whole action; and when his lordship saw the troops retiring in broken parties, he faced about and said, 'Gentlemen, mind the word of command, and you shall gain immortal honour;' upon which he ordered his brigade to rein back their horses and keep a front to the enemy, who, by this prudent disposition of his lordship, were intimidated from approaching within a quarter of a mile. In this retreat his lordship observed a broken party of infantry retiring on his right hand; when he spoke to them, saying, 'Gentlemen, if there are any brave volunteers who will face about and give the enemy a fire, I will give them twenty ducats.' Whereupon a part of them faced about and gave one volley, for which his lordship gave them the money. After this, his lordship conducted the retreat in excellent order, till his troops came to the pass, where he ordered them to file off from the right; when he pulled off his hat, and returned them thanks, saying 'they had acquired as much honour in covering so great a retreat, as if they had gained the battle.' Indeed, his lordship's quickness in contriving, and skill and address in executing this retreat, was highly commended by the whole army; and when several officers complimented General Ligonier the next day upon this fine retreat, he answered, with great generosity and candour, 'that if it was praiseworthy, no part of it belonged to him, for it was contrived, as well as executed, by Lord Crawford.'" *Life*, p. 411.

[a] "About the time when we were reconnoitring, an advanced Highlander observed a grassin, or sharpshooter, always firing at his post, whereupon he placed his bonnet upon the top of a stick on the edge of a hollow road, and, moving himself a little forward, took a sure aim, whilst the grassin was firing away at the decoy, and easily brought him down." *Lord Crawford's Narrative*, *Life*, p. 394.

occasion for such ceremony. Then he asked if they had perceived any of the enemy's parties, and, being answered in the negative, 'Very well,' said he, 'be upon your guard, and, if you should be attacked, I will take care that you shall be supported.' So saying, he and his company retired before the sergeant could recollect himself from the surprise occasioned by this unexpected address. In all probability he was soon sensible of the mistake, for the incident was that very day publicly mentioned in the French army. The Prince de Tingray, an officer in the Austrian service, having been taken prisoner in the battle that ensued, dined with Marshal Saxe, who discharged him on his parole, and desired he would charge himself with a facetious compliment to his old friend, the Earl of Crawford:—'He wished his lordship joy of being a French general, and said he could not help being displeased with the sergeant, as he had not procured him the honour of his lordship's company at dinner.'" *

The following winter he returned to Scotland to marry Lady Jean Murray, with whom he had fallen in love, and she with him, during his hurried visit in the "Forty-five." They returned to Flanders, and at the conclusion of the campaign, settled at Aix-la-Chapelle, for the benefit of the baths, Lord Crawford's wound, always troublesome, having broken open again in consequence of his rapid journey to Scotland. He was confined to his bed, when a fever, attacking his beloved and amiable wife, carried her off in four days, before she had completed her twentieth year.†—The next campaign, however, again found him in the field, and he continued with the Duke of Cumberland till the conclusion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.—Receiving letters from the Duchess of Athol, his mother-in-law, who was then very ill, and expressed her anxiety to see him once more, he hurried to London, but was too late—she had expired two days before his arrival. His wound broke open again through the fatigue of the journey, but as soon as he could move he rejoined the army, "and finished his last campaign as he had begun the first, with the greatest reputation among all the officers and with the greatest

* Smollett's *Hist. of England.*

† "She was a most amiable lady, and had given her heart to his lordship in preference to a crowd of noble lovers on account of his gallant disposition, for she admired the character of a soldier." *Life*, p. 427.

affection of the soldiers." * He commanded the last embarkation of the British troops at Williamstadt, in February, 1749, and then returned to London, where, his wound breaking out once more, for the twenty-ninth and last time,† after sufferings of exquisite torture, the sword having at length completely worn through the scabbard, he expired on Christmas-day, 1749, aged only forty-seven. His body was conveyed to Scotland, and laid, at his own request, by the side of his late wife, in the family vault at Ceres.

"John Earl of Crawford," says his biographer, "had a truly martial soul; he was born a soldier, and it was his ambition to die as such in the field of battle. His person was middle-sized, well-shaped, finely proportioned, and very strong; his personal courage was never exceeded; his generosity was equal to his bravery; his charity infinitely greater than his fortune, which many distressed widows of officers frequently experienced. His temper was serene and dispassionate, his judgment strong, his discernment penetrating, and his diligence in the application of things extraordinary."‡—Splendid in his retinue, he was temperate at his table; and his elegant manners were long remembered by his countrymen,§ who fondly believed him, in the words of a modern antiquary, "the most generous, the most gallant, the bravest, and the finest nobleman of his time." ‖

A fine full-length portrait of Lord Crawford is in the possession of the Miss Campbells of Newfield, the descendants of his sister, Lady Mary. It bears a singular likeness to the late Alexander Earl of Balcarres; and a similar resemblance is observable between the portraits of the Garnock line of Crawford and members of the

* *Life*, p. 428. † *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1749.

‡ *Life*, p. 429.

§ Wallace's *Treatise on Ancient Peerages*, p. 325.

‖ Chambers' *Traditions of Edinburgh*, p. 93. A writer in the 'Edinburgh Magazine,' for 1823, concludes a sketch of the life of Earl John in the following words:—"Thus, Sir, have I endeavoured to give you, by adducing characteristic particulars, a notion of THE GREAT JOHN EARL OF CRAWFORD, a nobleman of the old school, and uniting, as I apprehend, in his history more of the qualities which command respect, while they secure attachment, than usually fall to the lot of man. And if, by so doing, I have contributed in any degree to the revival of that almost extinct spirit of chivalry which is one of the proudest ornaments of society, and in these days of levelling, in particular, one of its strongest bulwarks, I shall not have written in vain."

Balcarres family,—a singular perpetuation of family likeness at the distance of five centuries.*

John Earl of Crawford left no children, and his cousin George, fourth Viscount of Garnock, only surviving son of Patrick, the second Viscount, succeeded on his death, as twenty-first Earl of Crawford.† Like his gallant predecessor, he had served as a

* On the death of Earl John, his collection of pictures was sold by auction in Edinburgh. Besides many Flemish and Dutch paintings, it included the following family portraits by Jameson, the Scottish Vandyke,—Christiana Countess of Haddington; Christian Lady Lindsay, afterwards Lady Boyd; John seventeenth Earl of Crawford, son of the latter, when a boy; the Marquis of Hamilton; James Duke of Hamilton,—and "Lady Carnegie, or Lady Airlie,"—besides the Marquis of Hamilton by Vandyke; Robert ninth Lord Lindsay of the Byres; Earl John, his son, when Treasurer, and Lady Helen St. Clair and the Duchess of Rothes, his daughters, by unknown artists,—and John nineteenth Earl of Crawford and the Countess, in one piece, by Sir John Medina. These names are inscribed in ink by the family agent on the margin of the printed sale catalogue, of which a copy, probably unique, is now in the library of Mr. Maidment, by whose kind communication I am enabled to make this contribution to Jameson's history.

† Some interesting notices of Viscount Patrick and his family have been left us by George Crawford, the antiquary, who knew them intimately. Patrick Viscount Garnock "was bred," he says, "as other young men of quality were. He was extremely capable, if he had given application, to have gone through the hardest parts of learning to extreme good purpose, for he had a great genius, a lively apprehension, and the most noble memory of any young man I ever knew. A great pity it was, that so fine a spirit, so clear a head, so ready an expression, and every way so well turned to the business of life, could not be so easily brought to use his natural faculties to the purposes they were intended by his great and beneficent Creator; so he got too much into the humours that prevailed with the young men of quality his contemporaries. But having so great a regard for himself and his family, to which I have so natural an attachment, as well as from all the possible ties of gratitude, I will go no farther on his character; for no man knew him better, or his intimate sentiments of things more, than myself, from an intimate conversation I had with him for many years, in which there was never the least mistake betwixt us.

"This Viscount of Garnock, whilst he was but a young man, fell ill in his health, which ended in a consumption, in which he lingered long. He came to a full resignation, as a good Christian, to the disposal of Providence, and in that happy mind he resigned his soul to Almighty God, on Sabbath, the 24th of May, 1735, and on Friday, the 29th thereafter, was privately interred in the church of Kilbirnie with his ancestors.

"He married Miss Mattie (Margaret) Home, a beautiful young lady, daughter of George Home of Kello, Esq., Advocate, and Recorder of the city of Edinburgh; by whom he had three children that came to maturity of age,—John, George, and a daughter, Christian Graham, the most celebrated beauty of her time,—but her consummate goodness in every respect was far beyond what her noble birth could add lustre to. He was succeeded by John, his eldest son and heir, who was

volunteer abroad, and was one of the reconnoitring party who owed their lives to his presence of mind on the morning before the battle of Roucoux. He was afterwards an officer in Lord Drumlanrig's regiment in the service of Holland. On his succession to the Earldom he devoted himself to the restoration of the family fortunes, repurchasing the property, as it were, by buying up the debts that affected it. He settled however at Kilbirnie Castle, in Ayrshire, the Garnock residence, in preference to that of Struthers, the seat of the Lindsays of the Byres, in Fifeshire, then become totally ruinous. He repaired and ornamented the old castle, and was residing there, with his family, in April, 1757, when, one fine Sunday evening, a servant, going to the stables, saw smoke issuing from the roof, and gave the alarm of fire; in a few minutes the castle was in flames. Lord Crawford ran to his wife's room, and, catching up his infant daughter, Lady Jean Lindsay, afterwards Countess of Eglinton, hurried with her into the open air. They took refuge in the Manse, and afterwards removed to Bourtreehill. The cause of the fire was long involved in mystery, and legends are still floating in the neighbourhood which throw an air of romance over the destruction of this ancient residence. It was never rebuilt, and the ruins present a melancholy contrast to its former splendour.* After this catastrophe the family resettled in Fifeshire, where Lord Crawford built a house near the ruins of Struthers, subsequently enlarged and named Crawford Priory.

Earl George died on the 11th of August, 1781, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George, the twenty-second Earl of Crawford, and sixth of Lindsay, who died unmarried, a Major-General in the army, on the 30th of January, 1808. His two brothers having died before him, the whole male descendants of the Treasurer, John seventeenth Earl of Crawford, then became

estecmed by as good judges as are in Britain one of the most promising young noblemen in the kingdom. He died in his sixteenth year, in September, 1738, and was succeeded by his brother George Crawford, Esq., the present Viscount Garnock." *MS., Adv. Lib.*

* *Dobie on the Crawford Peerage*, p. 9.—For a description of the Place, or Castle of Kilbirnie, of its ancient towers, its noble avenue, twenty yards in breadth, and the fair lake that glitters beneath its walls, see the *Scottish Journal*, tom. ii. p. 55.

extinct,* and the succession to the Earldom of Crawford reverted, in terms of the patent of 1642, to the heirs-male of Earl Ludovic, the Earls of Balcarres. The Crawford-Lindsay estates, being destined to heirs-female, went to Earl George's only surviving sister, the late Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford.†

* This has been lately proved before the House of Lords—not through hearsay or taciturnity, but by a multiplicity of original legal evidence.

† For some interesting fragments descriptive of the "country" of the Lindsays of the Byres, of the present state of their castle at Struthers, of their burial-place at Ceres, &c., see the Appendix, No. XL.

The succession of Lady Mary was opposed, unsuccessfully, by Colonel William Claud Campbell, grandson of Lady Mary Lindsay, sister of Earl John, and heir of line of the Crawford-Lindsay family,—and by John Crawford, by self-nomination John Lindsay Crawford, of Castle-Dawson in Ireland, who asserted himself to be the descendant of the Hon. James Crawford, third son of John first Viscount Garnock, producing forged documents in support of his pretensions; and pursued his object during the remainder of his life—backed by the voluntary subscriptions of thousands throughout Scotland—with a perseverance and determination on the one side, and an enthusiastic generosity on the other, worthy of a better cause. Long in fact after the imposture had been detected, and the Hon. James Crawford had been proved to have died without issue, persons were found to credit his pretensions,—his son asserted them with equal assurance, and fresh sums had been raised to prosecute the claim, when disclosures took place which induced the Counsel engaged to throw up their briefs. Their report on doing so, dated March, 1839,—a very interesting document—will be found reprinted in the Appendix, No. XLI. And any antiquary who may be interested in investigating the history of perhaps the most singular instance of peerage imposture on record, may find ample information in the work by Dr. Adams entitled 'The Crawford Peerage,' the manifesto of John Crawford, published in quarto at Edinburgh in 1829, and in Mr. Dobie's 'Examination of the Claim of John Lindsay Crawford to the estates and honours of Crawford,' the refutation of that work, similarly printed in quarto, 1831.[a]

[a] Many gentlemen of the name of Crawford in Ireland, who inherited traditions that they were descended from the Earls of Crawford in Scotland, (which might well have arisen from the fact that the Viscounts of Garnock, Earls of Crawford, were representatives of the ancient Crawfords of Kilbirnie, of which they may have been younger branches,) instituted inquiries with the view of substantiating their claims to the Earldom. "One very curious circumstance," says Mr. Burke, "turned up in the search for evidence. Miss Catherine Crawford," sister of William Crawford, Esq., one of the claimants, "having heard that there was 'an old Crawford tombstone' in the churchyard of Derrybrusk, in the county Fermanagh, proceeded to the spot to examine it. There she found a stone bearing the following inscription:—'Here lies the Body of John Lindsay Crawford, 2nd son of the Honourable Viscount Garnock of Kilbirney, in Scotland, who departed this Life on the 2nd of June, in the year 1745, aged 47 years. Also the Body of his Brother James Lindsay Crawford, 3rd son of the aforesaid Honourable Viscount Garnock, who departed this life 1st December, 1745, aged 45 years.'—Miss Crawford was rejoiced at this discovery. It seemed to her to furnish a presumption that members of Lord Crawford's family must have made a settlement in Ireland. This might, she thought, be inferred from the circumstance of *two* sons of Lord Garnock being buried at Derrybrusk. It did not occur to her that the tombstones were a rank forgery. Yet such is the undoubted fact.—The Hon. John Crawford, whose name appears upon

SECTION III.

Besides the Gallant John Earl of Crawford, there was living contemporary with Earl James, and still more closely in alliance with him, a character marked with lines as strong, and whose fate was equally contrasted—the patriarchal chief of both these noblemen, David Lindsay, the "last of the Lairds" of Edzell. I must devote a few pages, during this lull in my narrative, to the waning fortunes of that elder branch of our family.

On the death of George, the third and last Lord Spynie, in 1671, the chiefship of the Lindsays, involving the representation of the original House of Crawford and the remembrance of the wrong done to the legitimate heirs by Earl Ludovic and Earl John, devolved on David Lindsay of Edzell, father of the David just mentioned.* He claimed the Earldom before Parliament in 1685,† with the warm support and sympathy, as already intimated,

* On this, as already stated, he assumed the chief arms of Crawford, in conformity with the heraldic usage of Scotland.—Lord Spynie having died in debt, his creditors came upon Edzell for payment, as next heir (male) of entail, and representative of the Crawford family, in terms of the charters of 1546, 1564, 1587, &c.[a] Edzell consequently renounced the succession. See the *Crawford Case*, p. 140.

† Edzell's Petition, the Warrant and Charge at his instance against William Earl of Lindsay, the Information given in to Parliament by Edzell, and the counter Information tendered by Earl William, may be seen in the *Crawford Case*, pp. 139, 194 sqq.—Of the two Informations two copies only are known to exist, that of Edzell in the possession of Mr. Maidment, who most kindly entrusted it to my father for the prosecution of his claim to the Crawford Earldom,—that of Earl William in the Lindsay Charter-room at Crawford Priory.

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its lying surface, died in Edinburgh on the 25th February, 1739, and is interred in the Greyfriars' churchyard in that city. The Hon. James Crawford, who is associated with his brother John in the Derrybrusk inscription, died, as we have already seen, in 1744, in London, and is buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The fabricator of the Derrybrusk tombstone probably intended it to support a line of evidence he meant to invent in behalf of a *certain claimant*; and with this view he appears to have thought that its apparent authenticity would be strengthened by quietly interring *two* brothers together beneath it. But the proofs of John Crawford's death in Edinburgh in a different year from that stated on the tombstone transpired subsequently to the fabrication; which was therefore rendered altogether unavailable as evidence, and withal somewhat perilous to its ingenious contriver. The entire case thenceforth required to be recast; and the audacious forgery was left to repose amongst the brushwood and briars of Derrybrusk, where it would have probably lain unnoticed and forgotten, if it had not been accidentally discovered in 1842 by Miss Catherine Crawford, when searching for evidence in her brother's behalf." *Patrician*, Sept. 1848, p. 270.

[a] The remnant of the Crawford estates stood vested in the person of the third Lord Spynie and his heirs-male whatsoever, as proved by his retour to David eleventh Earl of Crawford, 8 Nov. 1665, (*Crawford Case*, p. 137,) in terms of the entail of 1587.

of the dignified clergy. He rested his claim on the transactions between the son of the Wicked Master and Earl David of Edzell, in 1546, and on the admitted fact that by the extinction of the Spynie branch he had become heir-male of the ancient Earls of Crawford,—totally overlooking the material consideration, that, however unjustly, Earl Ludovic had legally resigned his honours into the hands of King Charles I., and that Charles had, in the unquestionable exercise of his prerogative, restored them to him by patent with an altered limitation. This of course precluded success in the claim. No record of it is extant in the public registers, but Earl James of Balcarres states that the High Commissioner, William Duke of Queensberry, then on ill terms with Earl Colin, gave the King's negative without his instructions,*—which is very possible in itself, independently of any feeling of animosity to Colin, since Edzell's claim directly attacked the royal prerogative, and was palpably unsubstantial and futile. Sir John Nisbet of Dirletoun notices another objection to its entertainment, its being addressed to the House of Parliament, instead of the more correct tribunal, the Court of Session.†

However this may be, the claim was dropped, and the descendants of John Earl of Crawford-Lindsay, the Treasurer, enjoyed

* *Memoirs*, MS.

† In his celebrated work, entitled, 'Doubts and Questions in the Law, especially of Scotland,'—(doubts, said by a celebrated English lawyer to be far better than most men's certainties,) in which he observes, in reply to the query, "If reductions may be pursued summarily before the Parliament *in primâ instantiâ*,"—"that, although, when my Lord Lauderdale was Commissione., that was done, . . . and there is now a complaint at the instance of Edzell against the Earl of Crawford for reducing the said Earl his title; yet such processes would not be sustained before the Parliament, if it were represented that, by divers ancient laws, and for great reasons, it is provided that all complaints *in civilibus* should be first pursued before the Judge Ordinary," that is, in the Court of Session. *Doubts, &c.*, pp. 134-5, edit. 1698. *Crawford Case*, p. 33.—That the investigation and decision of Scottish peerage claims belongs strictly to the Court of Session, to the exclusion of Parliament or any other judicatory, can be proved by the most cogent evidence, founded alike upon principle and practice. See Mr. Riddell's *Peerage and Consistorial Law*, tom. i. pp. 3 sqq.—It would surely be a relief to the House of Lords, as it would unquestionably be the saving of precious time and enormous expense to Scottish claimants, were this ancient rule restored,—to say nothing of the extreme embarrassment of having to plead before judges born and bred in English law, and forgetful occasionally of the fact, that the House of Peers, as constituted since the Union, is not an English but a Scottish court, when sitting in judgment upon a Scottish cause, and consequently bound to judge, in such contingency, wholly and solely by Scottish law.

the honours of Crawford, unchallenged and by undoubted right, as already stated, till the death of George, the last Earl of that branch, in 1808.

It is remarkable indeed, that the barony of Lindsay, as held by David Earl of Crawford and "Lord the Lyndissay" at least as early as 1443, had never been resigned by Earl Ludovic, and consequently ought to have gone as a matter of course to Lord Spynie, and after him to the families of Edzell and Balcarres. Had the claim in 1685 been limited to the barony only, it must have been successful.*

The Edzell family were in fact less interested in acquiring or vindicating new honours than in sustaining the position they already held. Sir David, the elder brother of John Lindsay of Balcarres, Lord Menmuir, had been extravagant, as we know, but the estates had been relieved of their burdens during the twenty years subsequent to his death, and in the year 1630 were worth ten thousand pounds a-year,†—a very large income in those days. But the civil war brought them, and many another Lindsay

* Respecting the barony of Lindsay, vide *supra*, tom. i. p. 125, note.—The barony of Spynie was claimed in 1785 by the grandfather of the present Mr. Lindsay Carnegie, of Spynie and Boysack, the representative of the family in the female line, in virtue of the charters of 6 May, 1590, and 17 April, 1593, and the Parliamentary ratification, 1592,—but unsuccessfully.[a] Convinced, however, that, on reconsideration of the case, the House would now pronounce a judgment favourable to the heir-female, the Earl of Balcarres did *not* include the barony of Spynie among the ancient honours of the Crawford family recently claimed by him before the House of Lords. On this subject see the observations of Mr. Riddell in his 'Peerage and Consistorial Law,' pp. 654-707.—I may take this opportunity of expressing publicly my acknowledgments to John MacKenzie Lindsay, Esq., Principal Clerk of Session, brother of Mr. Lindsay of Spynie, for great kindness and much personal trouble cheerfully encountered by him in behalf of my father in his recent claim.

† Letter of John Earl of Lauderdale, 15 Feb. 1630. *Haigh Muniment-room.*

[a] Vide *supra*, tom. i. p. 320.—Lord Mansfield threw these important documents entirely out of view—maintained that the charter of 1590 "had nothing to do with peerage," and that "no other instrument of original creation appears," and therefore reared up an imaginary creation or limitation by "belting,"—as tenable as if it were supposed that the mere introduction of a new peer into the House of Peers and the attendant ceremonial must fix and denote a descent only to heirs-male of the body.—I may add that a charter then adduced, dated 26 July, 1621, and substituting other lands for those conferred in 1590, with a destination to heirs-male, and apparently conveying the honours also, could not do so, inasmuch as it contains no resignation of the honours, and pointedly refers to the original creation as to the enjoyment of them. It is acknowledged law that a peerage can only be alienated by forfeiture or resignation.

family, to the dust; and, though they regained their footing and struggled on for a season, it was only to sink at last in irretrievable ruin.

The declension began from the hour the troops of Montrose invaded Angus. John of Edzell, grandson of Sir David, and father of the penultimate Laird, was compelled to petition Parliament, in 1649, for exemption from contributing to the new levies then raised,—"the rebel army," he says, having been "for a long time encamped and quartered upon the lands of Edzell and Glenesk, to the utter ruin and destruction of my lands and tenants, the whole corns being burnt in the barnyards, and the whole store of cattle and goods killed or driven away, whereby the haill lands of Glenesk,* which were worth of yearly revenue nine thousand marks, have ever since been lying waste be reason the tenants have not been able to labour the same, insomuch that the particular amount of my losses, which was clearly instructit to the Committee of Common Burdens, did amount to the sum of four-score thousand marks, or thereby; besides great charges and expences, which I have hitherto been forced to sustain, for maintaining three several garrisons for a long time to defend my tenants, whereof many, in their own defence, were most cruelly and barbarously killed; as likewise, ever since, a constant guard of forty men, for defending my lands and tenants from the daily incursions of enemies and robbers."†—A state of things which will remind you of some of the scenes and descriptions in 'Waverley.'

Two years after this complaint the castle was occupied by Cromwell's troops. There was no sermon at the church, says the parish-register, from the 28th September "until the last day of November, by reason the English army had taken up their quarters at Edzell, and scattered the people of God to gather corn and forage for their horses."‡

And finally, as I have already mentioned, a fine of three thou-

* Not including Edzell and other property.

† Supplication, 16 March, 1649. *Acts Parl.*, tom. vi. p. 441.—An Act was passed accordingly, 17 July, 1649, alluding to a previous award of £20,000 (Scots) for his relief, which had not been paid, and exempting him from part of his monthly assessment, in consideration of the hardships complained of. *Haigh Muniment-room.*

‡ Cited in the 'Views of Edzell Castle,' Edinb., folio, 1838, p. 8.

sand pounds was imposed on John of Edzell after the Restoration, for his adhesion to the Covenant.

Nevertheless, matters to a certain degree mended, and, though still weighed down by debt and responsibilities, the Lairds of Edzell maintained the old dignity of their name in a manner which is still recorded by tradition,—and money, it may be remembered, was of less consequence then, when rents were in great measure paid in kind, and when a feudal principality like that of Edzell furnished retreats and fastnesses among inaccessible mountains, into which the law could never penetrate. They were a bold, hardy, generous race, possessed of qualities which rendered them at once respected and beloved. "Their castle," says an aged gentleman, "was termed, while in its grandeur, the 'Kitchen of Angus,' and its Lairds were famed for hospitality and horsemanship, and yet further displayed their prowess, not merely in hunting, for which they were justly famed, but also by defending their vassals from the inroads of the Catarine,* to which the baronies to both East and West were sadly subjected." —"They were remarkable," says the English traveller, Pennant, "for being chief over a numerous set of small tenants,† and not sixty years are passed since the Laird" (the last of the race) "kept up the parade of being attended to church by a band of armed men, who served without pay or maintenance, such duties being formerly esteemed honourable."‡ They possessed the power of life and death on their domains, and a family named Durie held the office of hereditary doomster, with a small estate of eleven acres, named Durie-hill,§ to support it; and to which

* Highland robbers.

† "There is ground to believe that population in the last" (the seventeenth) "century was at least equal to what it now is. From the entry of baptisms in the old record, it appears that the village (Slateford) was then more populous than now. There are intimations of other villages, of which there is now little more than a vestige. Many farms are named which do not now exist; and the adjoining farms have not received a proportional increase. The foundations of buildings are frequently found where there is not now a house. Indeed it would not be surprising that population should flourish in the immediate vicinity of a powerful family, so able, in turbulent times, to protect its retainers, and disposed to encourage settlers by the appointment of village-fairs, markets, and otherwise." *Old Stat. Acc.*, tom. x. p. 106.

‡ *Tour in Scotland*, tom. iii. p. 432.

§ It was situated in the centre of the farm of Upper Dalfouper,—fertile land, with a spring of water in a hollow in the centre of this little Lairdship.

was attached also the custody and the right of ringing at certain seasons "the bell of St. Lawrence," a relic of Catholicism concerning which many legends are still current in the country.* Pennant mentions this grant "as an instance of the affectation of royalty in these *reguli*, who made their grants and conferred places with all the dignity of majesty,"†—a reflection arising out of ignorance or inconsideration of the peculiar system of society then existing in Scotland.

The last of these Lairds was the David Lindsay already so often mentioned, the son of David, and grandson of John of Edzell. His history and that of his family is a very mournful one. He would never marry, partly owing to the depression of

* "As the Lairds of Edzell were Sheriffs in their own land, and had power of pit and gallows, &c., the Duries of Durie-hill were heritably their Dempsters; for which, and other services, besides their land, they had two batchfuls, or pecks, of oatmeal from every tenant, and one bassey-full from every sub-tenant in the parish, besides four pennies Scots for ringing St. Lawrence's bell. The Charter runs thus: —'Ego, David Lindesius, Comes Crafordiæ, Baro Baroniæ de Glenesk, aliarumque terrarum ad hanc pertinentium, Tibi, Davidi Durie de Durie-hill, &c., concedo duas bacas farinæ avenarum ab unoquoque husbano in dictâ parochiâ Edzelensi, et unam bacam ab unoquoque sub-husbano in dictâ parochiâ; necnon quatuor denarios Scoticanos, ob clangorem campanæ Sancti Laurentii,' &c.[a]—The description from which the above notes are taken is said by Mr. Hill to have been written about 1770 by Mr. Gold, schoolmaster of Edzell, who afterwards became a farmer, and died about 1792. Mr. Gold speaks of having had a good many other charters regarding Durie-hill in his possession; and it would appear, that the possessors of Durie-hill attempted to set up a plea of independent Lairdship against the proprietors of Edzell, but were obliged to succumb; and their charters are either dispersed or have found their way into the charter-chest of the superior."—I have extracted the preceding notice from one among several interesting letters with which I have been favoured by the Rev. George Walker, of Kinnell,—and I have since had the further information from Mr. Charles Durie, of Dalladies, a descendant (I presume) of the Duriehill family, that "the Duries were latterly so persecuted by the Laird of Edzell, that they left the possession altogether, and went and resided in the neighbourhood of Stonehaven, in Kincardineshire; and the present tenant's grandfather went to Stonehaven and took a lease of the lairdship from the proprietor; the rent being trifling, it was never exacted by the Duries, and the present tenant's grandfather paid it in to the factor for the Edzell estates, and got discharges for it by itself; and it is only of a recent date that it was included in Upper Dalfouper." —Such is the singular history of this little estate, as communicated by my intelligent correspondent,—and for which I am indebted to the kind mediation of the Rev. Robert Barclay of Lunan.

† *Tour in Scotland*, loc. cit.

[a] This charter must surely have originated with the schoolmaster mentioned *infra* in the above note.

his fortunes, and partly to an early and unrequited passion for his cousin Jean Maria Lindsay,* "a lady whom he revered so very highly," says her great-grandson, my informant, "that sometimes he would put the point of his sword to his breast, and would then declare that he could freely shed his blood for her." This disappointment and his other misfortunes, preying on a haughty, sensitive, wayward, and unregulated spirit, drove him to excesses of all kinds, good and bad,—to gallantry, extravagance, and recklessness, and even, if report be true, to murder—and ended in utter ruin. "He was strong in person," says my venerable informant, "as well as potent by reason of his numerous dependents and followers of his fortune, while he possessed the lands of Edzell; these could well wield the broadsword, and at his bidding follow him trustily, either in a good or a bad cause,—for it was a sad thing then to anger the Laird, either by a deficiency of fealty or disobedience to his orders. So much did the very Catarine, or Highland cattle-stealers, stand in awe of him, that they never committed any depredation on his extensive property, which included the most, if not the whole four parishes of Edzell, Lochlee, Lethnot, and Navar, although in his time they committed no little havoc both on Ferne on the West, and Glenbervie, Eastward of Edzell.† He was likewise a very noted hunter, and lived for a time in great abundance, till, owing to various causes, but chiefly to his own gross imprudence and misconduct, he was forced to quit his fine property, which was purchased by the Earl of Panmure about 1714, intending to join the cause of the Stuarts against government, and chiefly, it was said, to obtain a hardy set of swordsmen to follow him in his intended enterprise; and he

* A Jean Maria Lindsay is served heir of her father, Captain William Lindsay, 21 March, 1671. *General Retours*, No. 5416.

† *Vide supra*, Chapter XIII. Sect. II.—It is a tradition in Angus, as recorded in a local newspaper, "that a good many weeks, perhaps two or three months, after King William and Queen Mary had been called to the throne, an honest man from Glenesk came down the country; and, before going back to the glen, asked at an Edzell man if there was anything new. 'News, man!' said the man of Edzell, 'there's great news; have ye no heard that since you was down ae King's awa', and we hae got anither?'—'Say ye sae? and wha hae we gotten now?'—'It's William frae Holland, Prince o' Orange.'—'But what says the Laird of Eagle to it? Does *he* like it?'—'Nae ava!'—'Oh, than, it'll no stand.'—And so he mounted his shelty, gave it a switch, and set off,—quite sure that when he came down next James would be on again."

thereby succeeded David Lindsay in possession of the Edzell estate, but this he did not long retain, as he was forfeited the very next year, when that property was sold by government to the York Buildings Company,* and David Lindsay, in the mean while, with the wreck of his fortune and by the aid of my grandfather, bought the small estate of Newgate,—there he resided for some years; this little property he was at length constrained to sell to my above grandfather, when he removed to Kirkwall, in the Orkney Islands, where he died in the capacity of an hostler at an inn† about the middle of last century,"—or, as stated by Earl James in his Memoirs, in 1744, aged about eighty years—a landless outcast, yet unquestionably *de jure* "Lord the Lyndissay," as representative of David the third, and of Ludovic the sixteenth Earls of Crawford. Earl James of Balcarres then became chief of the Lindsays.

"Some years," adds my informant, "before David Lindsay was obliged to part with his estate of Edzell, such was the regard that several gentlemen yet retained for that once potent Laird, that they proposed to him to yield up his property to them in trust for seven years, at the end of which period they were to guarantee him that it should be restored back to him free of debt, and that during the above period he should have a handsome income from them to live on. But, alas! that imprudent man rejected their kind proposal, and thereby his disastrous affairs went speedily to utter ruin."‡

* "From which it was long afterwards purchased by William Maule, son of Henry Maule of Kelly, and nephew unto the former Earl of Panmure."—It is currently reported in Angus that the price of Edzell was never paid, and I have been informed by my revered friend, the Bishop of Moray and Ross, from the personal information of Watson of Glentarkie, nephew and heir of the last Edzell, that Glentarkie attended the sale at which the property was purchased by Mr. Maule, and that the latter remarked afterwards, "There was a man present whom I could not in conscience have bid against, had he offered to bid"—meaning Glentarkie.—To Bishop Low, the hereditary friend of the Balcarres family, our best acknowledgments are due for the kindness with which he undertook a fatiguing journey in order to record before the House of Lords the testimony of Glentarkie as to the extinction of the male line of the House of Edzell.

† "Just the situation," it was observed to me, "that a fallen Lindsay would chuse,"—in allusion to their hereditary love for horses. He probably found friends in them—having the human race for foes.

‡ In confirmation of this latter paragraph, the Rev. Robert Barclay, of Lunan, informs me that he frequently heard from the late Mr. Carnegie of Craigo, that his

I may add to the preceding narrative, that Edzell settled, in 1725, the remnant of his property on Alexander Earl of Balcarres, his nearest male relation, and next in succession to the chiefship, and, failing him, on Earl James, his younger brother.* He had long been in friendly communication with the Balcarres family,—as far back as 1712, the rebellion of 1715 looms darkly through his correspondence with Earl Colin;† and other papers in our possession prove that, though far from affluent themselves, he was not forgotten by them in his distresses. The settlement in 1725 of course came to nothing.

Edzell, I should have mentioned, was a warm Episcopalian and Jacobite, and so long as he retained the property no Presbyterian minister could gain entrance into his country.‡ Almost the whole population was then Episcopalian, and the Church-services were regularly performed in the great hall of the Castle.§

ancestor, David Carnegie Laird of Craigo, a near relation of the Edzell family, "went to Edzell about the year 1711 or 1713, with the intention of extricating the Laird from his difficulties,—that Mr. Carnegie was ready to pay off the debt, but he demanded a part of the estate either in payment or in security,—that the Laird expected unconditional assistance from his relatives, and under the influence of disappointment and resentment went and sold his whole estate to the Earl of Panmure."—The information in the text is communicated to me by the Rev. David Lyell, minister of Carriston, (great-grandson of Thomas Lyell, Esq., of Dysart, and of the Jean Maria Lindsay mentioned in the text),—as derived from his father, born in 1718, his paternal uncle Thomas, born in 1705, and his four aunts, who lived till the close of the last century,—Mr. Lyell himself being not far from eighty. Under such circumstances, his courtesy and kindness in undertaking a journey to London to bear testimony in favour of Lord Balcarres before the House of Peers deserve most grateful commemoration.

* *Disposition, &c., Haigh Muniment-room; Crawford Case*, p. 203.—"The Earl of Balcarres," writes Crawford the antiquary, about 1735, "is likely to turn out to be heir-male of the family of Edzell, for this present Laird of Edzell is an old man, was never married, and has no nearer a male relation than the Earl of Balcarres, as I am for certain informed." *Hist. Lindsays*, MS.

† *Crawford Case*, p. 201.

‡ One Mr. Robert Lindsay held the living of Edzell under Episcopal rule, and was in 1709 "forbid by the Lords of Justiciary to exercise the office of his ministry within the parish of Edzell," and there does not seem to have been any regular minister in the parish till 1714, when Mr. Robert Gray, a Presbyterian minister, was appointed, but was refused admittance for some time to the church, and "rabbled" by a mob "out-hounded by David Lindsay of Edzell." *Information from Mr. William Ayre, parish-clerk of Edzell*, communicated by the Rev. Mr. Adie, the minister.—This anecdote will remind the reader of that recorded of Mr. Dougal Lindsay of Glenorchy, *supra*, p. 173.

§ *Parish Register*.—The family politics are curiously illustrated by this record. "It appears," says a correspondent of the late Colonel Martin Lindsay, "that the

Edzell had two sisters, both of them, I believe, left early motherless,—the eldest named Margaret, remembered in tradition as "the proud Lady of Edzell," and married to Watson of Aitherny, the representative of an ancient and opulent family in Fifeshire, which was ruined through her extravagance,*—the youngest, Janet, a lovely and graceful girl, whose fate throws a shade of still deeper sadness over the darkening fortunes of her House. She fell a victim to the arts of the younger son of a noble Scottish family, who ruined and deserted her,† and her story has been commemorated in the following ballad, or rather in the accompanying legend, in which the dim memory of tradition has mixed up her fate with the feud between the Houses of Edzell and Crawford in 1607—confounding her brother with David the young Laird of Edzell, who attacked the Master of Crawford on the High Street of Edinburgh, and her lover with the Lord Spynie who was inadvertently slain on that occasion:‡—

Lairds of Edzell favoured the Restoration of Charles II., the cause of King James, and opposed that of William,—the King's Day, the 29th of May, was kept,—also a thanksgiving for James's accession—for his birthday—that of his son—for his victory over Monmouth; whereas William's accession, victories, fasts, get the go by, —after stating that such and such days are appointed by authority as fasts, (at one time almost monthly,) the book has it, 'they were duly keeped' according to proclamation,—i. e. they were not kept at all, there being neither public worship nor collection. This for a series of years."

* Information from her descendants.

† Information from John Riddell, Esq.

‡ The following is the introduction to this ballad in the collection where it is printed,—a curious illustration of the manner in which tradition sports with truth: —"Early in the seventeenth century, when the Lindsays of Edzell, a branch of the great Angus clan of that name, resided at Edzell Castle, the family then consisted of two brothers and their sister, Lady Jean, who, it is said, was very beautiful and highly accomplished. Among her many suitors was young Lord Spynie, a distant relation of her own; but, having gained her affections, he seduced and deserted her. Her elder brother, determined on revenging her wrongs, sought every opportunity of meeting the false lord. Some time after, he met him on the High Street of Edinburgh, and, having told him that all the blood in his body could not wash out the stain in his sister's character, he plunged a dagger into his heart; and, though the deed was done in open day, and in the presence of several persons, he was allowed to escape home. On the following day a party of soldiers were sent to apprehend and bring him to justice; but, on hearing of their approach, he removed from Edzell, with a considerable number of adherents, to his Castle of Glenmark, a building of some strength, and situated nearly in the centre of the Grampian mountains, where he proposed defending himself. This scheme, however, he abandoned when the military made their appearance, and, dismissing his followers, he assumed the dress of a peasant, and fled to the Northern isles of Scotland, where it

LORD SPYNIE.

"Lord Spynie, ye may pu' the rose
And spare the lily flower,
When ye gae through the garden green,
To woo in lady's bower;

And ye may pu' the lightsome thyme,
And leave the lonesome rue;
For lang and sair will the lady mourn
That ye gae there to woo!

For ye will look and talk of luve,
And kindly kindly smile,
An' vow by grace, and a' that's gude,
And lay the luring wile.

'Tis sair to rob the bonnie bird
That makes you melodie,—
'Tis cruel to win a woman's luve,
An' no hae luve to gie!

I wadna hae your wilfu' hand
Though a' the earth were thine;
Ye've broken many a maiden's peace,
Ye've mair than broken mine.

I wadna hae your faithless heart,
'Tis no your ain to gie,—
But gin ye ever think o' heaven,
Oh, ye maun think o' me!"

—A daughter was the fruit of this ill-omened love,—of whom descendants still exist in England; and the faithless lover left the country, and was killed at the battle of Almanza, in Spain, in 1707.*

The circumstances of the last Edzell's "flitting" are still remembered in the neighbourhood, and I give them in the simple but impressive words of local tradition:—"The Laird, like his father, had been a wild and wasterful man, and had been long awa',—he was deeply engaged with the unsuccessful party of the Stuarts, and the rumours of their defeat† were still occupying the minds of all the country-side. One afternoon, the poor Baron,

is said he died in obscurity and want. What became of his sister tradition makes no mention." Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Ballads*, p. 286.—Edzell's flight to the Orkneys (*vide infra*) has always been connected with some dim charge of murder, the occasion of which, if such took place, has never been either stated or ascertained.

* Information, as before, from Mr. Riddell.

† At Sheriffmuir, in 1715.

with a sad and sorrowful countenance and heavy heart, and followed by only one of a' his company, both on horseback, came to the castle, almost unnoticed by any. Everything was silent—he ga'ed into his great big house, a solitary man—there was no wife or child to gi'e him welcome, for he had never been married. The castle was almost deserted,—a few old servants had been the only inhabitants for many months. Neither the Laird nor his faithful follower took any rest that night. Lindsay, the broken-hearted ruined man, sat all that night in the large hall, sadly occupied,—destroying papers sometimes, reading papers sometimes, sometimes writing, sometimes sitting mournfully silent—unable to fix his thoughts on the present or to contemplate the future. In the course of the following day he left the castle in the same manner in which he had come,—he saw none of his people or tenants; his one attendant only accompanied him,—they rode away, taking with them as much of what was valuable or useful as they could conveniently carry. And, turning round to take a last look of the old towers, he drew a last long sigh, and wept. He was never seen here again."

Year after year passed away, and the castle fell to ruin,—the banner rotted on the keep—the roofs fell in—the pleasance became a wilderness—the summer-house fell to decay—the woods grew wild and tangled—the dogs died about the place, and the name of the old proprietors was seldom mentioned, when a lady one day arrived at Edzell, as it is still related, in her own coach, and drove to the castle. She was tall and beautiful, and dressed in deep mourning. "When she came near the ancient burying-place," says the same faint voice of the past, "she alighted, and went into the chapel, for it was then open,—the doors had been driven down, the stone figures and carved work was all broken, and bones lay scattered about. The poor lady went in, and sat down amang it a', and wept sore at the ruin of the house and the fate of her family, for no one doubted of her being one of them, though no one knew who she was or where she came from. After a while she came out, and was driven in the coach up to the castle; she went through as much of it as she could, for stairs had fallen down and roofs had fallen in,—and in one room in particular she stayed a long while, weeping sadly. She said the place was very dear to her, though she had now no right to it, and she carried some of

the earth away with her."—It was Margaret of Edzell, the Lady of Aitherny, as ascertained by an independent tradition derived from a venerable lady of the House of Aitherny, who lived to a great age, and always spoke of her with bitterness as "the proud bird out of the eagle's nest" * who had ruined her family. "She came once to my father's house," said she to my informant, "with two of her children. She was on her way to Edzell Castle. It was years since it had passed away from her family. My father did all he could to persuade her from so waefu' a journey, but go she would; and one morning she set off alone, leaving her children with us, to await her return. She was a sair changed woman when she came back,—her haughty manner was gone, and her proud look turned into sadness. She had found everything changed at Edzell since she left it, a gay lady, the bride of Aitherny. For the noise and merriment of those days, she found silence and sadness,—for the many going to and fro, solitude and mouldering walls,—for the plentiful board of her father, his house only, roofless and deserted. When she looked out from the windows, it was the same gay and smiling landscape, but all within was ruin and desolation. She found her way to what had been in former days her own room, and there, overcome with the weight of sorrow, she sat down and wept for a long time,—she felt herself the last of all her race, for her only brother was gone, no one could tell where. She came back to Gardrum the next day, and she just lived to see the ruin of Aitherny, which her extravagance and folly had brought on, for the Laird was a good-natured man and could deny her nothing. They both died, leaving their family in penury."—And such was the end of the "proud House of Edzell!" †

The Castle of Edzell still afforded shelter in 1746, when it was occupied and desecrated by a party of Cumberland's troops under

* Edzell (as I should have mentioned before) was formerly pronounced "Eagle."

† These traditions were taken down some years ago—the former at Edzell, the latter from the lips of the aged lady alluded to, Miss Jean Drummond of Bandirran, grand-niece of the Laird of Aitherny—by Martin Lindsay, Esq., of the House of Dowhill, and a descendant in the female line of Margaret of Aitherny and the Lindsays of Edzell,—a gentleman to whom I am indebted personally for much interesting antiquarian and genealogical information, as well as the whole family for his kindness in appearing before the House of Lords in testimony to the rights of Lord Balcarres.

M. de Voisel, a refugee French officer,—and when "it cost some pains," according to a contemporary periodical, "to save Glenesk from being burnt from end to end, being a nest of Jacobites."* Soon afterwards it became totally uninhabitable.

Time's effacing fingers have been busy ever since—both physically, in the work of ruin, and morally, on the emotions of sympathy and love formerly awakened by the name of the ancient proprietors. That name is seldom heard now. The young, in these days of change and expectation, look forward instead of backward, and, save a few aged lingerers, from whose lips the above particulars have been collected,† few or none attach a feeling either of blame or praise, attachment or sorrow, to their memory.

The castle is however still visited by the antiquary and the artist,—and from time to time by a pilgrim of the race and lineage of Edzell,—the approach from Brechin (at first over the scene of Earl Beardie's conflict with Huntley in 1452, and latterly over a blasted heath, forming a noble foreground to the blue hills, the Braes of Angus—with a few pines thinly scattered to the right and left, and the smoke of peat-fires rising in the distance), preparing him by association and expectation for the ruined towers that the "reguli" of Glenesk once inhabited. As he approaches nearer, the hills rise more distinctly to a point, and a dark irregular line reveals itself rather to the Eastward, indicating the entrance of Glenesk. Edzell lies in a sheltered hollow at the foot of these hills,—you pass the Gallows' Mount, a singular conical tumulus, evidently artificial, to the left, and soon afterwards drive through the modern village rebuilt by Lord Panmure, and then through a neglected avenue to a grove of ancient trees, populous with rooks, that now overshadow the ruins.—But the impressions they awaken in the indifferent spectator, and the lessons they teach to the descendants of those who

* *Scots Magazine.*—"About the 20th of March, the Duke (of Cumberland) ordered Major La Fausille with three hundred men to go to Glenesk, which is one of the most rebellious parts, to attack all whom he might find in arms against the government, and to burn the habitations of such as had left them and were with the rebels. Accordingly the Major disarmed all the rebels in Clova and Glenesk." Ray's *Hist of the Rebellion*, p. 309.

† To James Carnegie, Esq., W.S., whose zeal in furthering the interests of the Balcarres family has been most kind and unremitting, I am indebted for many of the preceding traditions, and others independently collected in the course of researches in Forfarshire.

built them, may be more fittingly expressed in the words of a stranger to the blood of Edzell:—"It is impossible," says this writer, "to behold a scene of more melancholy desolation, or one which reads a more humbling lesson to human pride, than that which the Castle of Edzell now presents. On the one side, the lofty tower, with its massy wall and narrow windows, speaks of the proud feudal baron, whose will was law among his retainers, whose right was the sword among his peers, and who, secure within the walls of his stronghold, could bid defiance to all the arts of attack known in the military practice of the period. The more modern buildings, less massy in their construction, more convenient in the disposition of their parts, and displaying the elegances of more refined life and manners, yet not altogether without the means of defence, indicate the progress of successful ambition and the operation of salutary laws, tending in some measure to restrain the licence and rapaciousness of feudal cupidity and injustice; while the richly sculptured wall of the pleasance proclaims the recognition of vested rights under the protection of just and equal laws—by which the arts of peace could be cultivated with success, and the elegances of life enjoyed without fear. It is well that the court-yard of the castle should no longer echo with the war-cry of the mailed warrior issuing to battle, or ring with the tramp of his charger; but it is deeply to be regretted that the proud name of its once lordly proprietors should have also departed, or should be heard only in the traditional tale which the hoary sire teaches his children. The hospitable fire is now quenched, the hearth is desolate, and the lofty arched hall has disappeared for ever. One little page in their country's history, darkly and imperfectly narrated, is all that remains of the glorious deeds and daring enterprises of the House of Edzell; while a shattered wall, a ruinous moss-grown battlement, and a mutilated statue, only survive of all the imposing grandeur of their ancient and favourite residence." *

* *Views of Edzell Castle*, p. 10.

SECTION IV.

I must now return to Earl James and the fireside of Balcarres, —which perhaps he might not have been then enjoying, had he joined the rebellion in the "Forty-five," a step which his sense of honour and military allegiance would, I am satisfied, have restrained him from, even though his known affection to the Stuarts had not occasioned a guard to be set over him to prevent his joining the Prince's army.

The events of that memorable year are indeed written in blood. I will not dilate upon them. The savage Pacha of Acre had no juster claim to the title of Djezzar than William Duke of Cumberland might have asserted to the corresponding epithet in English. At a county meeting held in Colinsburgh shortly afterwards, a Whig gentleman proposed his health; Bethune of Kilconquhar (great-grandfather, I believe, of the present Sir Henry) drank it, and then rose and gave as *his* toast the health of one Sibbald, the butcher of Colinsburgh; the Whig demurred —"Sir!" said Kilconquhar, "I 've drunk *your* butcher, and, by heaven, Sir! you drink mine, or out you go by the window!"

Nor will I dwell upon the causes which tended to prolong for so many years the reign of Jacobitism in Scotland. George III. adopted a milder, juster, wiser policy than his predecessors. Times were changed, and, though many looked with an eye of lingering affection to Prince Charles's little Court in Italy, the virtues of their actual and truly British monarch gradually reconciled them to his occupancy of the "Stuarts' chair." The oppressive enactments of timid policy were rescinded. The Highlanders, marshalled under the banners of George III. and their native chieftains, won for themselves the highest reputation for honour, worth, and bravery. "I sought for merit," said Lord Chatham, "and I found it in the mountains of the North. I there found a hardy race of men, able to do their country service, but labouring under a proscription. I called them forth to her aid, and sent them to fight her battles. They did not disappoint my expectations, for their fidelity could be equalled only by their valour, which signalised their own and their country's renown all over the world."—The Jacobite estates,

Highland and Lowland, were restored, as we shall find hereafter, to the descendants of those by whom they had been forfeited. Whig and Tory, Protestant and Roman Catholic, every sect and every party, blessed, or ought to have blessed, the generous, the Christian monarch, whose bounty supported the last claimant of his throne in age and poverty; and in our own times the spirit of party-hatred has at least so far subsided, that the descendants of the bitterest enemies of the old Tory cause would scarce refuse a tear to the memory of "Auld lang syne," when gazing on the tomb where slumber in a foreign land the last relics of the royal race of Stuart.

After Earl James's marriage, the old family château again became the cheerful residence of a domestic circle, and was repeopled with a youthful tribe who have since become the venerable patriarchs of numerous families. Happy in his home, in the love of his family, and in the friendship of the learned and the good, living in the past rather than present times, and in his retirement meeting with little of worldly selfishness to shock the chivalry that moulded his every thought and deed, the evening of our great-grandsire's days glided on in tranquillity, like a mountain-stream, emerging from the rocks and the ravine, and peacefully stealing through green meadows to the ocean. Happiness smiled around him; converting his sword into a sickle, the retired soldier forsook the worship of Mars for that of Ceres, and introduced those agricultural improvements into the North, which he had long studied and admired while quartered in the richest districts of the South. He is described by one who knew him well as a nobleman distinguished by the benevolence of his heart, the liberality of his sentiments, the uncommon extent of his knowledge, particularly in history and agriculture, and as the first who brought farming to any degree of perfection in his native county.

"If our letters on this subject,"—says he, in one to his friend Lady Loudoun,* accompanying his System of Agriculture, which,

* Lady Margaret Dalrymple, only daughter of John first Earl of Stair, married Hugh second Earl of Loudoun in 1700. "Besides her personal charms, which were very considerable, she had acquired a large portion of those mental and liberal accomplishments which so much adorned the brilliant Court of Queen Anne; and possessed, moreover, in a high degree, that dignity of character and deportment,

at her request, he had committed to writing, and sent her in the beginning of 1761,—"are intercepted and fall into the hands of a virtuoso, will he not think that, at our time of life, to be aiming at improvements in agriculture, we must needs be a couple of Chinese philosophers? You know the foundation of their religion is, that a veneration for the Deity, and a benevolence to mankind, expressed by having children, improving fields, and planting trees, are surely rewarded by paradise. The reward, I am certain, is even to be found here, as the rational and natural pleasures will ever excel the artificial ones, which neither give felicity here nor hereafter."

It has been said truly, "Il ne plaît pas long temps qui n'a qu'un genre d'esprit." That variety of pursuits is essential to the happiness of the individual, however enthusiastically devoted to the master-passion that "like Aaron's serpent swallows up the rest" within him, might be affirmed with equal truth. Happy is the man who can, like Earl James, enjoy existence and redeem his time, equally without and within doors,—though to him, unfortunately, wisdom at one entrance was almost shut out. The death of his brother, to whom, as I have already intimated, he was devotedly attached, had so nervously affected him, "that

and that vigorous and active spirit, by which her gallant brother (the Marshal) was so eminently distinguished. In 1727 her ladyship fixed her residence at Sorn Castle, in Ayrshire, the vicinity of which was in a very uncultivated state, and the whole aspect of the country dreary and comfortless. In a soil and climate where roads and shelter were peculiarly necessary, not a single road or hedge, and very few trees were to be seen. Not discouraged by these unfavourable circumstances, she determined to create a scene more congenial to her own taste, and more like those to which she had been accustomed in a better country. Accordingly her skill and activity gradually produced an agreeable change. Besides enlarging the garden and orchard, she subdivided an extensive farm which she occupied herself, inclosed it with hedges and hedge-rows, interspersed with belts and clumps of planting. Through the whole extent of her farm, she likewise adorned the banks of the river and of the rivulets with walks and plantations. These operations she herself carefully superintended, and many, both of the fruit and forest trees, were actually planted and pruned with her own hands, and still remain pleasing monuments of her laudable industry. These her useful labours did not pass unrewarded. When she first settled in that country, her constitution and health appeared to be entirely broken; but, in the course of her rural occupations, they were gradually re-established, insomuch that, during the last thirty years of her life, she enjoyed an uncommon degree of health and cheerfulness. After an illness of a few days, she died on the 3rd of April, 1777, in the hundredth year of her age, regretted by her friends and the industrious poor, to whom she had so long been a benefactress. *Old Stat. Acc. of Scotland.*

it suddenly took from him the use of his hearing, which was never tolerably restored. Books, therefore," says his daughter, "were his constant resources; his taste was just, but unfettered, nor could any one form any idea of what Lord Balcarres' opinion was to be on any subject he was considering.* Criticisms on the authors, however, that fell in his way, came with so much justice and imagination from his tongue, abridged and amended, that no one could enjoy my father's conversation and be ignorant."†

* In illustration of this I may give an extract from a letter from Miss C——, the governess of Balcarres—a lady indeed of more wit than reverence or sympathy—to her brother, dated 24 Dec. 1765,—"My Lord has read the little bookie, viz. the Court of King James and Charles, and, to shew you that he is so far like Mr. Shandy, to our great surprise he commended it and called it a curiosity; whereas we had all laid wagers about it, some thinking he would burn it, others that he would keep it for a continual fund of quarrel and discontent at such 'meeserable times,'—and who would have thought he would have looked on it, or had the patience to read a thing that gives such a false picture of James the Sixth and Charles the First? . . I wagered he would not burn it, but that he would keep it as a substitute for the Union, which has been once or twice in his Lordship's mouth every day since the year 'fifteen,'—but, as Tristram said of his father, 'Nobody could know how a thing would strike him.'"

† The following letter is from Earl James to his mother-in-law, Lady Dalrymple:—

"My dear Mother, I wish to know how this severe weather agrees with you. I have several times thought my long journey through this world was near an end,—asthma and pains still disturb me, and deafness cuts off the communication with friends, the chief consolation of old age, and refers us too much to our weak imperfect selves, an inspection where few even of the best can reap any solid satisfaction. The amusements called diversions, are they not arts to remove us from ourselves?—I have written none this long time except when business compelled me, yet have neglected nothing that might do good to our family, and make my wife easy after I am gone,—Annie has both understanding and application to carry on my plans. I can now say I think I have done some little good in this world, and have during my long life never injured any one to the best of my knowledge; our follies and errors, I hope, will be forgiven by our benign Creator, who made even the best of us but weak imperfect creatures.

"I have been reading Richardson's 'Clarissa Harlowe,'—were it abridged, it might be instructive and entertaining. Your friend Montaigne says, that if clever men in their compositions endeavoured to simplify more, few books would contain all the real knowledge that the mind is capable of receiving.

"Our little ones are recovered from the measles. Annie complains of numbness in her knees, which gives me concern, for time adds daily to her goodness and complacency. You have ever been a friend as well as a mother to her,—I wish you would be a husband to her too, after I am gone."

I add a letter from an old friend to Earl James:—

"London, March 31, 1757.

"There are few pleasures, my dear Lord, more pure, I mean more disinterested, than that of hearing of the health and happiness of our friends who are far removed from us; this pleasure I have enjoyed frequently with respect to your lordship since you left this place, for, having frequent occasions of seeing people coming from your parts, I find them all agree in the accounts they give me of your present happy situation,—from one I learn how happy you have been in your marriage, and, which is more, how sensible you are of

"When we are unwell," he writes to his daughters Anne and Margaret, "and our spirits oppressed, thinking and writing becomes troublesome, otherwise you should sooner have had an answer to both your letters which are now before me.

it; by another I am told what a fine family of beautiful children you have got,—and by a third I am informed that you are the best farmer and gardener in the whole country, that you are improving your estate and beautifying your seat exceedingly. The knowledge I have of your lordship's genius and capacity for improving and making the best of every situation you are placed in, made me readily believe that the information I had received was true, and when I saw it under your own hand I could no longer doubt of it. As you have my warmest wishes for every thing that's good and agreeable to you, I can think of nothing to wish for to you in this prosperous situation, but that you may live to see your children educated in your own principles, and pursuing the same paths of virtue and honour which you have always walked in.

"I thank you, my dear Lord, for enquiring after my health. I am better, considering my age, than I could expect; however, I find the infirmities of age coming on apace, all except peevishness, (at least I fancy so, perhaps those I live with think otherwise,) for, when the gravel will suffer me, I can be as cheerful as ever I was. The affairs of this world trouble me very little; it's long since I said to myself, 'Spes et Fortuna, valete!' —in other things I'm much in the way of thinking I was in when I wrote the letter you mention; I encourage myself in a way of thinking I'm grown fond of, and I would recommend it to my friends,—it is to consider myself as an inhabitant of the world, and all the human species as my brethren; the advantage I receive from it is this,—I think it helps me to desire with less envy, and to judge with less partiality, than I used to do.

"The Duke of Argyle is well. I made your lordship's compliments to him, which were very acceptable, for he is much your friend. He attends all the Scots appeals when his health will allow him,—you know that our judges will admit of no other application.

"I am, with a particular inclination, my dear Lord,

"Your most faithful and affectionate humble servant,

"C. STUART."[a]

The philosophic tone of this letter must not be mistaken. In one, written several years before, in 1748, he says:—"The misfortunes of one's country, the degeneracy of the age, and the futility of the present generation, are things hard to bear for an old man who has the infirmities of age to struggle with; and I know nothing but religion and the firm belief of a future and better state can effectually support a man in these circumstances,—that will enable him to bear up under the adversities and cross accidents of this life, and even to look with pleasure, without envy or repining, on his approaching dissolution."—The principles of the Jacobites, with rare, but, alas! illustrious exceptions, were not those of scepticism or infidelity.

I subjoin two other letters—one from David Hume, the historian; the other from Lord Elibank, the "clever Lord Elibank," as he was usually styled in the Scottish society of last century,—one in whose company Dr. Johnson confessed he had never been without learning something:—

"My Lord, "Edinburgh, 17 December, 1754.

"I did really intend to have paid my respects to your lordship this harvest; but I have got into such a recluse, studious *habit*, that I believe myself only fit to converse with books, and, however I may pretend to be acquainted with dead kings, shall become quite unsuitable for my friends and cotemporaries. Besides, the great gulf that is

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[a] Probably Charles Stuart of Dunearn, son of Archibald Stuart of Dunearn, younger son of James Earl of Moray, and brother of Lady Mary Campbell, mother of Archibald first Duke of Argyle. It is the third Duke who is mentioned in the above letter.

"I did not think my dear Annie had been so good a flatterer; you make me a desirable, useful, and agreeable companion to men of the best taste, but indeed, my Annie! your father is now no more than the ruin of an old building that never had much

fixed between us terrifies me. I am not only very sick at sea, but often can scarce get over the sickness for some days.

"I am very proud that my history, even upon second thoughts, appears to have something tolerable in your lordship's eyes. It has been very much canvassed and read here in town, as I am told; and it has full as many inveterate enemies as partial defenders. The misfortune of a book, says Boileau, is not the being ill spoke of, but the not being spoken of at all. The sale has been very considerable here, about four hundred and fifty in five weeks. How it has succeeded in London I cannot precisely tell. Only, I observe that some of the weekly papers have been busy with me. I am as great an atheist as Bolingbroke; as great a Jacobite as Carte; I cannot write English, &c. I do indeed observe that the book is in general rather more agreeable to those they call Tories; and, I believe, chiefly for this reason, that, having no places to bestow, they are naturally more moderate in their expectations from a writer. A Whig, who can give hundreds a year, will not be contented with small sacrifices of truth; and most authors are willing to purchase favour at so reasonable a price.

"I wish it were in my power to pass this Christmas at Balcarres. I should be glad to accompany your lordship in your rural improvements, and return thence to relish with pleasure the comforts of your fireside. You enjoy peace and contentment, my lord, which all the power and wealth of the nation cannot give to our rulers. The whole ministry, they say, is by the ears. This quarrel, I hope, they will fight out among themselves, and not expect to draw us in, as formerly, by pretending it is for our good. We will not be the dupes twice in our life.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

"DAVID HUME." [a]

"My Lord,

"My name is Murray, and your lordship knows I must be vain. Your kind letter has gratified my weakness most thoroughly. Do not think I flatter when I assure your lordship I am prouder of your approbation and friendship than of any other man's on earth, and, if it was not for the mortifying reflection that I sincerely think myself unworthy of it, yours would make me completely happy.

"As it was reasonable in me to have an eye to your entertainment as well as my own, I proposed to bring my friend David Hume along with me; a former engagement, which he tried to get rid of, but could not, disappointed him of an honour he was most ambitious of. Sir Alexander Dick intends to wait upon your lordship with me, but cannot till the week after next. Lady Elibank joins in our sincerest compliments to my Lady and family, and I am with zeal, my dear Lord,

"Your really affectionate, humble servant,

"ELIBANK.

"Balincrief, July 5, 1755."

The letters addressed to a person are frequently as illustrative of his character as those written by him; but I think I need offer no apology for inserting the preceding epistles.

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[a] Eleven years afterwards, in September, 1765, Mrs. Cockburn, writing to Hume, then Secretary of Legation at Paris, says, "I was a week at Balcarres lately, where the old Lord asked for (after) you, admired you, disputed with you, confuted you, came over to your opinion, but had no faith when I told him you were tired of public life. 'Ods-fish! is the fellow a fool? What can a man of his talents do in a poor ruined country like this?'" *Letters of Eminent Persons*, &c., edited by Mr. Burton, p. 119.

beauty in it, but still most affectionate to my children and friends; and you seem to think so when you say you would willingly part with your ears to cure my deafness,—but how unnatural would it not be in me to accept them! Many years have passed since I heard soft sounds from a pair of fine lips, the sweetest of all music; it is only bestowed upon youth,—you may likely hear a good deal of it, and even from the wise and agreeable, if you can confirm their inclinations by being good and mild, cheerful and complacent. Men love such companions as can help to make them gay and easy; for this end fair nymphs should provide chains as well as nets, to secure as well as acquire captives; you must have the Muses as well as the Graces to aid and assist Nature—which has been very good both to you and my dear Peg!

"I doubt not but you have already had applause from Strange and Doria, but you should hear Madame, and have lessons from her, if she performs well; it is the manner and expression of the passions that makes the beauty of music,—to excel, you should understand the Italian. So much for the Graces,—the love of the Muses is not so easily gained, but there is a long and lasting pleasure to be found in the pursuit of their favour; they will acquire you friends that will soften all the ills of life, and the helps of knowledge and virtue will make even distress and disappointment easy to you. For these ends you must have books, both to instruct and entertain you; they are said to be the best of friends, as they advise without flattery, and reprove without anger; it would make my letter too long to recommend authors,—Doctor Anne Keith will advise you. Real religion is taught in few words, and is, as you well know, the foundation that makes us live and die in peace and hope. History will shew both the good and the ill of the best and worst of men, and is the best help to think justly of all things. Poetry will cheer you, and as much of philosophy as concerns the moral virtues will help to make you happy, even if condemned to be old maids; if you become wives, be amiable,—'tis the best instrument to have power, as your husband will have more pleasure in pleasing you than himself. We have had two ladies in our house with all the virtues I recommend to you—my aunt, Lady Sophia, and my sister, Lady

Betty, whom I wish to embrace you kindly in another world when you have had enough of this."

It was at this period that, surrounded by his library and his friends, Lord Balcarres commenced those memoirs of his family, which I have so repeatedly quoted in the preceding pages.

"Men," says he, "leave the pictures of their frail and transitory persons to their families,—some lineaments of their minds were a better legacy, and would make them more known to posterity." On this principle, he had, a few years before, transcribed, as a bequest to his children, the agricultural treatise I have already mentioned as addressed to Lady Loudoun, and a poetical epistle—"my first," he says, "and probably last essay in poetry"—addressed, on the sudden inspiration of Thomson's Seasons, to his wife,

> "The harmoniser of my latter days,
> Who brings forth faculties before unknown."*

"There is little of value in them," he says, "but by the first, you will see I was a good farmer, ever esteemed by the polite nations as among the best of all occupations; by the second, you will see I loved your mother, and much desire you will do so too. I lament in it our nation's becoming a province, and its liberty and independency, so nobly defended for ten ages, lost in my days. You, my children, are born after the Union, when Scotland is no more, and likely never to revive. Nations have their beginning, progress, and decay, as men and all other earthly things,—such is the will of Heaven. It is now your business and duty to comply with the situation you are placed in, and to be honest and grateful to those who employ you, and to the friends who do you good."

It happily occurred to him that many circumstances in the history of his family, not unworthy of remembrance, would be forgotten after his death, unless recorded by himself. His plan embraced not only the recent but the ancient history of the leading

* I have quoted a few lines from it in a preceding page. . . "My best entertainment at present," he writes in a letter to Lady Balcarres, "is 'Thomson's Seasons;' you left them in your room when you went to Edinburgh. I lived a winter with the man at Bath; he had nothing amiable in his conversation, and I expected little from his writings, and never had before read them; yet his 'Seasons' are truly poetic,—his descriptions beautiful, reflections wise."

branches of his race; that part of it, however, devoted to his more immediate family is, as might be expected, the most interesting.

"Almost the first recollection," says Lady Anne, "which gleams on my memory, is seeing my father occupied with dusty papers sent him in a tartan plaid by the old Laird of MacFarlane, the ugliest chieftain, with the reddest nose, I had ever, at that time, beheld. I afterwards learnt that, being a famous genealogist and antiquarian, my father had applied to him for some information to complete the pedigree of his family. The laird, delighted to be employed on a subject he was so perfectly master of, sent him much useful information, and procured him many important vouchers. . . Meantime, my father, possessed of the necessary papers, pursued his work with delight, while I, a little girl, watched his pen, and rejoiced in seeing him appear so well amused. I was rewarded from time to time with a few sugar-plums from the children's drawer of sweetmeats, for the attention I shewed, which flowed from my heart, independent of all views on the crusted almonds.

"This account of our family, drawn up by my father's own pen, and necessarily connected with many other families of distinction, has since been resorted to as a record to be depended upon. It is written in the old spelling of his day, and has, I believe, many grammatical errors in it, as the education of men in his youth was not so much attended to as it has been since, and my father's early entrance into the navy precluded a classical education. He afterwards stocked his ardent mind and lively fancy with all that books could teach, but, having had no Doctor Johnson in his infancy to drill his orthography, his manuscript speaks the age in which he lived as clearly as its discoloured paper tells the ill usage it has met with in its warfare through life. That life was nearly brought to a close by the want of good faith in our governess, whose brother, being a herald in the office of the Lord Lion of Scotland, found my father's book so useful to him, that he got his sister to lend it him, probably unknown to the family, as it was never reclaimed. She was married, her brother died, and his books were sold when our family were dispersed over the world; and my father's honoured work, the amusement of his old age, being extremely ill bound, was sold with old lumber, lions, uni-

corns, &c., and was discovered many years afterwards (as I was informed) on a stall by a person who purchased it for a shilling, and sent it to one of the family as a gem that could never have been there unless by some unaccountable accident.*

"I have arranged all," says Lady Anne, in her preface to her father's work, "as well as its state permitted, but altered nothing. Everything marks the fire of our dear father's animated mind, even at the age of seventy-seven, when he closed his innocent life, surrounded by his children, and attended by his still beautiful wife, our mother, then scarcely forty years of age. To promote the cultivation of talents in the minds of his young descendants, to have them applied to worthy purposes, and their ambition directed to right objects, seemed to be the first wish of his heart."

May the words with which our revered patriarch closed his memoirs sink deep into our hearts!

"The above short abstract is only intended for your use, my dear children, and to help and advise you, that, without pride, you may endeavour to be like your ancestors, who were many of them wise and good, learned and humane, affable and obliging to their friends, brave and resolute in maintaining the honour and welfare of their country. By these qualities they became rich and allied to almost all the great families of Scotland; by these, they became the favourites of many of our best kings, who gave them great estates, and, twice, their daughters in marriage. Make yourselves worthy of your name and family, my dear children! Labour to get knowledge,—it will teach you to love and adore your Maker. Pray to Him, and He will help you to be honest and honourable, kind and affable to your friends, charitable and just to all men: Be so—and you will be esteemed and loved by all, and live and die far more happily than even the most successful of men who are not good."

"He died," to use his son's words, "as he had lived, respected

* I am uncertain whether the above is correct, in so far as it impeaches the good faith of Miss C—— and her brother. The MS. was undoubtedly lost after having been lent to Mr. C——, and search was made for it in 1785 by desire of Lady Balcarres; but he mentions in a note to Sir William Fordyce that year, that he had deposited it in the hands of some one, whose name he had forgotten, by Sir William's orders, many years before. On the other hand I am informed by antiquarian tradition, that Mr. C—— was culpably careless respecting MSS. entrusted to him.

and beloved by his country and relations,"* on the 20th February, 1768, and was buried in the chapel of Balcarres.†

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* Continuation of Earl James's Memoirs by his son, Earl Alexander.

† The following slight traditionary anecdotes may complete the portrait of our patriarch:—

Walking one day in a field of turnips, on which he particularly prided himself, he surprised an old woman, a pensioner of the family, busily employed in filling a sack with his favourites. After heartily scolding her—to which she replied only by the silent eloquence of repeated curtsies, he was walking away, when the poor woman called after him, "Eh, my Lord, it's unco heavy! wad ye no be sae kind as help me on wi't?"—which he immediately did, and, with many thanks, she decamped.

There had been many robberies in Fifeshire,—every house in the neighbourhood had been visted except Balcarres. The robbers were at last captured and brought before the County Court. "Why did you never come to me?" asked Lord Balcarres. "My Lord," they replied, "we often did,—everywhere else we found closed doors, but at Balcarres they stood always open, and, where such is the case, it is a rule among us not to enter."

Earl James's great delight was to ride across country on wild unbroken horses, and if on an errand from the fair sex this delight was tenfold. He never met a carriage without stopping it to enquire whether he could not be of service to the ladies.

I may also record his love of Montaigne's 'Essays' and of the old French fairy-tales,—and, in a graver tone, his peculiar sympathy with St. James, and delight in his Catholic Epistle, as that emphatically of a gentleman, a term implying, in his acceptance of it, all Christian excellence and perfection.

An extract from a letter written by the governess at Balcarres to her brother after Earl James's death will convey another characteristic trait:—"I swear to you that I think much less of that momentary thing, Death, than most people I hear speak of it; yet I seldom allow myself to say so, lest they should think I had any affectation or unnatural courage in it. Perhaps my ease in this affair may proceed from having been these fifteen years accustomed to speak of it almost without ceasing; for Lord Balcarres with as great coolness used to speak of things he would have done after he was dead, and for his amusement, I may say, used to write his will, and consulted us all about it, without either one or another lamenting; in short, his dying was so much spoke of by himself and those that loved him most, as prevented its surprising either his lordship or his family when the event happened."

"I am fully conscious," writes Lady Balcarres to her uncle Sir Alexander Dick, after her husband's death, "that, had Lord Balcarres had the chusing of his own hour of dissolution, the time and manner must have been exactly as it happened; he escaped the evils of old age almost at the instant they threatened to lay hold of him, and, to use his own excellent words, he rather ceased to be than underwent the sting of death. In short, my dear Sir, were it not that we see him no more, we ought not to be allowed the privilege of grief,—the shock nevertheless must be severe, though it cannot be lasting when we consider the gain to him, and the certainty that a very few painful years were all we could after this sickness expect for him."

And the spirit in which he bore the infirmities alluded to during his last year or

Earl James's was an eventful lifetime. Born during the struggles of Earl Colin and Dundee the year after the abdication of King James, he survived for above twenty years the last effort of the Stuarts to regain their hereditary kingdom. Chivalrous in thought, word, and deed, of the most distinguished personal

two may be illustrated by the following short letter, addressed to his dear friend Sir Alexander:—

"Dear Sir,

"Your lady is just going to leave us. I believe she would look upon herself, even in the most agreeable part of the world, as in exile, when absent from you and her young ones. I doubt not from many reasons she is formed for your happiness. Jessie goes too, and I am sorry to part with her,—she is full of goodness, and most amiable; she daily did good to my eyes,—I wish you had another Jessie to send to me to do good to my ears, which are still bad,—they are better or worse as is my health. . . I must learn to lessen all my ills by patience and resignation, if there is no other remedy. I have lived beyond the age of man, and have nothing to complain of but that I have not been able to be so good as we ought to be. We are just beginning to cut a very bad crop of all grain but wheat,—I have lost all my turnips. We had rain to-day, and I am sowing thirty acres over again, and will be doing something as long as I live. I am sorry the asthma would not let you come to us,—tell me when you become better; it will be a real pleasure to a friend and servant,

"BALCARRES."

I may conclude these lingering notices with part of a letter from Lord Balcarres' mother-in-law, Lady Dalrymple, to her brother, Sir Alexander Dick, written on the 28th of February, 1768,—a week after Earl James's death:—

"My dear Brother,

"Your most affectionate and truly sympathising letter, together with your excellent wife's to Miss Keith, arrived a few days ago. We know your worth, we feel your kindness, and are throughly convinced we have not more sincere and hearty friends than you both are, to all and every branch of our families.

"My daughter, thank God! cast down and depressed as she is, behaves like a woman of good sense and principles, very steady. She looks forward to her great charge, and I make no doubt will be found full as capable of it as any of our sex. She has slept this last night, and is much refreshed this morning. In a word, I never saw a more reasonable person, nor one more properly touched with her loss than my worthy daughter is. I myself have held out wonderfully well, and am in good health.

"We have my son Charles[a] with us most luckily, and Sir Hew's two sons,[b] who was a proper number on our side yesterday, when our worthy head of this family was buried in his own chapel. His own seven sons [were present], Lord Kellie, with his three brothers, twenty of our neighbours, three ministers to whom he paid stipend, a qualified minister[c] from Dunfermline, who performed the funeral service, all his tenants, every workman about the place—whose order and decency shewed the most unfeigned affection. I really believe never man was so well served [as] he has been. Every servant, ye would have thought, knew better than any other what was their duty, which they performed with a wonderful alacrity and deep silence,—their tears pouring, while they neglected nothing. Kings have no such servants at their latter end, and with my heart I love to do them justice.

"God bless you, my dear brother and sister!

"Yours,

"ANNE DALRYMPLE."

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[a] Charles Dalrymple, Esq., whose only child became the wife of Earl James's successor, my grandfather.

[b] The sons of Sir Hew Dalrymple of Northberwick.

[c] A licensed Episcopal clergyman.

address and finished manners, he was one of the last representatives of the ancient nobility of Scotland, as they existed before the Union. Branch after branch had been shorn away from his family, till, at the time when the marriage was contracted to which we owe our existence, he was the last of his race. With him, therefore, the ancient history of our family closes, and the new begins. I shall proceed to sketch this later period, though briefly. But I must first complete the present chapter by a rapid notice of the fate of some of the younger branches of the Lindsays, whose origin I have mentioned at intervals throughout the preceding pages, and whose disappearance dates for the most part from the same disastrous period which proved so fatal to the House of Edzell.

SECTION V.

What the battle of Flodden was to individuals, the Civil War was to families in Scotland. Scores of landed proprietors of the name of Lindsay existed at the commencement of the seventeenth century for one that survived at the close of it. The tale of ruin will not occupy us long.

Of the younger branches of the House of Edzell, those of Balgawies—of the Vane (whose castle still exists in ruins, at the upper end of a deep and almost inaccessible ravine)—of Kethick, of Fesdo—all ended, as landed men, early in the seventeenth century,—the latter family losing their property through a singular occurrence. John Lindsay of Fesdo and another gentleman being out sporting near Montrose, the one with his greyhound, the other with his hawk, the greyhound of the one killed the hawk of the other, "which presently," says the Rev. William Lindsay, his great-grandson, "occasioning a fray among the servants, it ran through the whole clan on both sides, which used to be pretty numerous on such-like occasions. A baillie, which is a magistrate of good authority in Scotland, rushing too hastily in, to appease it, had his arm cut off by John Lindsay, who was in the heat of the quarrel,—for which he took the advantage of law and confiscated his estate." Descendants of the family still exist, I

believe, among the citizens of Aberdeen, and others in Poland, where they have enjoyed the rights of nobility since 1764. Their representative at present is Captain Ignace Lindsay, a veteran who after fighting in every war from 1791 to 1830 is now resident in France, an exile.*—The Lindsays of the Mount—the heirs-female of the poet, but of male Edzell descent through David Lindsay, minister of Leith and Bishop of Ross—survived till the commencement of last century, but are now extinct in the direct line; though a family of Lindsays settled for the last two centuries in Virginia, deducing their descent traditionally from "Sir Hierome" (or Jerome) "Lindsay," and Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and now represented by Captain George F. Lindsay, of the U. S. Marines,† may be considered as their collateral representatives,—and, were their descent legally substantiated, and all intermediate heirs extinguished, would be entitled to the chiefship of the Lindsays and succession to the family honours, on

* Family Memoirs written by the Rev. William Lindsay, of Melmerby, Cumberland, a descendant of John of Fesdo in the male line, during the early years of last century,—now in the possession of his representative, Mr. Lindsay Barfoot, farmer in Cumberland, and communicated to me, through the kindness of the proprietor, by the courtesy of B. Lewis, Esq., of Cornwall Terrace, London.—According to Captain Ignace Lindsay, his great-grandfather was the first emigrant from Scotland. His father, Alexander, dying in 1788, left twelve sons and six daughters, of whom Captain Lindsay was the eldest.—"De toute cette famille," he adds, "décimée tant sur la champ de bataille et par mort ordinaire, il ne reste en Pologne que mes trois frères, André, Louis, et Adam, moi, l'aîné, en exil en France, plus deux enfans de mon frère Paul, mort dans la guerre de 1794. Des survivans je suis le seul militaire,—depuis 1812 j'ai le grade de Capitaine Adjutant-Major. Mes trois frères s'adonnent à l'agronomie, en élevant leurs enfans de leur mieux. Notre nom de Lindsay, que notre aïeul a apporté de l'Ecosse, nous ses descendans nous le portons toujours. La noblesse nous est assurée en Pologne par la Diéte Nationale de 1764, sur le même pied d'égalité que celle que jouissent les nobles Polonais. Le diplome de notre famille nous est garanti et décrit sous le titre de Lindesin. . . Toute cette famille de Lindsay, jetée au milieu d'un pays étranger, n'a jamais déshonoré le nom qu'elle porte. Sans fortune, par le seul travail elle cherche à s'entr'aider et se maintenir dans la position honorable."—That this family is a branch of that of Fesdo, and ultimately of Edzell, I have little doubt from their armorial bearings.

† The pedigree (which has been given in the list of Lindsay families in the Appendix, art. America) was recorded in writing by the great-uncle of this gentleman, Opie Lindsay, Esq., of the Mount, described by Captain Lindsay as "a man of large property in land and negroes, and strictly a Virginian gentleman of the old school, exceedingly clannish, and proud of his Scotch name and descent."—Robert Lindsay, the first of the family who migrated to America, is said traditionally to have been a Protestant clergyman, who settled on the banks of the Potomac, in Albemarle County, Virginia—in which state the family have resided ever since.

failure of the heirs-male of the body of James fifth Earl of Balcarres.—The other old Lindsay families in Angus—those of Lethnot, of Pitcairlie, of Pitscandlie, of Blairfeddan, and others—disappeared during or shortly after the Civil War, with the exception of the race designed at different periods of the Hauch of Tannadyce, of Barnyards, and latterly of Glenquiech—the hereditary constables or captains of Finhaven Castle under the Earls of Crawford—who outlived almost all their compeers in Forfarshire, and only became extinct towards the close of last century. They were of high Jacobite principles, and warm Episcopalians. Characteristic anecdotes are still recorded of them. The last Glenquiech but one is remembered to have "expected to his dying day the happy hour to arrive when 'the Prince' should ascend his fathers' throne; and gave himself great uneasiness about matters of Court etiquette, fearing lest, during the long interval which had elapsed, his manners might have become rusty, and he should not cut a good figure when presented to his sovereign after the 'Restoration!'"*—On the death of this gentleman, his son declared that he would have him buried openly with the full service of the Episcopal Church, then proscribed; the timorous clergyman declined officiating,—"Fear nothing," said the young man—"I am resolved it shall be so; I will stand over you with my drawn broad-sword, and we will see who dare molest you!" Thus was the father buried,—the son was the last Glenquiech, and died childless. His younger brother, David Lindsay, was for many years Episcopal minister at St. Andrews, and in that capacity attended his aged chief, Earl James of Balcarres, on his death-bed, in 1768. At the time of Dr. Johnson's visit to St. Andrews he had attained a great age; the clerical robes which he constantly wore,

> "his silver hair,
> And reverend Apostolic air,"

surprised the Doctor, who enquired who he was. "Only a poor Episcopal minister," replied his (for the moment) oblivious cicerone. "Sir!" replied Johnson, "I honour him!"†—The

* Bishop Sage's *Works*, Spott. edit., tom. i. Pref. p. xxxvii.

† Communicated to me by my venerable friend Bishop Low,—whose traditionary knowledge has furnished so many characteristic traits to the history of Jacobitism, as recorded (more especially) in Chambers' 'Rebellion of 1745.'

Lindsays of Glenquiech were, I believe, the last landed proprietors of the name in Angus,—all were swept away; and, as mentioned in a former page, the curse of Cardinal Bethune, "that every future Lindsay should be poorer than his father," is often cited as accounting for this depopulation. Lindsays are numerous, however, among the less affluent classes in Angus—descendants, originally, of the many lairds or barons that once flourished there; "a noble spirit," I am assured by one of them—himself an honour to his clan and country*—"seems still to reign in the family, and it is exceedingly rare to hear the name associated with crime."

Merely glancing at the Lindsays of Broadland, in Kincardineshire, who expired in the seventeenth century after flourishing for two hundred years, I may pause on those of Evelick, in Perthshire, descended from William, immediate younger brother of Walter, the first of Edzell. They were advanced to the baronetage in 1666, and, after producing several distinguished men,† ended in Sir Charles Lindsay, an amiable and highly distinguished young naval officer, who was drowned off Demerara in 1799.‡ The Lindsays of Kinnettles, an Angusshire branch of this family, expired in Dr. Thomas Lindsay, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, the contemporary and friend of Dean Swift.§

* I allude to Mr. James B. Lindsay of Dundee, a gentleman of very extraordinary acquirements, scientific and literary, and of a character eminently calculated to command respect and regard, as witnessed by letters which I have taken the liberty to print in the Appendix to this volume, No. XLII.

† The gallant Sir John Lindsay, K.B., who died Rear-Admiral of the Red in 1788, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, was uncle, and William Lindsay, Esq., Ambassador to Venice in 1791, was elder brother, to Sir Charles, the last of the race.

‡ For an account of this melancholy event, see the *Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1799, tom. lx. pp. 431, 523. "Thus perished a brave and amiable officer in the prime of youth, with all the advantages of birth and fortune, added to those of high reputation in his profession, who fell a sacrifice to his strict attention to his duty, by rather hazarding the perils of a dark night than sleeping out of his ship, and whose eulogium cannot be better made than by the sincere and heartfelt regrets of his officers and seamen."

§ He was son of Mr. John Lindsay, a Scotsman, rector of Blandford, in Dorsetshire, and was entered at Wadham College, Oxford, in 1672. He became clergyman of Woolwich, and chaplain to Henry Lord Capel, when sent into Ireland as Lord Justice in 1693, about which time he became a D.D.—The following year I find him Dean of St. Patrick's,—in 1695 he was appointed Bishop of Killaloe, was in 1713 appointed to Raphoe, and from thence the same year to the Primacy. He died,

The Lindsays of Ardinbathy,* of Kilspindie, and perhaps those of Logies and of Tulliallan, all in Perthshire, and those of Tyrie in Aberdeenshire, were scions of the House of Evelick; but all are gone,—

"The knights are dust,
Their swords are rust;
Their souls are with the saints, I trust."

—Heirs-male, indeed, of Evelick are said still to survive in humble life, although the lands be lost to them for ever.†

A very ancient race, the Lindsays of Cavill, in Kinrossshire, descended from a natural son of Sir Alexander Lindsay of Glenesk, who settled in that county in the time of Robert II., flourished there till the beginning of last century, but are now no longer heard of. Their neighbours, however, of Dowhill, descended from Sir William of Rossie, younger brother of David first Earl of Crawford, and from William Lindsay, Bishop of Dunkeld, who died in 1679,‡ are still existing, though loyalty to the Stuarts and

unmarried, the 13th July, 1724, and was buried in Christ-Church, Dublin. His arms, as described in Crossly's 'Peerage of Ireland,' fol. 1725, are those of Crawford. See Bliss's edition of the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Ware's *Antiquities of Ireland*, tom. i. p. 131, and Mant's *Hist. of the Church of Ireland*, 1840, tom. ii. pp. 99, 185, 262, 267, 355, 407.—Bishop Mant praises the bountifulness of his private charities and his liberality to the Cathedral and choir of Armagh, especially in maintaining the fabric and in providing for the better celebration of the choral service; but complains that, in relation to his diocese in general, and the Church of Ireland at large, little is to be recorded of benefit or improvement under his primacy. A portrait of Archbishop Lindsay is said to be preserved in the palace at Armagh, and another was in the possession of T. R. Maunsell, Esq., of 38, Russia Street, Dublin, in 1802, given by the Archbishop to his grandfather, who was his vicar-general.—I have followed Crawford's authority in describing the Lindsays of Kinnettles as a branch of Evelick; but from their close connection, as witnesses, trustees, &c., with the Lindsays of Edzell, I should rather have supposed them a branch of that House.

* I rather think that they were the elder branch of Evelick. Alexander Bishop of Dunkeld had a charter, ult. Feb. 1620, of Baltrody, Evelick, &c., to himself and his wife, Barbara Bruce, and their heirs-male, whom failing, to Patrick Lindsay of Ardinbathy, his elder brother-german. *Acts Parl.*, tom. iv. p. 649.

† The Murrays of Henderland are the present possessors of Evelick, and heirs of line of the Lindsays of that denomination.

‡ William Bishop of Dunkeld was second son of James Lindsay of Dowhill, who died in 1638. He was educated at St. Andrews University, and thereafter went to England, where he was ordained by the Bishop of Chichester, Sept. 1660. He was presented to the living of Auchterderran, in Fife, in 1662, and was appointed one of the ministers of Perth in 1666. He was rector of Perth in 1677, when he was nominated Bishop of Dunkeld,—and died the following year. His son James succeeded to Dowhill on the death of the Bishop's elder brother without issue. He was the last Laird of Dowhill.

hospitality to their Jacobite fellow-sufferers concurred with the extravagance of one of their representatives to deprive them of their ancient baronial inheritance early in the last century. They scorned, however, to acquiesce in the low estate to which circumstances had depressed them, and struggled manfully and successfully upwards against every wave of adverse fortune. On the death of James Lindsay, the last Laird of Dowhill, his eldest son, Martin Lindsay, found himself possessed of 15*l.* to start with in the world. He sold the last rood of land inherited from Sir William of Rossie, and joined Prince Charles Edward, was tried for his life and acquitted, and afterwards settled in Edinburgh as a writer in the Record Office, where he gradually saved money, married in the rank of life to which he was born, brought up a large family respectably, and transmitted to them, unimpaired, the hereditary friendships and relationships of the House.* He left three sons, James, Martin, and William, who all lived to a patriarchal old age, having passed through life universally esteemed and beloved, enjoying perfect health and vigour of mind and body, and retaining their good looks and dignified presence to the last. Each of them became the father of a numerous progeny of children and grandchildren, who, by mutual assistance and the blessing of God on industry, energy, and integrity, are all flourishing and

* Martin had a younger brother, James, who also joined the standard of Prince Charles Edward. He was tried and condemned to death, but received a pardon through the interest of Mrs. Roche, the actress, mistress of Sir Francis Blake Delaval, who had been touched by his extreme youth and graceful person. The reprieve arrived as he was stepping into the sledge for Tyburn, and he often afterwards expressed his regret at his life having been spared, having fully prepared himself for his fate. His intellect was in fact partially affected by it ever afterwards. The last years of his life he lived in the house of a Roman Catholic lady of fortune, who supported him. He retained his loyalty to the House of Stuart to the last. He had several children, all extremely handsome, of whom James, the eldest, went abroad and was never heard of afterwards, and Charles Stuart Lindsay, the second son, (after a strange and wandering youth, during which he tried his hand successively as a tailor, baker, and footman,) enlisted as a private soldier, and went to America, where he rose to a sergeantcy under General Burgoyne, and afterwards obtained a Captaincy in the South Carolina Loyalists, in which he served till the end of the war—and then returned home. He died at Dundee in 1813, aged sixty-two. His sister, Jacobina Clementina Sobieski Lindsay, (the family fortunes being then at a very low ebb,) lived as upper servant in the family of Drummond of Logiealmond, and was remarkable for her beauty and graceful manners. She afterwards married Mr. James Irvine, farmer at Kincleven. She lived to a great age, and left numerous descendants, several of whom inherit her beauty and her Jacobite appellation.

filling positions in society worthy of their birth.—James, the eldest of the three brothers, died in November, 1837, and was succeeded in the representation of the House of Dowhill by his eldest son, the late gallant and excellent Colonel Martin Lindsay, of the 78th Highlanders, and of Halbeath, in Fifeshire,* who has been succeeded in his turn in the representation of the family by his eldest son, David Baird Lindsay, Esq., so named after his father's old friend and companion-in-arms, Sir David Baird.† Martin, the second of the three brothers, is represented by Captain Martin George Lindsay of the 78th, and the third, William, well known and highly esteemed in the East of Scotland as Provost Lindsay of Dundee, by Martin William Lindsay, Esq., the author of a Memoir of the House of Dowhill, from which I have derived the preceding notices.‡

* Colonel Lindsay's early life was spent in the East, where he distinguished himself in the Javanese war,—as he similarly did, after his return to Europe, in the campaign of Holland in 1814. He was stationed in Ireland during a period of outrage and commotion, of which and of his services "Charlotte Elizabeth" speaks with warm and grateful commendation in her 'Personal Recollections.'—He died lamented by persons of every class of society, for "there lived not," it has been truly said, "a warmer-hearted or more generous gentleman. As a soldier he was beloved both by officers and men, to whom he had endeared himself by appropriate well-timed and considerate attention to their interests in the different climes in which they had served together. He was loved and valued by all his relations, who were proud of him as the head and chief of the family; in him the gentle and unobtrusive simplicity of character, which he inherited from his ancestors, was happily blended with the free and generous bearing of the gentleman and the brave frank spirit of the soldier."—He died at Candy, in Ceylon, where he was the owner of a large coffee plantation, on the 28th January, 1847, and was buried with military honours, and with a larger attendance of the natives, who were much attached to him, than had ever before been witnessed. *Memoirs of the House of Dowhill*, MS., by Mr. Martin Lindsay.

† James Lindsay, Esq., of London, Major-General Sir Alexander Lindsay, K.C.B., and the Rev. Henry Lindsay, Rector of Sundridge, and formerly chaplain to the British Embassy at Constantinople — author of a 'Tour to the Seven Churches,' and 'Practical Lectures on the Historical Books of the Old Testament,' 2 vols. 8vo.—are surviving brothers of Colonel Lindsay.

‡ A singular parity of fortune may be traced in one respect between the families of Dowhill and Balcarres. Each, in 1745, hung upon a single life,—had Earl James not married, had Martin Lindsay been convicted and executed, the line would in each case have been at an end. Both married, and from both have issued a numerous progeny, amounting at the present moment to one hundred persons in the case of the Balcarres family, and eighty-nine in that of Dowhill. Of these eighty-nine, nearly one-half are descended from Mr. William Lindsay, the youngest of the three patriarchal brothers; and in the summer of 1846 he had "the enjoyment of seeing under his own roof at one time thirty-seven of his descendants,

Of the remoter cadets of the House of Crawford (postponing for the moment the Lindsays of the Byres), the Houses of Covington, Wauchopdale, Bonhill, and Dunrod may deserve a parting notice.—That of Covington sprang, as you may remember, from Sir Philip, eldest son of Sir John de Lindsay, Chamberlain of Scotland in the reign of Alexander III.* Sir Philip's son, John, acquired the barony of Covington by marriage, and left a son, Sir John Lindsay, Lord of Covington in 1423, and father of the James Lindsay, Provost of Lincluden, long ago mentioned as Lord Privy Seal in the reign of James III.,† and of John Lindsay, heir and successor of James, from which latter John a long succession of barons descended till the close of the seventeenth century, when the extravagance of the last laird, Sir William Lindsay, necessitated the sale of the property,‡ and the heir-male of the family

consisting of children and grandchildren, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law,—to which number when we add his son in India and two absent grandchildren, he was able to reckon forty-one persons of his own descendants, all in health, filling their places in society respectably according to their rank and years." *Memoirs of the Dowhill Family*, MS.

* *Vide supra*, tom. i. p. 64.

† *Vide supra*, tom. i. p. 151.

‡ Sir William left four daughters, one of whom, marrying John Baillie of St. John's Kirk, was mother of a daughter, married to William Somerville of Corehouse, representative of the barons of Cambusnethan. Their daughter Isabella married Inglis of Eastshiel, whose only child, Violet, was the late Mrs. Lockhart of Birkhill, who died in 1825. She used to relate to her grandchildren the following anecdote of her ancestor Sir William, who, it seems, was a humorist, and noted moreover for preserving the picturesque appendage of a beard at a period when the fashion had long passed away. He had been extremely ill, and life was at last supposed to be extinct—though, as it afterwards turned out, he was merely in a "dead faint" or trance. The female relatives were assembled for the "chesting"[a] in a lighted chamber in the old tower of Covington, where the "bearded knight" lay stretched upon his bier. "But when the servants were about to enter to assist at the ceremonies, Isabella Somerville, Sir William's great-granddaughter and Mrs. Lockhart's grandmother, then a child, creeping close to her mother, whispered into her ear, 'The beard is wagging—the beard is wagging!' Mrs. Somerville upon this looked to the bier, and, observing indications of life in the ancient knight, made the company retire, and Sir William soon came out of his faint. Hot bottles were applied and cordials administered, and in the course of the evening he was able to converse with his family. They explained that they had believed him to be actually dead, and that arrangements had even been made for his funeral. In answer to his question, 'Have the folks been warned?' (i. e. invited to the funeral), he was told that they had,—that the funeral day had been fixed, an ox slain, and

[a] "The act of putting a corpse into a coffin, with the entertainment given on this melancholy occasion." *Jamieson*, in voce *Kisting*.

was a gardener near Edinburgh at the beginning of last century.* The Lindsays of Belstane in Lanarkshire, and those of Fairgirth in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright—the latter a very early branch of the House of Covington, with its own collateral branches of Auchinskeoch, Carsleuch, the Mains, Rascarrell, Sergirth, &c.—have likewise disappeared.

The Wauchopdale family, as I have also mentioned elsewhere, was closely akin to that of Covington, being descended from the second son of Sir John, the Chamberlain, namely, Sir Simon Lindsay—to whose son, Sir John, King Robert Bruce restored the forfeited estates of his father.† The family were again forfeited by James IV. at the commencement of the sixteenth century,‡ and during three or four generations of eclipse they figure

other preparations made for entertaining the company. Sir William then said, 'All is as it should be—keep it a dead secret that I am in life, and let the folks come.'—His wishes were complied with, and the company assembled for the burial at the appointed time. After some delay, occasioned by the non-arrival of the clergyman, as was supposed, and which afforded an opportunity for discussing the merits of the deceased, the door suddenly opened, when, to their surprise and terror, in stepped the knight himself, pale in countenance and dressed in black, leaning on the arm of the minister of the parish of Covington. Having quieted their alarm and explained matters, he called upon the clergyman to conduct an act of devotion, which included thanksgiving for his recovery and escape from being buried alive. This done, the dinner succeeded. A jolly evening after the manner of the times was passed, Sir William himself presiding over the carousals."—This story will remind the reader of the resuscitation of Athelstane and his subsequent supper in 'Ivanhoe.' The family of Covington are now represented in the female line by the grandson of the narrator of this anecdote, William Lockhart, Esq., of Milton-Lockhart, M.P. for the county of Lanark. For this anecdote, and much minute and interesting information concerning the Lindsays of Covington, I am indebted to the kindness of William Fraser, Esq., of Forres Street, Edinburgh,—and similar thanks are due on my part to John Whitehead, Esq., of 84, Great King Street, for copious notices respecting the same family, all of which have proved most useful to me.

* *Memoirs of the Rev. William Lindsay of Melmerby*, MS.—The direct male line of Covington is now, I believe, extinct; but there are no less than five families of farmers in the parish, and many Lindsays in the class of labourers, all probably originally descended from the House of Covington. The barony now belongs, by purchase of his ancestor Sir George of Carnwath, to Sir Norman MacDonald Lockhart, of Lee and Carnwath, Bart.

† *Vide supra*, tom. i. p. 66.

‡ In Parliament, 3 Feb. 1505-6, *Acts*, tom. ii. p. 264-5.—In a charter by James IV. to Alexander Lord Home of part of the Wauchopdale estate, it is described as in the King's hands "ratione escheetæ et forisfactione Johannis (Lindsay de Wauchopdale), qui convictus fuit in ultimo parliamento, apud Edinburgh tento, pro suis proditoriis criminibus contra Majestatem Regiam commissis." *Reg. Mag. Sig.*

only as Lairds of Barcloy, from the remnant of property that remained to them.* They were restored "to their ancient honour, loyalty of blood, fame, state, and estimation," and the forfeiture was declared null and void from the beginning, by James VI. in 1592, on account of John of Wauchopdale, their ancestor, not having been duly summoned in conformity to law;† and the family resumed from thenceforth their ancient title, and retained it till the close of the seventeenth century, when the extravagance of the last laird brought them to ruin.‡—The House of Bonhill, in Dumbartonshire, the hereditary foresters and baillies of the Lennox, a race of independent origin and of nearly equal antiquity, being allied to that of Wauchopdale in marriage, perished with it. The heirs-male of the Bonhill family, the Lindsays of Stuckrodger, survived for a while, but ultimately became extinct,§—and I am not aware of any surviving branch either of Wauchopdale or Bonhill, unless a family of Lindsays settled since the close of last century in the South of Ireland, and now represented by the distinguished numismatist and antiquary, John Lindsay, Esq., of Maryville,‖ and another branch which has flourished at Perth for the last century and a half, and of which John Lindsay, Esq., of Perth and London, is the present representative, be descended from the former House. The arms, at least, of these gentlemen, though slightly differing, correspond with those attributed, with the like variation, to the Lindsays

* Charter by James IV., "in hâc re pietate commotus," 30 Apr. 1507, to John Lindsay, "olim Dominus de Wauchopdale," of the lands of Bordland, Bercloy, and others. *Ibid.*

† *Acts Parl.*, tom. iv. p. 484.

‡ Latterly, at least, they were Roman Catholics.—Epiphanius Lindsay, a Capuchin friar and controversialist mentioned by Dempster as "nobili sanguine non longe Dumfrisio oriundus, sed factis et morum continentiâ nobilior," and who flourished in 1620, was probably of the House of Wauchopdale. *Hist. Eccles.*, p. 434, edit. Bann.

§ Information and pedigrees communicated by my friend, James Dennistoun, Esq., of that Ilk,—a gentleman fully acquainted with the antiquities of the Lennox.—Families of the name of Lindsay still exist in the parish of Bonhill, as farmers of wealth and respectability, descended, according to their own traditions, and with every probability, from the ancient lairds. I am a debtor to the Rev. William Gregor, the venerable minister of Bonhill, for much interesting information concerning them and the original proprietors of Bonhill.

‖ Author of works on 'The Coinage of Ireland,' 'The Coinage of the Heptarchy,' and 'The Coinage of Scotland,' 3 volumes, 4to., published respectively in 1839, 1842, and 1845.

of Wauchopdale at different times during the seventeenth century.

The House of Dunrod, derived, as before stated, from a younger son of the Lindsays of Craigie and Thurston,* maintained for many ages a high station in the West of Scotland, but were doomed ultimately to succumb. Descended from Sir James Lindsay, the accomplice in the murder of the Red Cumyn, the "curse of Caerlaverock" seems to have pursued them for centuries,—their sun set, as it rose, in blood. Their original residence was the Castle of Dunrod in Renfrewshire, but they afterwards removed to Lanarkshire, where the Mains of Kilbride had been their possession ever since the time of Robert II.,† and where their castle is still to be seen in ruins.‡ They dwelt there in opulence and splendour till the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Alexander of Dunrod, having "some way or other," says Crawford, "become engaged in that dreadful and long-lasting feud between the Cunninghams and Montgomeries, killed by a shot out of the window of a farmhouse of his own, at Hagton Hill, near Glasgow, Alexander Leckie of that Ilk, who was brother-in-law to Patrick Maxwell of Newark, a great hero and a very bloody man on the side of the Cunninghams. The murder was never for a long while known till Dunrod in the decline of his days told and discovered it himself. But as bloodshed always calls for vengeance from heaven, so it fell heavily on this gentleman; for when he committed that fact, he had one of the best

* *Vide supra*, tom. i. p. 63.

† Charter, under the Great Seal, of the barony of Kilbride, and other lands, to John de Lindsay de Dunrod, 12 Nov. 1384. Robertson's *Index*, p. 125.—"Johannes de Lindsay, Dominus de Dunrod," figures in 1360, in a charter in the Morton Charter-room.

‡ "It is wholly in ruins," says the historian of Kilbride, "except the tower, which is pretty entire. At the West end of it is a dark and dismal vault, which seems to have been used as a prison; the wall near the ground is about six feet in thickness; the windows are extremely narrow and irregularly placed. It was surrounded by a deep *fossa*, which is yet visible; the chief entry was by a narrow drawbridge on the East, and strongly guarded by a beautiful arched gate. What contributed greatly to the beauty of the Mains was an artificial lake, a little to the South of the tower. It covered a space of about twenty acres. A small island, composed of earth and stones, was raised in the middle of it, which, besides beautifying the scene, afforded a safe retreat for the water-fowl with which the place abounded."—The lake has since been drained. Ure's *Hist. of Rutherglen and E. Kilbride*, p. 150.

estates in the West, yet from that day forward it melted away visibly from him, for in less than twenty years he sold all his estate, for the Laird of Leckie was slain in the 1600, and he sold the barony of Dunrod in the 1619 to Archibald Stewart of Blackhall, as [appears] from the charter of alienation I have seen.* I have been told by people who knew him, that before he died he was reduced to the lowest penury, and really wanted bread but what was offered him from the charity of his friends,"†—a sad conclusion to the career of one who had once been the haughtiest baron of the West-country, and who is traditionally said never to have ridden from home without a retinue of twelve vassals, mounted on gallant white steeds, attending him.‡—He eked out his subsistence latterly by selling favourable winds and immunity from the Evil One to the sea-captains and fishers of the coast, in the character of a warlock, and in concert with some reputed witches among his former cottars at Innerkip,—and his pre-eminence among this infernal crew is still celebrated in a traditional rhyme of the country,

"In Auldkirk the witches ride thick,
And in Dunrod they dwell;
But the greatest loon amang them a'
Is auld Dunrod himsel'."§

—He died, it is said, in a barn belonging to one of his former tenants,‖ and the family sank at once into humble life,—of his two grandsons, John Lindsay, the eldest, travelled to the Indies, and was never more heard of, and the younger, Robert, became a master-tailor in Edinburgh; while of the descendants of his

* See the *Scottish Journal*, tom. i. p. 275. † *Hist. Lindsays*, MS.

‡ Ure's *History of Rutherglen, &c.*, p. 152.

§ A ballad illustrative of this latter phase of his life, entitled 'Auld Dunrod,' is published in the 'Scottish Journal,' tom. i. p. 264, and will be found reprinted in the Appendix, No. XLIII.

‖ Ure's *Hist. Rutherglen, &c.*, p. 152,—where it is added:—"It is reported that the last proprietor of the Dunrod family greatly exceeded all his predecessors in haughtiness, oppression, and every kind of vice. . . Amongst the instances of his cruelty, it is said, that, when playing on the ice he ordered a hole to be made in it, and one of his vassals, who had inadvertently disobliged him in some trifling circumstance, immediately to be drowned. The place hath ever since been called Crawford's Hole, from the name of the man who perished in it. Tradition mentions this cruel action as a cause of the just judgment of God that gave rise to his downfall."

brothers, some were soldiers, some seamen, others stewards, clerks, joiners, &c., in London and Edinburgh at the beginning of the last century.*

Singularly, however, the chieftainship of the House of Dunrod had become disjoined from the actual possession of the estates several generations before their final alienation from the name. George, the eldest son of David of Dunrod, who flourished during the reign of James IV., was set aside from the succession, and John, his younger brother, was preferred to it. The disinherited heir acquired the estate of Blacksolme in the sheriffdom of Renfrew, and became the ancestor of a line of Lairds of Blacksolme, who, on the ruin of the *de facto* Lairds of Dunrod, asserted their right to the representation of the House, and assumed for their crest a withered branch of oak sprouting forth green leaves, with the motto "Mortua vivescunt." † The last of them, William Lindsay of Blacksolme and Balquharrage, sold his estates about the beginning of last century, and carried over a considerable stock to Jamaica, where possibly the representative and chief of the House of Dunrod may still exist among his descendants—if he left any. He was unmarried when he left England, and his nearest male heir at that time was a Mr. Lindsay, "a man of credit in his way," maltster and baillie in Dumbarton.‡—The Lindsays of Mauchlinhole are said to have been the last landed proprietors of the House of Dunrod in Scotland; they ended in two coheiresses.§ The Lindsays of Corsbasket, Thornton, Overscheills, Kittockside, Linbank—the latter hereditary coroners of Kilbride—all descended from Dunrod, are also extinct. A branch, however, as I conceive, of undoubted Dunrod descent, as evidenced by the identity of armorial bearings, derived from long tradition, survives in affluence in Ireland, and is represented at present, in the male line, by John Lindsay Bucknall, Esq., of Turin Castle, and by our kind friend Thomas Spencer Lindsay,

* Family Memoirs by the Rev. William Lindsay of Melmerby, Cumberland, above cited. He was descended from the House of Dunrod through his mother Lilias Lindsay, great-niece of Alexander of Dunrod.

† Nisbet's *Heraldry*, tom. i. p. 54.

‡ Crawford's *Hist. of the Lindsays*, MS.

§ Of whom the one married Sir William Cuninghame of Gilbertfield, and the other Graham of Limekilns, ancestor of my friend, James Graham, Esq., to whom I owe various legendary notices of the House of Dunrod.

Esq., of Hollymount, both in Mayo.—And the name of Lindsay is by no means extinct in Lanarkshire, though no longer to be met with among the upper classes,—for it will almost invariably be found, and the observation holds true generally of other Scottish families similarly situated, that, wherever any powerful branch of the race has taken root in the soil and flourished for centuries, small farmers and individuals of the name are found residing in humble circumstances round the ruins of the castle that was once the patrimony of their ancestors.

The only remaining tribe of Lindsays I have yet to mention in this parting enumeration are the Lindsays of the Byres—more powerful and distinguished than any of the preceding, and long the rivals of the House of Crawford. At the death of George, last Earl of Crawford of the Byres branch, the honours peculiar to it—to wit, the ancient Lordship of the Byres, the premier on the roll of ranking of the nobility in 1606, the Earldom of Lindsay and Barony of Parbroath, created in 1633, the Viscounty of Garnock and Baronies of Drumry, Kilbirnie, &c.—being in no wise affected by the Crawford patent of 1642, became the right and heritage of the next heir-male of the deceased Earl, whoever that might be. And that heir-male was found—but standing on one of the lowest rounds of fortune's ladder.

Of the early branches of the House of Byres, anterior to that of Garnock, the latest, the Lindsays of Kilquhiss, descended from Norman, younger brother of Patrick sixth Lord Lindsay of the Byres, seem to have expired shortly after the Restoration,*—the next in propinquity was the family of Kirkforthar, sprung from David, younger brother of John fifth Lord Lindsay, who flourished rather before the middle of the sixteenth century. The direct line ended in Captain David Lindsay of Kirkforthar, who died about fifty years ago,—but the next heir-male, at the time of Earl George's death, and by consequence the legitimate heir to the Byres honours, was David Lindsay, a sergeant in the army, whose father, a soldier, but a man of weak capacity, had been re-

* My acknowledgments are also due to James Fraser, Esq., of Forres Street, for communication of all recoverable concerning this family. The Lindsays of Newton of Nydie, in Fifeshire, sometimes said to have been descendants of the Hon. Norman Lindsay, were not so, but sprung from a Norman Lindsay, Chamberlain to John Lord Lindsay in 1627.

cognised as a cousin, and kindly treated and provided for by the Crawford family. David enlisted as a soldier as soon as he could handle a musket, and had acquired an excellent character both among the privates and his superior officers, when the succession thus opened to him. He was served heir-male of the Kirkforthar family, and the prospect seemed fair before him. Lord Mansfield and General Melville of Mount-Melville represented his case to the Duke of York, and obtained the promise of a commission for him; they also offered to subscribe a sum of money to enable him to establish his claim,—but he declined it, a brother of his wife, in America, who was in affluent circumstances, having already given him a credit for whatever money might be necessary. In the mean while he resolved to educate himself for the sphere in life to which he appeared to be destined; but, sad to say, through ill advice and ignorance what path to take, "instead of commencing with common elementary instruction," suited to his condition, "he was recommended to logarithms and the abstruse sciences; in his utter inability to apprehend which, while he laudably though desperately persevered, amidst this struggle of ardent zeal with intellect," he succumbed—"a brain-fever supervened," and carried him off in 1809, childless and without any near male relations, within a year afterwards.*

* Mr. Riddell's *Peerage Law*, tom. i. p. 618,—and correspondence of the time.—Another claimant appeared nearly at the same time, Charles Lindsay, who assumed the title of Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, and lived for many years at Cheltenham, distinguishing himself by his liberal subscriptions to charities, missionary societies, &c. He published several poems, for the most part (judging by those I have seen) very indifferent, though they ran through several editions,—but the following lines merit preservation:—

"Ah, woman, formed to bless mankind!
(I speak but of the good),
With every gentle grace adorned,
Each tender art endued!

How oft, with harsh unfeeling pride,
Thee, Heaven's sweet gift, we scorn;
And insult for endearing love
Ungratefully return!

Yet shall the Muse in pious strains
Thy bashful worth befriend,—
With zeal, if not with eloquence,
Shall ardently defend;

In numbers from the heart shall teach,
And own herself inclin'd
To all the various virtues mild
Which suit the female mind,—

To

On the death of Sergeant David, the late Major-General Sir Patrick Lindsay, K.B., representative of the branch of Eglescairnie, became the heir-male of Kirkforthar, and by consequence of the Lords Lindsay of the Byres. His ancestors had branched off from the main stock of Kirkforthar about the end of the sixteenth century, and their fortunes might be cited as an illustration of King James's argument in defence of Davie Ramsay's gentility in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' Cadets of a cadet, the first two generations passed their obscure but useful lives as a joiner and schoolmaster in the good town of St. Andrews; the son of the latter, after serving as an officer in Sir Robert Rich's regiment in Spain till the peace of Utrecht, settled in Edinburgh as an upholsterer, and rose step by step—not to wealth and consideration only, or personal respect, which had been due from the first to his integrity, his extensive knowledge, and general benevolence—but to the dignities of Dean of his Guild,* Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and M.P. for that city—in which latter capacity he distinguished himself both by his spirited personal conduct during the Porteous riot, and his able speech in his place in Parliament against the bill for disfranchising Edinburgh, introduced in consequence of it. His patriotism introduced him into the field of literature, as the author of a valuable work entitled 'The Interest of Scotland con-

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To Piety, whose temper soars
O'er fortune's weak control;
With eye and hand submissive raised,
And heav'n-commercing soul,—

To Cleanliness, if virtue none,
Yet a loved quality;
Which, like the ermine, keeps herself
From trivial blemish free,—

To Candour, with her open face
And undissembling heart,
That fair and genuine Prudence loves,
But flees illusive Art,—

And Constancy, that loves but one,
That's temperate, though sublime;
With noble pride that scorns to change,
But steady is as Time,—

That kisses still the cheek of age,
Rememb'ring what is past,
And loves, though flatt'ring Youth entice,
Her husband to the last."

* *Private Letters*, &c., 1694-1732, Edin., du. 1829, p. 64.

sidered,' &c.*—and his general merits to an immediate alliance with the family of his chieftain, Lord Crawford, in the person of his third wife, Lady Catherine Lindsay. His son, Lieut.-Colonel John Lindsay, of the 33rd Infantry, (an intimate and valued friend of the Balcarres family,) was the father of Sir Patrick above mentioned—a most distinguished officer, invested with the order of the Bath in consequence of his reduction of Coorg in India, and who, after forty-four years of active service in almost every quarter of the globe, returned home from India to die in Scotland in 1839, universally regretted, and the last of his family.†

The representation of the Lindsays of the Byres then devolved on the branch of Pyetstone, one generation more remote than that of Kirkforthar, being descended from William, younger son of Patrick of the "stramping foot," fourth Lord Lindsay of the Byres, —a family distinguished as having given birth to the chronicler Lindsay of Pitscottie. The direct line of Pyetstone had failed towards the close of the seventeenth century, but a younger branch survived in the Lindsays of Wormestone, already mentioned in the preceding pages for their loyalty to the Stuarts, and now represented by Major-General Sir Henry Bethune, paternally Lindsay, of Kilconquhar, Bart., well known as the "Lindsay Saib" of Abbas Mirza's campaigns, and by more recent adventure in the Persian service. Recent proceedings have shewn the extreme difficulty and almost hopelessness of establishing peerage claims of ancient date before the House of Peers, but I have little doubt that Sir Henry is now, *de jure* at least, Earl of Lindsay and Lord Lindsay of the Byres.

* Published at Edinburgh, 1733, and reprinted at London in 1736.

† He died at Portobello, after a lingering illness, on the 14th of March, 1839, in the sixty-first year of his age.—"Those amongst his military friends, and of the 39th regiment in particular, who best knew this distinguished officer, and whose remembrance of him enables them to trace his progress through the various ranks of his profession, bear a lively recollection of his great worth. He was the very model of a military character; commanding without effort, his presence everywhere inspired respect. In him the simplicity of a soldier was dignified by an elevation of character which a cultivated mind and an ardent love of his country and of his profession had acquired for him. And when to this is added that a long intercourse with the world had not chilled the benevolent warmth of his disposition, which to the last displayed itself in acts of great charity, and in the continued exercise of a generous hospitality, it will be felt how great a loss his profession and his friends have sustained by his too early death." *Fifeshire Journal*, May 23, 1839.

Of the remaining branches of the House of Byres none now survive in wealth or estate except the families of Loughry, in the county of Tyrone, and of Drum and Craigballe, otherwise styled of Cahoo, in that of Louth, in Ireland—the former represented by John Lindsay, Esq., of Loughry, the latter by Walter Lindsay, Esq., of Dublin,—both being descended from Robert, younger brother of Bernard Lindsay of Lochhill, mentioned in a former page as groom of the chamber to King James VI.,*—Mr. Frederick Lindsay, of Mountjoy-Square West, Dublin, to whom I am beholden for much kind antiquarian and genealogical assistance, being a brother of the former family, and the venerable General Effingham Lindsay, of the Mauritius and of Constance in Switzerland, and the Rev. John Lindsay, Vicar of Stanford, representing respectively two younger branches of the latter.† The arms of the House, being those of the Lords Lindsay by long inheritance, may be considered as establishing their Byres origin, but the precise affiliation has not as yet been ascertained.

In the mean while, as I have already intimated, the estates of the Lindsays of the Byres being destined, under the family entails, to heirs-female, devolved on the late Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford, only surviving sister of George, twenty-second Earl of Crawford, and, after her death, on the late excellent and amiable George Earl of Glasgow. Lady Mary survived her brother for a quarter of a century. No one has a right to speak of this remarkable lady so gratefully or affectionately as myself. She was quite a character—belonging to times that are gone by. In youth she was extremely handsome, and retained her good looks to an advanced period of life. Her mind was of a masculine order, her spirit high, independent, and unscrupulous, her temper haughty to those who did not understand, or presumed to contradict her prejudices, yet kind and considerate to her dependents, who were devotedly attached to her, and whom she had had around her for

* *Vide supra*, tom. i. p. 319.

† A Memorial by General Lindsay to the Duke of Wellington on his appointment to the Colonelcy of the Second W. India Regiment, enumerating services performed during fifty-five years of a soldier's life, is printed in the Appendix, No. XLIV. I am indebted for it, and for other genealogical information, to the kindne - of my friend the Vicar of Stanford.

years. Living (at least while in Britain) in almost entire seclusion, her affections found vent on a curious assemblage of dumb favourites; dogs of every description, birds, and even a tame fox, formed part of her establishment. Her brother's charger, long the object of her care, survived her, and in her will were found minute directions how and when it should be put to death, so that the cessation of its existence might be attended with the least possible pain,—it was to be shot sleeping. A tame deer, of great age, was a peculiar favourite; she compounded its mess of bread and milk daily with her own hands.—But access to her papers enables me to speak of much of which the world in general knew nothing—of kind attentions, acts of generosity, little minute delicacies, most unworldly and ideal, to every one with whom she came into contact,—of the judicious bestowal of money, in loan or gift, on the deserving—and constant correspondence and intercourse with her mother's old friends, maintained through years of age and illness,—which may balance the remembrance of eccentricities, many doubtless and to be regretted, but which almost invariably, as was remarked by a commentator on her character immediately after her death, "leaned to virtue's side and the cause of humanity."

The predominant feature in Lady Mary's character was a religious reverence for feudal times and the memory of her ancestors —a reverence which she indulged in the erection of Crawford Priory, near Struthers, the ruined castle of the Lindsays of the Byres, in Fifeshire.—It was in the Gothic hall of this edifice that the funeral service of the Church of England was read over her remains by the Rev. J. Sinclair, on the 2nd of December, 1833. It was a day of alternate cloud and sunshine, but mild and still. About the middle of the service, the sun-rays suddenly streamed through the painted glass, on the groined roof, on the trophies of ancient armour disposed round the walls, and lighted up the very pall of death with the gules and azure of the Lindsay cognisance emblazoned on the window—and then died away again. The service over, the procession moved slowly from the Priory door, ascending, by a winding road cut for the occasion through a wood of pines, to the mausoleum on the summit of a lofty eminence, where her brother Earl George was buried. Numbers of the tenantry, and of the town's-people of Cupar and Ceres, attended,

and the hills were covered with groups of spectators. A more impressive scene I never witnessed. And thus, amidst a general subdued silence, we committed to the dust the last of the Lindsays of the Byres, the last of a line of five hundred years.

I possess various valued remembrances of Lady Mary, especially her own portrait by Watson, and that of her lovely but short-lived sister, Lady Eglinton, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, besides other family portraits and relics, specially bequeathed to me, "in consideration of the friendship and affection which has subsisted between the families of Crawford and Balcarres."*

I must now proceed towards the completion of my task—hereafter confined to our own immediate House of Balcarres. The preceding enumeration, however—so few standing where so many have fallen—may not have been useless if it imprint on our minds the solemn memento, that we too may in course of time be broken up as a family and reduced to penury. In such case may our heritage still be faith, energy, and honesty—and we shall do well.

* Alexander, the late Earl of Balcarres, had acted the part of a brother to Lady Mary in early life:—"I ever hold in remembrance," she writes to him on the death of Lady Balcarres in 1816, "the polite attention and friendly conduct of your lordship and Lady Balcarres at a time I stood unprotected in the great world, maliciously attacked from interested motives. . . None had better opportunity, from his universal acquaintance in the higher circles, to vindicate falsehoods propagated, than Lord Balcarres. Her ladyship, with that good sense she possessed, requested of me to apply to him for that protection which a man alone under such circumstances of calumny and insult could give,—the event proved her ladyship correct, as those in a great measure thereafter ceased. The only return I could make was to publish to the world a circumstance which I cherish,—and which now makes me lament the loss of Lady Balcarres as a most excellent woman and the best of mothers."

On the death of Lady Mary, the representation of the Garnock line of the Earls of Crawford devolved on her nearest relatives, the Earl of Glasgow, and G. Dundas Hamilton, Esq., of Duddingstone, respectively descended from Margaret and Magdalen, sisters of Patrick the first Viscount Garnock.—To my friend, the Rev. John Hamilton Gray, Vicar of Bolsover, and great-great-grandson of the Treasurer, Earl John, through the Duddingstone family, I have been indebted for much genealogical information at intervals extending backwards through many years.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed."

PROV. xxxi. 28.

"So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

ANON.

SECTION I.

AFTER Earl James's death, Lady Balcarres resided for the most part in the country, sedulously discharging her maternal duties towards eleven children; her means were limited, but adequate under her admirable management to the difficult task she had undertaken, and to the support of that rank in life, "which at such a moment," observes her daughter, "might have been supposed a misfortune, but in fact is none,—'tis the buoy that keeps merit from sinking."*

Lady Anne has sketched in her lively manner the principal members of the family circle of Balcarres, as it existed during her youth and childhood, now nearly a century ago, in Fife and Edinburgh; her recollections precede the period of her father's death, and possess peculiar interest as descriptive of a period and style of life and manners removed from us by four generations, and that

* "You see," writes Lady Balcarres to a friend to whom she was entrusting a commission, "I 'm very thrifty; and you would think it very necessary, had you seen us some nights ago at a family ball, when we were about fifty souls, all belonging to this identical house; literally all of them breakfast, dine, and sup off our little bit land."—I would once more request the gentle reader, who may peruse these 'Lives' as a critic, not a clansman, to remember that they were addressed to the hearts of an audience much more limited than the public to whom they are now presented, and in that recollection to forgive me for what he may perhaps deem somewhat too much of minute personal detail in this concluding Chapter.

have passed away for ever,—a period too when character seems to have been stamped with a bolder die, or at least to have opposed more resistance to attrition than it now does. I have already cited her account of her father's marriage,—she proceeds to introduce herself and the youthful progeny of that marriage as follows :—

" There had long existed a prophecy that the first child of the last descendant of the House of Balcarres was to restore the family of Stuart to those hereditary rights which the bigotry of James had deprived them of. The Jacobites seemed to have gained new life on the occasion; the wizards and witches of the party had found it in their books; the Devil had mentioned it to one or two of his particular friends; old ladies had read it from the grounds of their coffee,—no wonder if the event was welcomed by the grasp of expiring hope. Songs were made by exulting Tories, masses were offered up by good Catholics, who longed to see the Pope's Bull once more tossing his horns in the country, —every one was glad to hear what the Countess longed for; if devout, she would produce a pious man,—if she set her heart eagerly on anything, it was a sign the young Earl would be ardent and successful in his pursuits,—if she wore white much, it was the child's attachment to the white rose; but the Countess was a woman who longed for nothing, and thereby afforded no key to unlock the secrets of futurity. She went on prosperously however, and in due course of time the partisans of the Pretender, the soothsayers, wizards, witches, the bards, fortune-tellers, and old ladies, were all in a group, amazed, disconcerted, and enraged, to learn that Lady Balcarres was brought to bed of a daughter after all, absolutely but a daughter,—while Lord Balcarres, though he too privately would have been flattered with a boy, received the present she had made him with transport, thanked his young wife as if she had conferred a boon on him he had no right to expect from her, and both parents united in that partiality to their eldest child which they ever afterwards so kindly continued to it. That child was the Anne Lindsay who now addresses you, and in the arms of my nurse I promised to be a little heiress, perhaps a heroine worthy of having my name posted on the front of a novel. But twelve succeeding years robbed me of my prospects by enriching me with ten friends whom I would not now exchange

for that crown which it was foretold I was to have placed on the brows of the Pretender.*

"My father's patience was happily rewarded next year by the birth of a son and heir, my dear Cummerland. A twelvemonth after came my beloved Margaret,—Robert and Colin followed them as soon as possible; James, William, Charles, and John did not lag long behind,—my dear little sister Elizabeth almost closed the procession, though not entirely; Hugh, though last not least beloved, finishes my list,—for our excellent parents, having nothing else to do in the country, desisted not from their laudable aim of peopling the castle of Balcarres, till their family consisted of eight boys and three girls.—Such are the wonders (I speak it to all old bachelors) produced by a life of temperance and the blessing of God!

"Queen Mary herself, and the evils arising to the Scottish nobility by the Union, gave sometimes way to the pride of my father's heart when we all entered the room after dinner; it has even been known, though rarely, that he stopped short when abusing Queen Elizabeth to say to his guest, 'Look at those brave fellows and charming princesses! The Mahometans reckoned planting of trees and of children the two highest claims to Paradise,—if so,. have I not some right to expect a place there for my good works at seventy-seven?'†

* This prophecy seems to be alluded to in the following letter from Lord Balcarres to the aged Lady Cunningham, of Caprington, the grandmother of Lady Balcarres, announcing the birth of Lady Anne:—

"Madam, "Balcarres, 6 Dec. 1750.

"Having many letters to write, I delayed wishing your ladyship joy of a new generation in your family. We had indeed two or three young ladies in our house, impatient for the arrival of a Lord Cummerland; they expected, I believe, he would have come booted and spurred, and ready to mount to execute the great things foretold by the prophets—when a young lady arrived, and assured them, from the fertility of your family, we might depend upon her brother's being here a twelvemonth hence; so we must have patience. The cup of the wicked must be full before it can run over,—the wise and the good have much the advantage of them; they possess tranquillity for the present and sure hope for the future,—and the bad have neither.—In the mean time I am much pleased with the little young one, and yet more to see her mother recovering so well, for there is not anything I value so much, and indeed with the utmost reason. It's partly to your ladyship I owe her, and none can be more

"Your sincere, humble, and obedient servant,

"BALCARRES."

† "I was glad," writes Lord Balcarres to his friend Sir Alexander, on the birth to the latter of a daughter, "to see you so much pleased with your lady's doing her work so well, and the arrival of your nymph; I wish you joy of them both, and a

"To my mother Lord Balcarres gave up the entire management of the family and the children; he knew her prudence, and rarely interfered in her jurisdiction, except when he found little misdemeanours punished as crimes, and then I have heard him say, 'Odsfish, Madam! you will break the spirits of my young troops, —I will not have it so!'—But while the tearing of clothes or fracturing of tea-cups might be too rigorously chastised, or while needless privations might be imposed on us to fit us 'for the hardships of life,' let us not forget that from Lady Balcarres' conversation and practice we learnt those general rules of equity and honour, of independence of mind and truth, which have through life, I am convinced, governed the mind of many a brother.

"Had she but accompanied this sometimes with a little of a mother's fondness, what a foundation of tenderness as well as veneration would have been laid in our hearts! But unfortunately for the contents of our nursery, it was not the system of that century (1700) to treat children with gentleness; everything was done by

long possession. You would have been more pleased with an [additional] guarantee to your family, but you are too wise to repine at the will of Heaven. We are too anxious about the vain desire of perpetuating families,—all the greatest, who are the ornaments of history, are now no more.[a] This poor atom called the world, and everything in it, is liable to a continual vicissitude,—nothing permanent but our virtues, which only can give us a lasting felicity; if we can leave our children enough to secure them against want, we may be easy, as affluence checks all industry,—scarce any one born to it ever becomes eminent either in science or station; it's only want that sharpens the minds of men. I am at all the pains I can to give my children a good education; some of them may succeed—although this unhappy Union with men who love us not makes it very difficult. The cultivation of our fields, as you observe, is a good to them and an honest amusement to ourselves, as it feeds many of the poor, and is indeed a part of religion, and a lasting vestige to posterity that we have lived,—and yet of all the arts none have been more neglected and even despised, although the foundation of all the prosperities of a state. I am glad you tell me you design me a visit this summer,—none can be more welcome to me. . . My kind love to your ladies, and may God bless you! Adieu!"

In another letter he observes, that his children were becoming "too numerous for my lairdship. . . I am sorry for it, as I cannot well provide for so many. Ceres led me into plenty, Venus has again reduced me to poverty; yet I do not complain, for, as the poet says, even the pains of love are preferable to all other pleasures."

[a] "Repine not," he says in a letter written on a similar occasion, "that it is a daughter. I remember my father told me his friend Sir George MacKenzie said to him, he was better pleased by having two daughters than he likely would have been by two sons, as it was then in his power to make the two prettiest (*Anglicè*, finest) young men of our country both his friends, as well as sons. We are too anxious about posterity,—let us make our own lives and our children and friends as easy and agreeable as we can,—the rest leave to Providence."

authority and by correction. I have been told (by my grandmother) that this was in a still greater degree the case with the former generation, when no child was permitted to speak before or sit down in the company of its parents. This I well remember, that a mother who influenced her children to be right through their affections was at Balcarres reckoned to be unprincipled and careless, accused of a willingness to save herself trouble if she abolished the rod, and of forgetfulness of the laws of nature by allowing children to look on their parents as their friends and companions.

"This manner of thinking confused and vexed me. I felt that kindness would have led on our little troop to every excellent purpose by a single hair; but as Lady Balcarres saw that we were all cheerful and tolerably good, she imputed whatever was right in us to the wisdom of her own government, convinced that as a mother no one could surpass her, while paying all reasonable attention to the point of health, taking the weekly account of our progress in the first rudiments of learning from the tutor, and chastising us with her own little white hand, which, though soft, was no slight species of flagellation. Had she only endeavoured to prevent our errors instead of correcting them, by the judicious advice which the early knowledge of our various dispositions might have suggested, how much better would it not have been!

"Something of grief, almost like self-reproach, tugs at my heart while I find myself condemning on any point whatever a mother to whom we all owe so much, and whom I love so well; but there would be an end of all Memoirs, of all benefit arising from the experience we treasure up in infancy, as well as distribute in old age, if things were not to be mentioned as they were, and the rocks pointed out, on which the best people may split, to those who have to make the same voyage. Sure I am that the pilot meant to steer us all triumphantly into port, and sure I am that, when remarking to the succeeding pilots of the rising generation how we might have been rather more judiciously navigated, I do not mean it unkindly to her.

"Pardon this digression, and let us go on.*

* "What a good age is this for children!" observes Lady Anne in one of what she used to call her 'Vagrant Scraps:'—"It is even become the fashion to be stu-

"As two unproductive years of my mother's had made the family grow up in divisions, my brother Cummerland, Margaret, Robert, Colin, along with Anne, formed the first battalion, to which I, as being the eldest, generally elected myself Captain. Whether we stole tarts, robbed the garden, or possessed ourselves of the spoils of the sugar-box, all was common stock, and we held a feast of those delicacies in a temple sacred to the goddess who expected to reap the residuary benefit of them,—perhaps it may be suspected that the five senses were not equally regaled during this repast; I shall not reply to any such conjectures—it is enough if I declare upon my honour that tarts have never tasted so sweet since.—And let me not forget, in justice to the Presbyterian principles of our old housekeeper, Mammy Bell, that this sanctuary was named by her the Pope's House, to inspire us with an early contempt for his Holiness,—but as all our first indulgences were enjoyed in it, I do not believe the triple crown loses by the recollection.

"As we conceived that the tasks of languages, geography, arithmetic, under which we laboured, were harder than those laid on the children of Israel which produced a revolt, Margaret, who had a taste for public speaking, taking the lead, assembled us one day in our favourite temple, and, mounting the sacred fane, proposed an insurrection.

"She complained of hard laws and little play, and assured us, if we would be ruled by her, that she would carry us to a family where she had once spent a week after the whooping-cough very agreeably indeed. She was certain they would receive us kindly, and, as they had no children of their own, they would make us welcome to live with them, which would be much better than the 'horrious' life we lived at home.

"This being the only word in the course of Margaret's life that

dious of their morals, manners, and amusements—it was not so in the days of Noah —ah No! They owe this to Madame de Genlis,—others copy her, and so much the better. Parents were formerly harsh and unjust to their children, and sometimes they got bad characters from their relations *all for their good*, which accompanied them through life, depressing them perhaps during the half of it. If Tommy was twice a bad boy, he was 'the worst boy in the world,'—if George stole tarts and denied it from the fear of being whipped, he was 'a notorious liar and a thief'—George feels the epithets in his heart's core for years after the tarts are digested. Long live Madame de Genlis, if she can make youth happier and better without birch!"

she was ever known to slip-slop, I am glad to transmit it against her to posterity.

" The proposal was agreed to with acclamations of joy, and we instantly set out on the journey, intending by forced marches to reach the neighbour's house that night, as it was but three miles distant and by the side of the sea; but as we could not think of leaving little James behind, who had not yet got into breeches, it considerably retarded us, as we had to carry him by turns. Our flight was discovered by old Robin Gray, the shepherd—' All the goung gentlemen and the young ladies, and all the dogs, are run away, my lady !'—A messenger being despatched, not to negotiate but to bring us back *nolens volens,* the six criminals were carried before the Countess, who declared that on this occasion whipping was too good for us, and that we should each have a dose of tincture of rhubarb to teach us to stay at home—a punishment classically just in its degrees, as the eldest, consequently the most guilty, had the last and most offensive glass of the bottle.

" In spite of this, we were not without our pleasures. We often paddled in a glen at some little distance from the château, and were half-way up the legs in water, along with our three esquires. Margaret's dress and mine perhaps were not exactly calculated for bathing in; we wore yellow and silver silks, which had been made into slips out of an old wedding-gown of Lady Balcarres'; the pattern which had done for one being scanty for two, it had been flounced with blue gauze, which tucking up, with our trains of capacious silver flowers, and jumping in, Pharaoh's daughter made not a more splendid appearance when pulling Moses out from the bullrushes. Between the hours of twelve and one, while the tutor took his walk, we generally galloped down in squadron to visit the fat oxen in the farm-yard, partook of their turnips uninvited, and sat down on their lazy sirloins, paid our compliments to the swine, fed our pigeons, and played at swing,—but there was in each week one whole day which I may call a happy one, and that was Sunday; on it, along with the man-servant and the maid, the ox and the ass, we all enjoyed the privilege derived from the fourth commandment, of ' doing no manner of work,' save getting by rote twelve verses of a psalm, which we repeated to our tutor before breakfast, and in which I was always deficient unless I said my lesson the moment I had learnt it. We

then walked to church, which was two miles distant, and listened with reverence to all we understood, and with smiles to the horrid discords with which a Presbyterian congregation assails the ears, —a discord to me now more pious in its sound of willing praise than all the organs or hired choir-singers in the world, and exceeded by nothing in the sensations it awakens but by a congregation of converted Hottentots joining in one hymn.

"We then returned to dinner, at which we all appeared, and after it received my father's Sunday bounty, viz. eleven heaps of sweetmeats of all sorts and shapes, piled up by one of us according to my mother's order, to teach us to calculate well, the compiler having the last heap, to ensure justice being properly administered in the distribution. It was then remarkable that each child invariably chose the portion most out of his reach,—whether this may not go into something beyond the age of sugar-plums, I leave you to say. The rest of the week was devoted to acquirements, as I have mentioned; but, alas! our house was not merely a school of acquirements, it was often a sort of little Bastile, in every closet of which was to be found a culprit,—some were sobbing and repeating verbs, others eating their bread and water—some preparing themselves to be whipped, and here and there a fat little Cupid, who, having been flogged by Venus, was enjoying a most enviable nap.

"'O my Lady, my Lady!' said little Robert, 'whip me and let me go, if you please!'—Excellent Robert! let me be pardoned here for a digression quite out of the date; but can a better time ever arrive to prove how thoroughly good minds pardon severity arising from right meanings, when I mention that it is now at the château of Balcarres, inhabited by Robert, who well remembers the closet of his imprisonment, that our dear old mother, encompassed by her grandchildren, derives from him and his excellent wife all the solaces of her extreme old age, eighty-five?

"It is wrong to tell this so soon; but I may die, so it shall be told now.—A few words more on our various wickednesses, and then we will close the subject. Cummerland's crime was obstinacy —I mean his imputed crime, for which he was generally confined in a room where there chanced to be a scarlet curtain, which he tells me so strongly associates the crime and the colour together, that he is never in a room with scarlet curtains without

thinking, 'What an obstinate dog must have been confined here!'

"But obstinacy was no part of Cummerland's disposition. The fact was, that from an anxiety to have the young Lord do wonders, his capacities were overloaded,—excellent they were, deep but sound, his heart good, and even tender, his affections sincere, and efforts generous; but abilities, affections, and feelings, all were alike so veiled and marred by that self-diffidence, which, to use a vulgar but an apposite term, I must call false shame, that he shrunk behind himself when it was necessary in the great world for him to assert his powers, in order to obtain what he was more than worthy of, with a figure so distinguished, manners so simple, and abilities as a soldier and a statesman so considerable. But we must at present leave him behind the scarlet curtain, and proceed to the next cell.

"Poor Lady Anne! she of all her children, Lady Balcarres said, was the most difficult to punish; for the faults she committed were not atrocious enough to deserve whipping, and, if she ordered her to have bread and water, she ate it up so contentedly that it could be no punishment,—nay, she had even heard her whisper the butler one day to give her a bit of oaten-cake by way of variety.

"Margaret was more easily made unhappy, though her mind was stronger than mine. She had an inherent pride of reason, without the ostentation of it, which revolted at all laws and punishments which were either, as she said, 'nonsensical or unjust.' A contempt of orders was her usual sin, and being sent away from the company in consequence was its punishment, to her no small evil,—but she was more frequently whipped for 'pining,' as the nursery-maid called it. This pining was taking fits of supposing that no one loved her,—she wished to be the favourite child in the nursery and of Deborah, and, mortified with the number of her rivals without being angry at them, she fretted and wept till it became necessary for her to be carried to the Countess to be whipped, who said it was a sovereign specific, and so it was,—'But the cold bath would have been a better one,' said Margaret.

"Robert and Colin were light and shade to each other,—though we talk of them as children, their characters will do for life.

Robert was less handsome than his younger brother, but his countenance had much of the *bon ami* in it. He possessed sound sense without quick abilities, kind attachments and benevolence without parade, bluntness and sweetness, with a natural mercantile genius for improving the twopence per week which was allowed him for his *menus plaisirs*,—but when improved, it was at anybody's service who needed it more than himself. Colin, on the other hand, had an elegant person and accomplished mind; he had oratory, dignity, and prodigality. Robert bought a knife for sixpence, used it for three months, and sold it to Colin for a shilling,—Colin discovered this, and complained of his brother in terms so judicious and pathetic, that the whole family pronounced that Robert must be a merchant, and Colin my Lord Chancellor. Robert was forthwith destined to go to India as a writer to the Company, and Colin was bred to the bar. 'Tis by trifles such as this that the destinies of mankind are generally decided.*

"Meantime I am leaving Robert in durance vile for stupidity, and Colin, the very soul and true knight of honour, with a pinafore on his breast, disgraced for exaggeration. I find among my papers a curious anecdote of my dear Margaret, which I am sorry to have omitted.

"Our governess, Henrietta C——, amidst many faults, was passionately fond of her, but did not spare her when she was wrong. On a certain occasion, I forget what, 'If you do so again,' said she, 'Lady Margaret, devil take me if I do not whip you severely,'—adding, 'You do not mind what I say, and therefore I swear to it.' Margaret at no great distance of time committed the same sin,—'I see now how you have attended to what I told you,' said Henrietta; 'if this happens once more, I positively must whip you.'—'I do remember what you told me,' said Margaret, 'and you are bound to whip me.'—'I certainly shall the very first time you do so.'—'No, Miss C——, you must whip me now; you swore to it and said, Devil take you if you would not whip me severely.'—Henrietta acknowledged it, but said this once she would excuse her. 'And will God excuse you? No'—said Margaret, 'I insist upon it that you whip me directly.' Henrietta remonstrated; Margaret cried, expecting every moment to

* Colin's destination, as will be seen, was subsequently changed for the army.

see the devil take away the governess. At last she carried the point, and was laid on her knee; but Henrietta, feeling no anger and being full of admiration of the culprit, who was insisting on a flogging to save her soul, instead of inflicting the punishment quietly, bellowed so loud herself at every stroke as to bring my mother into the room, who soon settled the business. Margaret was to receive four lashes only; for though Henrietta had sworn to whip her severely, she had not said what number of lashes she was to give her. Henrietta might have learnt from this not to take oaths without more consideration, and we are learnt the upright worth of Margaret's nature even at the age of six years, which I think was all she had then seen. And now to return to Robert and Colin:—

"Both got out, and both shall be left, with the remaining children, to a future page. I must not fatigue my poor reader with too many juvenile characters at once. Let us now proceed to the *locale* of our habitation.

"To give you an idea of our ancient mansion, we must begin by supposing a very elevated and extensive prospect, and the part of the country before the house enriched with a beautiful lake, which resembled a fine clear bason of water,—a few gentlemen's houses, and around them a good many trees, which on our side of the Tweed should always be acknowledged as a piece of singular good fortune. The sea girt in the landscape all round in a semi-circular form, and, as it was there but fourteen miles in breadth, the opposite shore on a clear day seemed to invite those who were tired of t'other side to pay it a visit—an invitation I have often wished to accept. A huge rock, like a great whale,* rose perpendicular out of the water between the two shores, and exactly opposite to the castle, which commanded the whole. Tall trees encompassed the dwelling, inhabited by faithful rooks, to whom those trees had appertained for ages in a direct line from crow to crowling,—their melancholy note is still in my ear, as is the bubbling of a *jet d'eau* in the garden, in which Venus presided.

"Poor Venus had, in the days of my grandfather Earl Colin's *virtù*, arrived from Italy with all the *éclat* of a Medicean beauty; but, during her residence in this pond, she had had the misfortune

* The Bass Rock, famous in Scottish story.

to lose her arm by one accident and her nose by another, which nose and arm were replaced by the stone-cutter of the village nearest us, who gave her a stout arm, and a nose which, he said, was 'made after the fashion of the Countess's,'—but it was such as made an old gentleman laugh and say, 'Ah, my poor friend Venus! you and I are sadly changed since we knew each other first!'

"Such was our abode, and such the still-life charms around us; nothing was wanting to render it a noble place but money,—and that we were so little accustomed to see or to hear talked of with respect, that we rather affected to despise the improvements it could produce, piquing ourselves on the beauties of Nature, which we reckoned to be most pleasing when unassisted by Art. I must however confess that in the château of Balcarres we were completely secluded from the rest of the world; though our prison was a cheerful one, yet still it was a prison,—the sea all around was our zone, and, if we had supposed ourselves islanders, we should not have been much mistaken.

"I think I see the ghosts of my ancestry frowning over my shoulder as I write this sentence. Every man reckons his own estate to be the point of sight to which all eyes are directed, and perhaps some of my living friends may reckon it the point most worth looking at, and by no means out of the world,—but of what value was the beautiful country except to a painter, or the vicinity to Edinburgh except to a crow?—we beheld it sweetly smoking at a distance, but then it was impossible to get at it! Though twenty miles to the ferry of Kinghorn does not sound terrible, yet the difficulties of winds, tides, the bad roads, and all the inconveniences of leaving home to those who unfortunately are not rich enough to have money to spare easily on extraordinary occasions, rendered every planned excursion so difficult to settle and so productive of dispute, that it was generally given up in a pet by the proposer.

"Indeed it was a sort of creed in our family (and by no means an injudicious one), that it was impossible anybody at Balcarres could wish to be anywhere else.

"My mother said that we saw more company than anybody, and we were convinced of it. The parson—an excellent bust of Homer, and his wife of Seneca—with their daughter, came fre-

quently to see us,—a few neighbours did so too, but seldom; they were honest country gentlemen, living on the produce of grounds they cultivated themselves, but we were told they were as genteel as people ought to be. However, the society at home was so numerous that we did not much feel the want of any other.

"This consisted of my father, my mother, my grandmother, Lady Dalrymple—a placid, quiet, pleasing old woman, whose indolence had benevolence in it, and whose sense was replete with indolence, as she was at all times of the party for letting things alone,—of Miss Sophy Johnstone, an original whom I shall mention by and by,—of the Miss Keiths, three maiden cousins of my mother,—of Mrs. Cockburn, an intimate friend of Lady Balcarres', who had goodness, genius, Utopianism, and a decided passion for making of matches, for which reason she was the confidante of all lovesick hearts,—of the eleven children, who made no inconsiderable addition to the society,—of my brother's tutor, who occupied a chair,*—and of a young woman, or rather a young lady, to whom I dare hardly, even at this moment, give the title of our governess.†

"This was a being so perfectly fantastic, unlike to others, and wild, that, when Nature made her, sure she 'broke the mould.'

"My mother had found her weeping and painting butterflies in the garret of a house where she lodged for a few days in Edinburgh. The mistress of it, who was her aunt, treated her with a severity which she said 'was good for her proud little ridiculous niece,'—and Henrietta C——, indifferent about her good or bad treatment, wept because she was not placed (she said) in the sphere of life for which she was formed. She boasted that in her veins descended the blood of an old Highland chief—I forget who; pride had sailed down with the stream, and Henrietta reckoned herself more highly born than if she had been one of the House of Austria.‡

* The Rev. Alexander Small, a pious but very absent man, and highly valued by the Balcarres family, by whom he was afterwards presented to the living of Kilconquhar.

† Besides the "Brownie," or familiar spirit, who had a little chamber at the top of the house, inaccessible except by a ladder from without, and which is still remembered by the name of "the Brownie's room." It is now many years, however, since he has given tokens of his presence.

‡ Light indeed may be thrown upon these pretensions, upon the character of

"She sang sweetly, wrote and worked well; my mother was amused with the variety of her uncultivated talents, and, as we are all fond of the discoveries we make ourselves, she formed the plan of carrying her to Balcarres in a sort of nondescript situation, till she saw how she liked her, and, if she did, to put into her hands, as governess, the care of the persons, manners, accomplishments, and morals of her daughters.

"At first Henrietta had her mess with my mother's maid in her own room,—tears flowed, she starved herself; and in order to make Henrietta happy, she was permitted to dine with the family. This indulgence was repaid by her teaching us such things for her own amusement as Margaret and I were then capable of learning. By degrees she rendered herself of use, while she maintained her independence. The ascendancy she acquired over the mind of Lady Balcarres, while bending to her in nothing, became evident, and my mother, satisfied that her project was ready to answer, proposed to her to accept the office directly, and a salary of twenty pounds *per annum*,—which, being all she could afford to give to a person possessing nothing, was not contemptible. This proposal nearly cost Henrietta her life,—she said, it was 'so haughty and unprovoked; as an act of friend-

Miss C——, and on the prejudices of society in Scotland during the last century, by the following extract from a letter of that lady to her brother, already mentioned as a herald in the Lyon Office, 9 April, 1766:—"Now I come to the last request I have to make on you,—which is, as you would tender my safety, to make out a sort of sheet-of-paper tree of our father's family, taking the utmost care to connect us with the family of A——, making us of a younger branch of that *illustrious* House, and proceeding from Fergus the First, King of Scotland. Give also our grandfather the title of Fairfield or Freefield, I forget which, and let me have this as soon as you can,—let our grandfather C—— match in the family of Dumbalach, and let us be related somehow to Lord Lovat,—all which, if you are *truly* good at birth-brieves, you can do with ease; but, though it should be with un-ease, it must be done, as C—— of A—— and P——, who is boarded in the house with Lord Cummerland, St. Andrews, is to be at Balcarres, and is keen to know how I am of his family; and this account, since the very beginning of my being in the greater world, has stood me on many occasions in great stead. Lord Buchan, you know, never would have respected me, had I not persuaded him I was of these C——s; and I could give you better instances of the importance such an account to shew would be,—for instance, Lord Balcarres—who, by the bye, is crammed with family pride—cannot have any respect for a man, let his merit be what it will, unless he is of an old family,—I beg, for my Lord's sake, you would, in the account you make out, match some of our forebears (ancestors) with quality."—The whole of this family of C——s have now, I believe, passed away and become extinct.

ship, she was ready to take care of us, but her soul spurned emolument.' Three bottles of laudanum and some quieting draughts put matters to rights. Ill could my mother's spirit brook to make concessions, but she was obliged to do it, and Henrietta gained upon the whole more than twenty pounds *per annum* of consideration, together with a little pension of fifteen pounds from government, which my father procured for her.*

"Behold her then settled at Balcarres—the least little woman that ever was seen for nothing. Fantastic in her dress, and naïve in her manners beyond what was natural at her time of life, her countenance was pretty, her shape neat and nice; but in that casket was lodged more than Pandora's box contained, not only of sorrows and of ills to demolish mankind, but of powers of every kind, good as well as bad—powers of attaching, powers of injuring, powers of mind, powers of genius—magnanimity, obstinacy, prejudice, romance, and occasionally enthusiastic devotion.

"In everything we must take the evil with the good, but in this case, had we had no governess and been less accomplished at a period when talents were more uncultivated than they are now, we should have been less the objects of envy, and probably more fortunate.—For many years she had treated my sister and me with nearly equal affection, though she was her favourite; but the attachment and partiality to me of Miss Sophy Johnstone, whom she hated, riveted in her that aversion to me which met me in every turn of my progress through the early stages of life, like the malediction of an evil spirit rather than a common ill-will which injures and desists.†

* "I am far from murmuring," she writes to her brother, in a moment of more than usual candour, appreciation, and gratitude,—"I think my lot has afforded me many things above what I was born to expect; and if my father and mother had but got a glimpse of the way I was to be disposed of (while they lived), it would not only have sweetened many of their cares, but made them somewhat vain. Seeing I was entirely a child of fortune, having nothing earthly to depend on, either of theirs or my own, how few wants have I known—how many pleasures partaken of! And though I have not made riches, have I not made friends? and those of such a kind as will remain even when money might fail."

† I could illustrate all this by citations from her correspondence, but have given enough to complete the portrait thus sketched, and to point the moral, which I wish to impress upon the memory of all succeeding generations of the Lindsays, that more deadly than the upas-tree is the growth of confidence and influence interme-

"This Miss Sophy Johnstone was, as I have before mentioned, an original in her way not less extraordinary. Her father was what is commonly called 'an odd dog;' her mother that unencroaching sort of existence, so universally termed 'a good sort of woman.' One day after dinner, the squire, having a mind to reason over his bottle, turned the conversation on the 'folly of education.' The wife said, she had always understood it was a good thing for young people to know a little, to keep them out of harm's way. The husband said, education was all nonsense, for that a child who was left to Nature had ten times more sense, and all that sort of thing, when it grew up, than those whose heads were filled full of gimcracks and learning out of books.

"Like Mrs. Shandy, she gave up the point, and, as he stoutly maintained his argument, they both agreed to make the experiment on the child she was ready to produce, and mutually swore an oath that it never should be taught anything from the hour of its birth, or ever have its spirit broken by contradiction.

"This child proved to be Miss Sophy Johnstone,—the dispute and covenant were known in the country, and the neighbours, in jest, calling her 'Hilton's Natural Daughter,' in a few years she passed *bonâ fide* for his illegitimate child.

"I scarce think that any system of education could have made this woman one of the fair sex. Nature seemed to have entered into the jest, and hesitated to the last whether to make her a boy or a girl. Her taste led her to hunt with her brothers, to wrestle with the stable-boys, and to saw wood with the carpenter. She worked well in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than the smith, made excellent trunks, played well on the fiddle, sung a man's song in a bass voice, and was by many people suspected of being one. She learnt to write of the butler at her own request, and had a taste for reading which she greatly improved. She was a droll ingenious fellow; her talents for mimicry made her enemies, and the violence of her attachments to those she called her

diate between parents and children. There may be exceptions to this rule, but they are such as prove it by their rarity.—Henrietta C—— continued to live at Balcarres for many years. "The old house-dog was as likely to be turned from his mat at the door, and left to shiver in the cold, as Henrietta to be sent away from our chimney-corner because our education was completed."—Earl James, I may add, had left her a small annuity, in addition to what he had procured for her from government.

favourites secured her a few warm friends. She came to spend a few months with my mother soon after her marriage, and, at the time I am speaking of, had been with her thirteen years, making Balcarres her head-quarters, devoting herself to the youngest child, whichever it was, deserting him when he got into breeches, and regularly constant to no one but me. She had a little forge fitted up in her closet, to which I was very often invited.*

"To see this masculine bravo equally considered with herself (Henrietta) by Lady Balcarres,—nay, more, to see her endeavouring to undermine her in the affections of one of her pupils, was not to be borne. The other perceived this, and repaid her resentment with ridicule, and, young as I was, I saw enough of both to perceive that, though I could have easily soothed both, the only way to maintain a lasting peace was to make them think better of each other. Both I loved—but Henrietta best, because I felt that I owed her most.

"Margaret and I had begun to see with our eyes and reason on what we saw with our minds, which is the first step out of childhood. We knew that Henrietta's care of us could have been prompted by affection only; her refusal of pecuniary emolument proved this, and stamped so high a value on the act, that it planted in our young hearts exactly the sentiment she wished to inspire. With such a foundation laid, no reproaches she could make us, no trouble her bad state of health could give us, no solicitude of watching every turn of her countenance, and sailing between the dangers of offending her pride on the one side, or hurting her sensibility on the other, was minded by us, if we could make 'poor Henrietta happy, who had nothing to trust to in life but our affection.'—There is one obligation we owe to her—the early strong sense of gratitude.

"Placed among such a diversity of characters, all to be studied, I was in a school where I could hardly fail to learn something of my own. I thought I had,—at least I learnt that great dislike of making others unhappy, which is a negative virtue, and that peace of mind from self-command, which in every situation of life is a solid blessing." †

* The result of this strange experiment was, morally, a most unfortunate one. She lived and died an unbeliever.—The family of Hilton, to which she belonged, is now extinct.

† *Memoirs*, MS.

The Mrs. Cockburn, mentioned in the preceding extracts, was the widow of the Laird of Ormiston, chief of a family allied to the Lindsays since the fourteenth century,* and born herself a Rutherford of Fairnalee—a woman of genius, remembered by her song of the 'Flowers of the Forest,' which can never wither.†—"Lady Balcarres looked upon her," says Lady Anne elsewhere, "as a second mother; she was ten years her senior, but her mind was so gay, enthusiastic, and ardent, her visions were for ever decked with such powers of fancy, and such infinite goodness of heart, her manners to young people were so conciliatory, and her tenets so mild, though plentifully Utopian, that she was an invaluable friend between the mother and the daughters."—"Even at an age," says Sir Walter Scott—writing of her as familiar to him twenty years after this period—"advanced beyond the usual bounds of humanity, she retained a play of imagination and an activity of intellect, which must have been attractive and delightful in youth, but were almost preternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence keeping pace with her genius rendered her equally an object of love and admiration."‡

* *Vide supra*, tom. i. p. 46.

† The words beginning,

"I' ve seen the smiling of fortune beguiling," &c.

‡ Mrs. Cockburn's letters bear out the character above sketched,—they are full of deep feeling and playfulness, alternately chequering the page,—every little circumstance or allusion sets her a thinking on paper, quite unconsciously. I subjoin one to Miss C—— in acknowledgment of a letter from her, describing the death-bed of Earl James, "her patriarch," as Mrs. Cockburn called him:—"I am greatly relieved," she says, "for I am not so sanguine as other people, to imagine a recovery in old age after all symptoms of death,—and I was pleased with Mary Baird's idea; I told her there was some hope last week,—she thought a little and said, 'Well, I'm sorry for it, for it will be all to do over again, all the grief to them and pain to him—and how long can it last?'[a]—I thank you for taking me into the room, and letting me see the venerable scene. Your letter found me in bed this morning, and I shed tears—a dew Heaven has denied me for real heartaches, but they come from approbation,—it was indeed gratitude to Heaven for taking away my patriarch without a pang. I have kissed his cold cheek—I see him! He liked me, and I truly respected and admired him. I am happy at his tranquil death,—he was a man that, 'take him all in all,' we shall not see his like again,—yet Colin is won-

[a] Mary Baird, sister of the gallant Sir David Baird, was daughter of the Laird of Newbyth by Alicia daughter of the Laird of Hilton, and sister (I believe) of Sophy Johnstone. She married Erskine of Dun in 1770, and was mother of Margaret Marchioness of Ailsa.

But of all her society, Mrs. Anne Murray Keith, Lady Balcarres' cousin-german, and the Dr. Anne Keith of Earl James's playful nomenclature, was her dearest friend through life,—a constant and ever-welcome resident at Balcarres during Earl

derfully like him! They (Colin and Robert) drank tea with me yesterday,—do ye know they are better companions to me than your Sir This or Mr. That!—I carried in your letter to Lady Dumfries,[a]—she shewed me hers from Lady Margaret; Jeanie[b] read out your letter, and, when you imputed the easy passage to temperance, Lady Dumfries' eyes run over and she found a lump in her throat. How hard is it to be yoked to one whom you hope to part from eternally! She feels it.—The news has thinned the playhouse to-night; the Dalziel family were going and did not. Every proper respect is paid to the remains of our patriarch; and, brutified as Dumfries is, there was a ball he and his family were asked to—'Na, na!' says he, 'Mrs. Janet! We will see what comes of our uncle Balcarres first. If we do not respect the dead, we will never be respected by the living.'—Jeanie Duff told me this, and said, he ought never to have spoke again."—The conclusion of the letter is addressed to Lady Anne, and is in the same sobered vein:—"My dear Lady Anne, your letter I found to-night, when I came from a long tour of sick people. I am a good deal fatigued with seeing much distress, though I was much comforted with seeing Mrs. Scott,[c]—she is really recovering, and very happy. My next scene was a wife that is sorry she cannot be sorry that her mate is dying,—she is really low-spirited, but not grieved; grief is a pleasure for an object of worth, but the pangs the unworthy give to worthy minds is the bitterness of death. Much have you to see, much to observe, for you are born with a Mind—which is not so common as we vulgarly imagine; and, alas! much have you to feel! Look on it early as a nursery where you are to be whipped into good order and a perfect acquiescence with the Divine Will. The Almighty Maker of Souls, who has various methods of restoring them to the Divine Image, it is impossible His power can fail—it is impossible for His Image to be eternally obliterated—it is impossible that misery, sin, and discord can be eternal! Look then on the erring sons of men as on wretched prisoners, bound in fetters for a time; but recollect that they are and must be eternal as well as you, and that in the endless ages of Eternity they will be restored to Order. This faith, which is sincerely mine, makes me see things in very different lights from what others do, and perhaps is the key to my whole conduct; clean and unclean are welcome to me,—I know that, with all our thousand errors flesh is heir to, we will one day be all right. Death has set me into the other world so far I forget this.—See that you give your mother some castor in wine, when she goes to bed; it saved my brain once after long fatigue,—half a tea-spoonful, mixed with her little finger with white wine, will compose her beyond what ye can imagine—see it be done.—Yes! I will come over. I am not now the most cheerful companion, but assure your

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[a] Anne, daughter of William Duff of Crombie, (by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castleton, half-sister of Anne Countess of Balcarres,)—and wife of William Earl of Dumfries and Stair. She married secondly, after the death of Lord Dumfries, the Hon. Alexander Gordon, Lord Rockville of the Session, third son of William Earl of Aberdeen, and was mother of a large family of sons and daughters, unnecessary here to enumerate.

[b] Janet Duff, sister of Lady Dumfries, subsequently wife of Sir Hugh Hamilton Dalrymple of Northberwick.

[c] Mother of Sir Walter Scott.

James's lifetime,—her constant companion during the many years she resided in Edinburgh after her children had all embarked on their several professions,—and latterly, the cherished guest of

mother I am a friend. She is directly a widow at the same year of her life I was left one."[a]

"I am sorry," she writes on another occasion, "that Love, the best attribute of the Deity, should prove the most unfortunate to humanity. Is it that we are formed only for the love of the Deity that in our worshipping his images on earth we are eternally chastised? Either the image moulders to clay, or we find it is but a mock resemblance; we find we are deluded continually in that heart-search. The Deity has ordered us to keep his likeness—if we do so, our love will be universal and productive, as his inanimate representative the Sun; this general beneficence for ever rewards the possessor,—when we grow particular, we grow miserable; our household gods are overthrown by every chambermaid,—and we may pretend what we please, but I aver that the crime we wonder at in the Jews is still the very crime of all nations—I mean Idolatry."

"I had just now," she says in another letter to Miss C——, "a visit from the Soph,[b]—whose absence, I see, will give you no pain. How comes it to pass that so few tempers can mix in society—in any intimate society? Alas, how will we make a part in that grand chorus of Eternal Harmony, if we carry with us so many discordant strings? But may not we hope that Death will set us free from a thousand prejudices and passions that flesh is heir to? Much reason have I to hope what it is so much my interest to believe; and yet, I thank God, my passions are not of the discordant kind. Though I suffer rather more by affection than those do who feel only for themselves, I am content to take the lot God sends as patiently as I can; yet there is a Magosis in my fate somewhat uncommon; I have the fate of losing friends in such various ways that it is wonderful. If God intends my heart to be entirely devoted to Him, oh may He soon make it so!—but perhaps the divorce from what it loves best is the prelude!"

These sentiments (though verging upon Universalism) are worth preserving, as those of one of the most remarkable women of the Scottish society of last century.

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[a] "This has been a useful lesson to you, my children!" she writes in another letter on this occasion to Ladies Anne and Margaret:—"Die you must—live you must—and eternally too, whether you will or not! There are no precepts for life so eligible or so well bred as those Jesus Christ gives in a very few words—read what he says,—he is the best-natured teacher you can meet with—he is never angry but at hypocrites.—Had we as great access to the human heart as he had, would we be as good-natured? Would we bless those who curse us? Yet to be his disciples we must do so.—Your letter reached me, Anne, when I was with a friend in the country; it had everything in it to delight me, and I read it with pride, for it had that kindness of heart too, without which all the rest is but whipped cream. The mother of the family I am now with was my school-companion fifty years ago. I recommend it to you to lay in these kind of treasures for old age,—they are the coals that, laid up in summer, keep us warm in winter; no money can purchase them after the chill of life begins to creep on. Let kindness therefore be the moving spring in your souls; it produces happiness in this world and beatitude in the next. No matter though you are sometimes cheated and deceived—that must happen through life; you will cheat yourself most if you lose that blessed disposition of which you have so truly the seeds. The Scripture calls it charity—I call it kindness; chuse which name you like best, but keep the thing, my child!"

[b] Sophy Johnstone.

your grandfather, Mr. Robert Lindsay,* after her aged friend and herself had become too dependent on the attentions due from youth to age to be allowed to reside any longer under their own roof. Many an ancient Scottish legend did Sir Walter Scott glean from 'Annie Keith:'—"D'ye think I dinna ken my ain groats amang ither folks' kail?' was a phrase she often playfully used in vindication of the certainty she always expressed of his identity with the unknown Author of Waverley.†

Visits to Edinburgh were paid more frequently as the youthful party grew up, and usually to the house of the venerable Lady Dalrymple, their grandmother, who settled there after Earl James's death.—"I now remember, with a smile," says Lady Anne, "the different evolutions that grandmamma's daily fidgets had to perform, though, at the time, they plagued me a little. Good woman! she had a right to exercise her own troops as she pleased, but no major of cavalry had a greater variety of manœuvres to go through than she had every day,—and why? if she chanced to do anything on Monday that was new to her, she thought it right to do it on Tuesday, and all the future days of her life.

"At ten she came down stairs, always a little out of humour till she had had her breakfast. In her left hand were her mitts and her snuff-box, which contained a certain number of pinches;

* The reader will not forget to whom these Lives are primarily addressed.

† "All you say of my dear Annie Keith," writes the venerable Lady Dalrymple to her sister-in-law, Lady Dick, in 1767, "is gospel; her capacity is great, her heart excellent, her diligence indefatigable,—you see her as she is—I'll say no more."—"You will be sorry to hear," writes Sir Walter Scott (April 30, 1818), "that we have lost our excellent old friend, Mrs. Murray Keith. She enjoyed all her spirits and excellent faculties till within two days of her death, when she was seized with a feverish complaint, which eighty-two years were not calculated to resist. Much tradition, and of the very best kind, has died with this excellent old lady; one of the few persons whose spirits and cheerfulness, and freshness of mind and body, made old age lovely and desirable." *Life*, tom. iv. p. 139.—For a description of her person and residence, during the earlier years of her old age, by her niece, Mrs. Gillespie Smyth of Gibliston, the Authoress of 'Selwyn,' of 'Mornings with Mamma,' &c.—our dear and hereditary friend—see the Appendix, No. XLV.—Mrs. Keith is also understood to have been the original of Mrs. Bethune Baliol in the 'Chronicles of the Canongate.'—I have also inserted in the Appendix, No. XLVI. (as interesting to us through our descent from the Dalrymples), the *family* version of the legend which Mrs. Keith first told to Sir Walter Scott, and which he afterwards made famous throughout Europe under the title of the 'Bride of Lammermuir.'

she stopped on the seventeenth spot of the carpet, and coughed three times; she then looked at the weather-glass, approached the tea-table, put her right hand in her pocket for the key of the tea-chest, and, not finding it there, sent me up stairs to look for it in her own room, charging me not to fall on the stairs.

" 'Look,' said she, 'Annie! upon my little table,—there you will find a pair of gloves, but the key is not there; after you have taken up the gloves, you will see yesterday's newspaper, but you will not find it below that, so you need not touch it; pass on from the newspaper to my black fan—beside it there lie three apples—(don't eat my apples, Annie! mark that!)—take up the letter that is beyond the apples, and there you will find'—'But is not that the key in your left hand over your little finger?'—'No, Annie, it cannot be so, for I always carry it on my right.'—'That is, you intend to do so, my dear grandmamma, but you know you always carry it in your left.'—'Well, well, child! I believe I do, but what then? is the tea made? put in one spoonful for every person, and one over—Annie, do you mark me?'

" Thus, every morning, grandmamma smelt three times at her apple, came down stairs testy, coughed on the seventeenth spot, lost her key, had it detected in her left hand, and, the morning's parade being over, till the evening's nap arrived, (when she had a new set of manœuvres,) she was a pleasing, entertaining, talkative, mild old woman. I should love her, for she loved me; I was her god-daughter, and her sworn friend."—" She was the mildest," adds Lady Anne, many years afterwards, " and most innocent of beings, and would have been possessed of considerable powers of mind and conversation, had she not been so afraid of being made to feel, that, from system, she took pains, as poor Sheriff Cross* said, 'to accomplish herself up to the height of inutility.' In one moment she was released from every worldly infirmity and sent into the presence of her Maker, not unprepared, and therefore not to be deeply regretted."†

* A very clever and witty friend of the family, but much tinged with French philosophy.

† The following anecdote of David Hume, the historian, whom Lady Dalrymple had known from a child, occurs in a letter of Lady Anne to her sister Margaret, from her grandmother's house in Edinburgh. " Dinners,"

In the neighbourhood of Edinburgh was the country-house of Sir Adolphus Oughton, Lady Balcarres' connection by marriage, and at that time Commander-in-Chief in Scotland—" where some

" Dinners," she says, " go on as usual, which, being monopolised by the divines, wits, and writers of the present day, are not unjustly called the Dinners of the Eaterati by Lord Kellie,[a] who laughs at his own pun till his face is purple.

" Our friend David Hume, along with his friend Principal Robertson, continue to maintain their ground at these convivial meetings. To see the lion and the lamb lying down together, the deist and the doctor, is extraordinary; it makes one hope that some day Hume will say to him, 'Thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian.' He is a constant morning visitor of ours. My mother jested him lately on a circumstance which had a good deal of character in it.

" When we were very young girls, too young to remember the scene, there happened to be a good many clever people at Balcarres at Christmas, and as a gambol of the season they agreed to write each his own character, to give them to Hume, and make him shew them to my father, as extracts he had taken from the Pope's library at Rome.

" He did:—my father said, 'I don't know who the rest of your fine fellows and charming princesses are, Hume; but if you had not told me where you got this character, I should have said it was that of my wife.'

" 'I was pleased,' said my mother, 'with my Lord's answer; it shewed that at least I had been an honest woman.'

" 'Hume's character of himself,' said she, 'was well drawn and full of candour; he spoke of himself as he ought, but added what surprised us all, that, plain as his manners were, and apparently careless of attention, vanity was his predominant weakness. That vanity led him to publish his essays, which he grieved over, not that he had changed his opinions, but that he thought he had injured society by disseminating them.'—'Do you remember the sequel of that affair?' said Hume. 'Yes, I do,' replied my mother, laughing: 'you told me that, although I thought your character a sincere one, it was not so,—there was a particular feature omitted, that we were still ignorant of, and that you would add it; like a fool I gave you the MS., and you thrust it into the fire, adding, 'Oh! what an idiot I had nearly proved myself to be, to leave such a document in the hands of a parcel of women!'

" 'Villain!' said my mother, laughing and shaking her head at him.

" 'Do you remember all this, my little woman?' said Hume to me. 'I was too young,' said I, 'to think of it at the time.'—'How's this? Have not you and I grown up together?'—I looked surprised; 'Yes,' added he, 'you have grown tall, and I have grown broad.' "

I add a letter from Lady Dalrymple to her granddaughters, on their return to Balcarres after one of these visits to Edinburgh; it is a pleasing relic of the good old lady:—

" I am pleased, my dear Annie, with your constant attention to my anxieties, which are always powerful when my dear bairns are concerned. I both love and value the person or persons that contribute to my repose. The day you left us was rough, but Colonel Lindsay[b] assured me there was no danger,—your mother's cold was another of my fykes,[c]—however, your welcome letter has restored me, and, as I truly like you for

[a] Thomas Alexander Erskine, the sixth and musical Earl of Kellie.

[b] Already mentioned as father of the late Sir Patrick Lindsay, and Lord Balcarres' military Mentor.

[c] Fidgets about trifles.

of the happiest days," says Lady Anne, "have been spent by us, which Fate ever portioned out in her distribution of pleasures."—"Sir Adolphus was the mildest, the best of human beings; his benevolence, information, simplicity of heart, and variety of talents and accomplishments, rendered him the honoured delight of society, while his *agrémens* and social mirth were all so chastened and harmonized by a degree of unaffected artless piety, as to shed rays almost of glory round him."—An eulogy corroborated as to his "sweetness of temper," "suavity of manners," "extensive information," "boundless curiosity and unwearied diligence," by the united testimony of Dr. Johnson, of Boswell, and the venerable Lord Stowell.*

my correspondent, repent your kindness as soon as you receive this, beginning with your mother's health, who, to say the truth, gives up her person and purse to your good and amusement.

"Your last letter contained, according to my own desire,

Your voyage,	Your brother and sister,
Your journey,	Your horses,
Your mother's health,	Miss C——,

Your two comical servants,

—all were comprised in one page,—see if any of your attentions are lost upon me. Let your next letter be what you please—but fill your paper.

"Girls! I love you both dearly; and although at this time I bring it in head and shoulders, that is no business of yours,—it is my way.

"ANNE DALRYMPLE."

* Boswell's *Johnson*, edit. variorum, tom. iv. pp. 36, 130.—A memorial of this accomplished gentleman may be subjoined here in a letter addressed to Lady Anne shortly after her first visit to the gay scenes of London:—

"I allow you to think me dull and stupid, rude and ill-bred, but I charge you, on your allegiance, my most dear and amiable niece, not to suffer the slightest suspicion to pop into your mind that my long silence is owing to any abatement of my affection, gratitude, or esteem. Jenny tells me she has acquainted you with the business which has of late so entirely engrossed my time and attention; and that, I hope, will suffice to plead my apology. I have ever admired my dear Lady Anne's judgment in all things which she could have a competent knowledge of; and your reflections on the new scenes that have opened to your observation are always pleasing and generally just. The knowledge of mankind, of national characters, and of so capricious a people as the English in particular, is hardly to be acquired but by long experience and diligent attention. What are generally called the manners (though more properly the fashions) of the times are not so difficult to be discerned; yet even there it will require the exertion of your ladyship's penetration and good sense to distinguish nicely between the inward feelings and outward appearances, the springs of action and the actions themselves. The prevalent mode gives the tint or ton to dress, behaviour, conversation, and even opinions, and admits of infinite variety according to the subjects it has to work upon; but the Natural Man is still there,—the discerning eye strips him of his mask, and discovers the sense or folly, vice or virtue, which constitute his real character. An Englishman pert and gay, giddy and frivolous, acts out of his national and natural character,—divest him of his borrowed plumage, and you find him good-natured, dull, serious, and friendly. I am willing to draw the veil over the fashionable part of my fair countrywomen, dissipation, both public and private, having left the genuine traces of their character too faint to be drawn,—but those who preserve themselves pure in a general corruption of manners merit double esteem." Sir

Lady Oughton "was what may be called in one word, an excellent woman; her stories were long, but she was affectionate and kind to us." Her sister, Miss Jenny Ross—both of them being of a family related to us by blood and hereditary friendship since the reign of James II.*—is well remembered as one of the dear friends of our grandsires' youth.

Another link with the past, and the object of respectful veneration during these visits to Edinburgh, was the aged Elizabeth Countess of Balcarres, so frequently alluded to in the correspondence of Earl James and his sister as the widow of their elder brother, Earl Alexander. She was a very remarkable woman, of great powers of mind, like all the House of Scotstarvet, remote descendants of the wizard Michael Scott of Balwearie. She was penurious, not from avarice, but in order to add to the ultimate independence of the family she had adopted as her own, and with this view she would never receive the full amount of her jointure. She was a woman of most determined character in every way. Like most of the widows and ill-portioned daughters of her day, she resided in Edinburgh, in the Lawn-market, and frequently

Sir Adolphus resumes the subject in a subsequent letter, which I give entire:—

"I know not what Jenny has said to our dear Lady Anne about us all; but, as she has trusted her paper to me, I must say for myself that my warmest wishes attend my two beloved nieces, Lady Balcarres, and all your connexions. As an Englishman, I feel a national pride in the good sense and discernment of my countrymen in putting a due value on the merits of such amiable persons. You, on your side, will, I am sure, make a just distinction between the apparent folly and intrinsic merit of the people you are now conversant with. The English are worthy friends but unpleasant acquaintances, awkwardly bashful or impertinently forward, having neither the dignity of the Spaniard nor the easy politeness of the French; but, though slow in forming their attachments, they are not easily diverted from them. The gay circle, who probably fall more immediately under your ladyship's observation, are too dissipated, too *journaliers*, to have any character; therefore I do entreat you will not form your opinion of my countrymen from so imperfect a model. But should a man worthy of your regard seriously discover an attachment to you, let not his bashfulness make you despise him, nor your vivacity disconcert him; for contempt is the most pungent and insupportable of all evils, and is of course a deadly poison to every stage of affection,—and, on the other hand, the most agreeable lovers seldom prove the best husbands.

"All around me are talking away, but now all join in wishing me to say the kindest things for them to you and yours. You may believe them, as well as my dear Lady Anne's

"Most sincerely affectionate,

"JAMES ADOLPHUS OUGHTON."

* Through the marriage of Lady Christian Campbell, sister of Margaret Countess of Balcarres, Earl Colin's wife, with George Ross of Galston. "Young Jamie Ross," mentioned by Earl James *supra*, p. 221, was (I believe) one of them; and the celebrated polar navigators, Sir John and Sir James Ross, belong to the same distinguished stock,—as also Sir Hew Ross, K.C.B.

visited the younger Lady Balcarres. Her dress was as peculiar as her manners and habits of thought. She wore a very large black satin bonnet, perfectly plain, projecting over her face, a black gown, and white apron, and carried a staff in her hand,—the people all knew and made way for her. She was in every way a contrast to the refined and gentle Lady Betty, and was moreover not a little jealous of Earl James's partiality for her. Her cordiality and regard descended with time to Earl James's descendants, but she was an object of respect and regard rather than affection through her oddities and eccentricities.*

I may add to the above list of immediate friends Sir Robert, or Ambassador Keith, as he was commonly called, the affectionate, accomplished, and witty gentleman, and the rescuer under most critical circumstances of the unfortunate Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark,† and his brother, the blunt and honourable Sir Basil, brothers of Mrs. Murray Keith,—Sir Alexander Dick, paternally Cunyngham, of Prestonfield, brother of Lady Dalrymple, and consequently great-uncle of the young tribe of Balcarres, and still remembered as one of the worthiest, kindest, and most intellectual men of his day;‡ Sir Robert and the Anstruthers of

* She survived till Martinmas, 1776.

† A very interesting life of Sir Robert Keith, illustrated by his correspondence and other inedited fragments, has been just published by my friend Mrs. Gillespie Smyth, Sir Robert's daughter.

‡ It was on the 23rd of October, 1781, his seventy-seventh birthday, that the following lines (a happy adaptation from Martial, *Epigr.* x. 23) were presented to Sir Alexander by his great-niece Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, now the Countess Dowager of Hardwicke:—

"This day we hail as subject of our lays
Antonius, happy in a length of days.
Thrice five Olympiads hath the good man seen;
His youth was joyous, and his age serene.
No deed that recollection shuns to name
Can tinge his forehead with the blush of shame;
No day of painful memory unblest
He wishes banish'd from his tranquil breast;
Nor Lethe's certain stream his bosom fears—
'Tis but the closing of his peaceful years.
Happy old man! long may these blessings last!
He twice has lived who can enjoy the past."

Sir Alexander's was no common character,—to an intellect highly cultivated, he united strict honour, warmth in friendship, universal benevolence, and a serene and cheerful temper—qualities which rendered him beloved through life, and lamented when he departed—at the patriarchal age of eighty-three years. He had been originally a younger son, but subsequently became male representative of the family

Balcaskie, our neighbours, and near and valued relations; the Dalrymples of all denominations; the family of Dr. John Rutherford, grandfather of Sir Walter Scott—whom even then his aunt, "Jeanie Rutherford," remarked to Lady Anne, "had more mind and more genius than any creature of his age she had ever seen,"—these, and other families less intimate, formed part of Lady Balcarres' society, either in Fife or Edinburgh; I have not space

of Caprington in Ayrshire, a junior branch of the Earls of Glencairn, and now represented in the female line by John Smith Cuninghame, Esq., of Caprington, the attached and valued friend of the Balcarres family.

Sir Alexander had three sisters, Lady Dalrymple, mother of Anne Countess of Balcarres; Mrs. Keith, mother of Sir Robert, Sir Basil, and Mrs. Murray Keith,—and Lady Douglas, grandmother of the present Marquis of Queensberry. The children of Mrs. Keith and Lady Douglas were brought up almost entirely under Sir Alexander's care. Marrying late in life, Sir Alexander's own children were greatly younger than those of his sisters, whose grandchildren were their contemporaries. The whole kindred, as usual in Scotland, lived in the closest friendship and unity, and Prestonfield was ever remembered by them as a paradise of early happiness. One of Sir Alexander's daughters became the wife of Mr. Robert Lindsay, as will be seen hereafter; another survived until the present year, 1849, in my venerable friend the "Lady of Whytbank," mother of Alexander Pringle, Esq., the "far-descended Lord of Yair" of the Introduction to 'Marmion.'—I subjoin a letter addressed, on Sir Alexander's death, to his widow, Lady Dick, by my great-uncle Charles, late Bishop of Kildare, in illustration of the love borne to him by his youthful kindred of Balcarres:—

"Pershore, 25 Nov. 1785.

"To offer you consolation, my dearest and most honoured Lady Dick, on the loss we have experienced, would be doing little justice to your understanding. The valuable gifts of Heaven were conferred on us for support in times of difficulty or affliction. And it is not now that you are to learn that the same Providence, which withdraws its bounties from us, still leaves the most substantial blessings in exchange. The loss of our nearest and dearest friends must ever occasion to an affectionate and warm mind the most poignant distress; and in such a situation it is not perhaps the least part of our consolation, that we know the same emotions will be felt for ourselves when we pay the great debt of human nature.

"It is almost with the feelings of a son that I write on this occasion. From an early period of my life, the affections which would have impressed me in beholding my own father were, from his loss, transferred to the kindest of uncles. Though I have the blessing of the best of mothers, I look upon you with a similar regard. It was with the deepest concern therefore that I was informed of an event which robbed me of a second parent.

"You have in my cousin and friend, your son, the best affections and the warmest of hearts. I am well acquainted with the sentiments of duty and love with which he regards you and his family. Such a family as yours is a blessing and an honour to its possessor.

"With the most sincere wishes for your welfare, and with my kindest expressions of love to all at Prestonfield, I remain

"Your affectionate nephew,

"CHARLES LINDSAY."

Sir Alexander is now represented by his eldest surviving son, Sir Robert Keith Dick Cunyngham, Bart., of Prestonfield—to whose kindness I am indebted for the preceding and several other letters printed by me in this and the preceding Chapter.

to enter into particulars respecting them, but should be sorry indeed were the remembrance of these old friendships to be lost.

—"You cannot be more pleased than I am," writes Sir Walter Scott to Lady Anne Barnard, on their renewing their early acquaintance more than half a century after the period I am now dwelling upon—"to have so many recollections of former life recalled as your ladyship's letter forced at once on my memory, and of which the sweeping course of time has now left so few living witnesses. I remember all the *locale* of Hyndford's Close perfectly, even to the Indian screen with Harlequin and Columbine, and the harpsichord, though I never had the pleasure to hear Lady Anne play on it. I suppose the Close, once too clean to soil the hem of your ladyship's garment, is now a resort for the lowest mechanics—and so wears the world away.* The authoress of 'Robin Gray' cannot but remember the last verse of an old song, lamenting the changes 'which fleeting time procureth:'—

'For many a place stands in hard case
Where blythe folks kenned nae sorrow,
With Humes that dwelt on Leader Haughs,
And Scotts wha lived on Yarrow.'

—"It is, to be sure, more picturesque to lament the desolation of

* Sir Walter was mistaken. "Hyndford's Close," says Mr. Daniel Wilson, the topographic historian of Edinburgh, "retains its antique character, having on the West side a range of singularly picturesque overhanging timber gables," while its farther extremity is filled by the ancient mansion of the Earls of Selkirk, occupied at the time Sir Walter and Lady Anne allude to by Sir Walter's grandfather Dr. Rutherford. The Close "is neatly paved, terminating in a small court, open at one side; and altogether presents a very pleasing specimen of the retired, old-fashioned gentility which once characterised these urban retreats." *Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time*, tom. ii. p. 49,—a work just published, and of peculiar interest; the letterpress full of research and abounding in romantic incident, the plates and illustrations most picturesque and graceful, and invaluable as the record both of what has been and of what ere long, it is to be feared, will cease to be. The perusal of this work, in fact, gives one even more pain than pleasure—from the bitter regret with which we read, page after page, of the effacing of those architectural characteristics, the antique wynds and quaint old houses, that rendered Edinburgh the Nuremberg of the North—swept away by the besom of modern improvement, and too often in the mere lust after change, by men of whom (madly playing with their forefathers' bones) it may be truly said, They know not what they do.—Blame, however, must be discriminate, and health is a consideration to which even the antiquary must do homage,—but where such relics of our ancestors can be preserved without prejudice to that best boon of God, it is surely our duty to posterity to transmit to them unimpaired the heritage we have received from our fathers—as we would wish our descendants to respect our own ashes.

towers on hills and haughs, than the degradation of an Edinburgh close, but I cannot help thinking on the simple and cosie retreats where worth and talent, and elegance to boot, were often nestled, and which now are the resort of misery, filth, poverty, and vice.

"I believe I must set as much modesty as near thirty years of the law have left me entirely aside, and plead guilty to being the little boy whom my aunt Jeanie's partiality may have mentioned to your ladyship, though I owed my studious disposition in no small degree to early lameness, which prevented my romping much with other boys, though, thank God! it has left me activity enough to take a great deal of exercise in the course of my life. Your ladyship's recollections, awakening my own, lead me naturally to reverse the telescope on my past life, and to see myself sitting at the further end of a long perspective of years gone by—a little spoiled chattering boy, whom everybody was kind to, perhaps because they sympathised with his infirmities." *

* "You will imagine, then, my dear Lady Anne," continues Sir Walter, "how much I value the great kindness which has awakened so many melancholy and yet pleasing reflections. The generations of Rutherfords, in whom your ladyship was interested, are all passed away. My mother, my uncle, Miss Christy, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Russell, died by a strange fatality within a week of each other, though of such different ages. Mrs. Russell's eldest son and two daughters alone survive out of a family so numerous. The former is in India, a most distinguished officer. The two daughters are abroad, trying what climate and foreign baths will do to restore the [mother], whose grief at the successive calamities amongst our friends had a paralytic effect on her constitution. Of twelve or thirteen children of my father, I only survive; and, when I look at two sons and two daughters, fine young fellows, and pretty women, though I say it that should not, I have only to hope that their flourish may come to maturer fruit than was the lot of their predecessors."

The train of feeling with which this letter closes is resumed in a subsequent one, of December 3, 1823.

"Sir Coutts Trotter has always been my good and kind friend; and with his lady I am, as Sir Toby says in 'Twelfth Night,' consanguineous, besides that the late Lady Dumfries and my mother were always dear friends, which is rather better than seventh cousins. The swelling of the waters of Tweed and Ettrick prevented our getting through to pay our respects to Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay when at Yair this summer, which I regretted much. The distance is not above three miles, when the river-gods will permit, but I never saw them so long in real bad humour as this last season, and I have given over the task of swimming drumly fords, at which I was once dexterous enough, to my young hussar, whom your ladyship kindly enquires after.—I am much obliged to my constant friend, Sir Coutts Trotter, for speaking so kindly of my young folks. I was at some pains to train them for their several professions, to which they early shewed a distinct predi-

The younger part of the family of course remained at Balcarres during these visits of the elder ones to Edinburgh. Their characters and dispositions early declared themselves. "All the little ones," says Lady Anne, describing one of their returns home, "flocked around us. James, a spirited fine child, who stood at the head of the second battalion of infantry, now began to shoulder

lection. I think I may almost say with an old ballad, which I dare say your ladyship remembers,

'I have learned my gay goss-hawk
Right weill to back a steed;
And sae ha'e I my turtle-doo
As weill to write and read.

And I ha'e learnt my gay goss-hawk
To wield baith gun and sword;
And sae ha'e I my turtle-doo
To read the Latin word.'

"Please God to spare them to me, I have every reason to think that they will be comforts to me. My eldest daughter, who is generally thought one of our best ballad-singers, is married to a young man of very uncommon talent and amiable disposition, named Lockhart, who adds a most agreeable addition to our patriarchal fireside, together with a babbling brat of a grandchild, which I like rather better than I should do. I expect them all, except Charles, to assemble about a Christmas log at Abbotsford, where we go to spend the recess of the Court of Session; for I have the honour to be a slave, neither of the lamp nor of the ring, but of their lordships' clerks' table—a good comfortable situation, which unites a handsome income with moderate labour and little responsibility."

Of a different character, but equally interesting, are the following remarks on Lord Byron's character, which few understood so well. (14 Sept. 1824.)

"Fletcher's account of poor Byron is extremely interesting. I had always a strong attachment to that unfortunate, though most richly gifted man, because I thought I saw that his virtues (and he had many) were his own, and his eccentricities the result of an irritable temperament, which sometimes approached nearly to mental disease. Those who are gifted with strong nerves, a regular temper, and habitual self-command, are not perhaps aware how much of what they may think virtue they owe to constitution; and such are but too severe judges of men like Byron, whose mind, like a day of alternate storm and sunshine, is all dark shades and stray gleams of light, instead of the twilight gray which illuminates happier though less distinguished mortals. I always thought that when a moral proposition was placed plainly before Lord Byron, his mind yielded a pleased and willing assent to it; but, if there was any side-view given in the way of raillery or otherwise, he was willing enough to evade conviction... It augurs ill for the cause of Greece that this master-spirit should have been withdrawn from their assistance just as he was obtaining a complete ascendancy over their counsels. I have seen several letters from the Ionian Islands, all of which unite in speaking in the highest praise of the wisdom and temperance of his counsels, and the ascendancy he was obtaining over the turbulent and ferocious chiefs of the insurgents. I have some verses written by him on his last birthday; they breathe a spirit of affection towards his wife, and a desire of dying in battle, which seems like an anticipation of his approaching fate."

his little cane, and fancy himself a soldier. William, animated and good-looking, declared that he was a Commodore, and no soldier. Charles, sweet-blooded, could not understand what anybody could mean by fighting,—he was to be a clergyman. John, unlike to all the others, but pleasant and eccentric, was a being it was not easy to calculate on; his spirit was unfettered and free, fertile in project and daring in execution,—he respected no rules and no person. A plaything was taken from him by Lady Balcarres as a punishment for something he had been rebuked for before,—he replied, 'Woman, I told you I would do the same, and I'll do the same to-morrow again!' To-morrow came, he kept his word, was whipped, and another plaything withdrawn,—the sun shone warm and fervid—'Ah!' said he, 'here is a fine day, and my mother cannot take it from me!'—The beautiful little Elizabeth could scarcely speak, and Hugh had still less to say, for he was not born till three months after our return."—The professions thus early and instinctively fixed upon were confirmed by time, as will be seen hereafter.

The following anecdote relates to this early period, and as a moral lesson is not the least valuable that Lady Anne has bequeathed to us. "It is an anecdote," she says, "full of folly and woe,—and I was the chief culprit.

"My own good friend Miss Sophy Johnstone, having constantly declared that her attachment to us was such that she would never leave our family, although she was tormented beyond measure to share her time with others, and that she daily expected a letter from her first-cousin, old General Cranville, who had been appointed Governor of Gibraltar, inviting her to go there with his wife, who was a dull formal woman of whom he was tired, and whom she had never seen, we had been constantly expecting the arrival of this letter; but as it never came, Margaret observed that it was a sad pity that Miss Johnstone could not have this letter and the pleasure of sacrificing this invitation to her love of us. The idea lighted the gas of my brains, and the letter was written in a moment with a good pen on a fine sheet of paper, and I returned myself member of parliament on the occasion. A formal unexceptionable invitation was sent to Miss Johnstone by Mrs. Cranville to accompany her and the General to Gibraltar,—with

an assurance that a little forge should be fitted up for her in the garrison.

"We supposed she would send her refusal in a day or two, and meant to take measures to prevent her letter from being sent, as the village was close at hand. We proposed to thank her afterwards, and tell her the truth.

"The post arrived, and the letter was carried up to her room. We dined together,—not a word was said, but there seemed to be many cheerful hints passing to and fro amongst the seniors of the family. Margaret and I were leaving the room when the cloth was withdrawn, but Miss Johnstone in an encouraging tone bid us to stay. She said that we had sense and discretion above our years, and that she was not ashamed to call us into the council which she had been holding with her friends here on a letter that she had received from her good friend Mrs. Cranville,—putting my own letter into my hand. I trembled from head to foot. 'Well!' said I, when I had read it, 'and you will answer this by saying that you will never leave us?'—'My dear child,' said she, 'I should wish to give that answer; but, to tell you the truth, I ought not. Though I am old, for I am now almost fifty, they are older, and very rich—I am poor,'—(poor! Oh, what a poignard was in that word!)—'I am sensible of the advantages it might be of to me to be with them, and, however painful to me, I am not only resolved to accept of their invitation, but I have already sent off my letter doing so.'

"Confounded by this, and afraid to speak, I laid down the letter, and Margaret and I disappeared, letting it be supposed that we were very sorry to lose her, but really in despair at what we had done. Nothing remained for it but instant confession. She had gone to her own room to settle the particulars of her wardrobe, given all her clothes to be mended, cut out the shape of her travelling trunk, ordered herself a new wig, which she had never before confessed to wearing,—this fact, together with her poverty, we had wrung from this poor woman by our jest!

"We threw ourselves on our knees before her, and told her all. Never did I see anybody more cruelly disappointed, but her manly strong mind took it as a hero would the loss of his army. The lecture she read to us, and the internal groan I heard suppressed,

were never afterwards erased from my memory. She did not lose in the end, for every attention was doubled, and Margaret and I at a small price purchased the invaluable experience of 'never playing a trick to anybody.'" *

It was for a beautiful old Scottish melody, sung by this kind but somewhat Amazonian dame, that Lady Anne wrote the ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' in 1771, in her twenty-first year, and soon after her sister's marriage and consequent departure for England. "Residing," says she, "in the solitude of the country, without other sources of entertainment than what I could draw from myself, I used to mount up to my little closet in the high winding staircase, which commanded the sea, the lake, the rock, the birds, the beach—and, with my pen in my hand, and a few envelopes of old letters (which too often vanished afterwards), scribble away poetically and in prose, till I made myself an artificial happiness, which did very well 'pour passer le temps,' though far better would my attempts have been, had I had Margaret's judgment to correct them."

"Never," she continues, after relating some anecdotes of the ballad, which will be found repeated in a letter to Sir Walter Scott towards the close of these memoirs, "never having shewn it to any one except Lady Balcarres, who was greatly pleased with it, it would never have been suspected as mine, had it not been that, at Dalkeith, Lady Jane Scott, a sensible pleasant sister of

* Lady Anne's kind heart never lost sight of her early friend. I mentioned some pages back that she was a sceptic,—the feeling gained ground upon her, and the desolate and hopeless state of her mind is vividly painted in a letter to Lady Anne long afterwards:—"You desire some account of myself," she says. "Alas! my dear pupil, I can give but a very dismal one, having outlived my faculties, if ever I had any, which indeed I 'm very doubtful of; and a constant gloom hangs over me,—in short, every comfort is withdrawn, and I am most impatient to be relieved, but not without terror. My hand shakes so abominably that it's with the greatest difficulty I have wrote this, which I fear you will not be able to understand,—indeed I should not have made the attempt to any mortal but yourself, for I'm totally incapable of everything. God for ever bless and make you happy is the sincere wish of your most affectionate S. J."—She lived for many years after this, indeed to extreme old age, and latterly in great misery through penuriousness. The junior members of the family, the grandfathers and grandmothers of the youngest existing generation of the Lindsays, were frequently sent to visit her, and never empty-handed: they usually found her crouched in the corner of her den, and her first salutation was always, "What ha'e ye brocht? What ha'e ye brocht?"—stretching out her skinny arm to receive the offering.

the Duke's, said, 'You sing that song in a way that makes me sure it is your own writing.' I blushed scarlet and denied it. 'Don't do so,' said she,—'I will betray you unless you give me a copy of it.' To convince her I was not the author, I gave it, entreating her not to let any one have it, which she promised,—but somehow it got into the world; old ladies remembered it in their nurseries, with inventive rather than retentive memories, and old song-books, all of a later date than 1771, stocked with ancient ditties, were brought forward to prove that, if I ventured to call the song mine, (which no one had ever heard me do,) I told a story."

And thus for many a long year, while all agreed in admiring 'Auld Robin,' few or none were agreed on the subject of its antiquity. Perhaps the simplest evidence of its popularity, and of the interest taken in the question of its date, may be found in the words with which the authoress closed an impertinent cross-examination, to which the secretary of some Antiquarian Society, deputed to enquire into the matter, had subjected her. "The ballad in question," said she, "has in my opinion met with attentions beyond its deserts. It set off with having a very fine tune put to it by a doctor of music,* was sung by youth and beauty for five years and more, had a romance composed from it by a man of eminence, was the subject of a play, of an opera, and of a pantomime, was sung by the united armies in America, acted by Punch, and afterwards danced by dogs in the street—but never more honoured than by the present investigation."†

Lady Margaret and Lady Anne Lindsay were attached to each other through life by unusually warm feelings of sisterly affection. Of Lady Margaret's personal charms and mental accomplishments, the recorded admiration of her contemporaries, and many

* By the Rev. Mr. Leeves, of Wrington, as usually stated.

† The genuine text of 'Auld Robin Gray,' with the Continuation, and a French version by Florian, will be found in the Appendix, No. XLVII.—The Continuation, like all sequels, is inferior, but there are touches both beautiful and characteristic in it, as, for example, in the verse descriptive of Auld Robin's watchfulness of Jeanie after learning her secret,—

> "Nae questions he spier'd her concerning her health,
> He look'd at her often, but aye 'twas by stealth,
> Till his heart it grew grit, and sichin' he feign'd
> To gang to the door to see if it rain'd."

beautiful poems, original or translated from the German,* are surviving proofs. "Beauty and grace," says Lady Anne, "formed her figure; feminine mildness and dignity her manners. Her conversation was as gay as it was enlightened, and had often so much of the brilliancy of harmless wit in it, that nothing could have saved her from the envy which pursues it, but the softness of her manner, which so blunted, or rather veiled its point, that the listener went away, charmed with her as a beautiful woman, without having found out that her capacity was even superior to her beauty. Her eyes were dark blue, and, though small, were full of animation when she smiled, though softness was their character; but it was the eyelids which gave to them that singular expression of beatitude which involuntarily suggested the word 'angel' to the gazer on whom those mild rays fell. Her hair was auburn inclining to red, her nose Greek approaching to aquiline; her mouth might be supposed a little too wide, but it was surrounded with smiles which shewed a set of teeth so pure and fine, that it was impossible to have wished the house smaller that lodged such tenants. Her general form and stature had the fulness in it of youth's first bloom, while her skin and complexion had all its lustre and delicacy,—but the turn of her face and throat—it was Grecian beauty's own self! Never have I heard any voice in singing so melodious; it had that perfect affinity with her appearance which lent and borrowed from it additional charms; it possessed that natural *affettuoso* which often surprised tears from the listener he knew not why. Her understanding and abilities were of the first class, although disregarded and almost unknown to herself. She possessed that which I have rarely met with in women, that clearness of thought and facility of expression which involuntarily led her to give back the idea she had received so embellished and improved, that its author, like Dr. Brocklesby, was 'astonished at his own success.' Often have I found the advantage of this, when, as Sheriff Cross said, I 'could not see the wood for trees,' while Margaret saw not a twig more or less than she ought. Languages were easy to her, and she could argue on any subject which occurred naturally, with a discrimination and

* A few specimens of these, including her translation of Bürger's 'Lenora,' the most beautiful perhaps that has yet been executed, will be found (printed for the first time) in the Appendix, No. XLVIII.

justice rarely to be met with. I knew not how she acquired knowledge,—our old library, in which we had leave to 'drive through the sea of books without pilot or rudder,' and which was next our bedchamber, afforded the same musty volumes to both sisters; but the owls hooted away all the philosophers taught me, while Margaret's memory retained everything. It was in acquirement only her natural indolence was laid aside; in everything else it appeared as if she left me, her elder sister, whom she loved and looked up to, to think, feel, and act for her. Along with these varied accomplishments, let me not omit to add her perfect benevolence, her tenderness for the sufferings of others, her patience in bearing with their infirmities, her purity of principle and natural piety, deep and calm. It was her only imperfection, that Nature had given her a sensibility so acute to ridicule or blame, that it was difficult to find words so tender as not to hurt her feelings or alarm her pride,—she needed my cheerful careless view of things, the hope and hilarity of my self-content, to reassure her respecting herself. . .—With such a figure for a partner, with such a friend to my heart, I entered life, nor is that tie dissolved, nor is that form escaped to its sky,—all, all remains unimpaired, except by the ravages of the cruel scythe, which mows down every flower and every charm, to make us think of that spot where they will fade no more!"

Such was Lady Margaret Fordyce, whose youthful beauty inspired Sheridan with those well-known lines, which alone have survived the poem they appeared in:—

"Marked you her eye of heavenly blue,
Marked you her cheek of rosy hue;
That eye in liquid circles roving,
That cheek abashed at man's approving;
The one Love's arrows darting round,
The other blushing at the wound?"

She is more truly described—her character, at least, which bore much resemblance to that of her aunt, Lady Elizabeth, in the words of Haller's monody on his wife, translated by herself:—

"One who ne'er felt the pride of human will,
But meekly bent beneath the will of God;
Cheerful, sedate, zealous, yet calm and still,
The patient victim of misfortune's rod."*

* "Always sweet," says Lady Anne, "always entertaining, always instructive,

—"But she was happy at last, though short was its period, two years only! Let me add this, in justice to Sir James's kind attentions,"—Sir James Burgess, well known in literature, her second, deserving, and kind husband.*

she reminded me of the character drawn by my father, in his memoirs, of his sister, Lady Elizabeth."—Her eloquence, I have always heard, was extraordinary, and her singing frequently left the whole room in tears.

* I may complete this portrait of a most pure and noble mind by inserting a letter written by her, at the age of only nineteen years, to her first husband, Alexander Fordyce, Esq., of Roehampton, on hearing that he had ruined himself and her,—and indeed made shipwreck of his character as well as fortune, though this she would not believe. It would be treason to womanhood to suppress such a witness to its heroism, and all of that name have passed away and are forgotten:—

"For the sake of Heaven, your own, and my repose, my dear husband, let not this unhappy affair affect your mind too much! I have heard all—even the worst—from our ever valuable friend Mr. Atkinson; and I have borne it with a fortitude which nothing but a thorough conviction of our sole dependence on Him who gives and who takes away could give me. Do *you* think in the same manner, and by calming your troubled mind ease me of the greatest part of the misfortune, the idea of your unhappiness. I hope you know me well enough, my dear Fordyce, to be convinced that I can live with as much content on a small fortune as on a large,—I think I could look even poverty in the face without shrinking, if it was necessary, which, thank Heaven! it is not; and who knows but, when this unfortunate affair is in some measure past, we may live in a more happy manner than we have yet experienced, trusting more to each other and to our own minds for that content which, if not found there, will fly us in every situation? Perhaps we may not be able to live in this country—well then, my dear husband, we will go to another; we cannot go where all-protecting Providence will not comfort and sustain us if we submit with resignation to His will. The dread tongue of malice and the triumph of those who are not our friends, I own, is a thing hard to bear; but while you know, and I am convinced of, the rectitude of your intentions in those plans which have turned out so unfortunately, the lenient hand of time, and, may I add, the soothing attentions of a wife, will get the better of all those misfortunes, and we shall yet be happy.—Oh my Fordyce! had I known your mind had so great a calamity to struggle with, how should I have tried to have soothed it, and, instead of being hurt or offended at any little starts of temper, I would have rather wondered how they could be so few.—I have sometimes told you I was a philosopher, and, if it were necessary, could be an economist. I come now to the test, and I am too proud to be caught shrinking back like a coward, when I have affirmed I could face the enemy. I would fain make you smile by painting to you the otherwise timorous Margaret, armed at all points, fighting most valiantly against the foe Misfortune, and getting the better of him by the sole armour of content and the hope of better days. I know him to be a coward and a bully—appear afraid of him, he overwhelms you—face him, he flies; yet we have all a vulnerable part, my dear husband,—mine is in the thought of your unhappiness—let me find you composed and comforted—let me, if possible, see you, that I may pour the balm of consolation into your wounded mind, and I shall then hope that the time may not be at a great distance when I may sign myself your happy as well as affectionate wife, while

"M. FORDYCE."

"I went on Sunday," she writes to her sister, two years afterwards, in 1774—"Oh, Annie! where?—to Roehampton—to chuse from amongst what was my own what I wished to purchase! Yes, Annie—I came away satisfied with my own philosophy. I repeated to myself with Solon or Socrates—no matter which—'How many things are here which I can do without!'—adding, what alone made it a boast—'though once possessed of them.' I prayed for a little rain to sadden the glories of the prospect to a more suitable gloominess—they were not heard—

SECTION II.

In the mean while, the domestic circle was rapidly diminished by the successive embarkation of its junior members on the stream of active life,—each followed his own course, and in a few years

the day was delightful, the place in perfect order and beauty; all the walks and shrubberies, which we had just made, are now in the greatest perfection—not one tree we planted that has not grown with the most uncommon luxuriance—the garden full of the finest fruit—

> 'But if all is not sweet for me,
> What care I how sweet they be?'

—I gave one parting look, peeped at the cartoons and the great room, and, stepping into the carriage, carried with me a bunch of roses over which I could have played the mournful Philomel.—Where then, say you, was my Peg's philosophy? —I felt, in spite of these natural feelings in my breast, and my heart whispered me, the loss of outward show could never be to it the trial most to be dreaded. If our present situation was more happy, I should have stood with less composure the sight of Rochampton; but a greater evil, and such is our present vexation, is like the brazen serpent which swallowed up all the others. A present evil and fear is always worse than a past, and I have taught my mind to look on what was formerly mine with almost as much indifference as if I had never been possessed of them."

"Time," she continues some days afterwards, "always gets a-head of one, and there is no overtaking of the old fellow, he walks so fast. Remember, Madam Anne! he has marched you into your twenty-fifth year, Bal into his twenty-fourth, while sweet young Peg is only in her twenty-second. I have crowed over Balcarres on this subject this fortnight past. We grow old, my dear Anne, and wise, I am afraid! which is the foolishest thing after all that one can do, if Solomon is right in increase of wisdom being increase of sorrow. For my own share, I hug myself when I find a desire for any folly, and, stepping to the glass, say, 'Come, come! I am not so old as I imagined;' and this complacent reflection ensures my good complexion and my good humour for the evening."

"Tranquillity," she writes to her sister about a year afterwards, "is the present goddess of my adoration. How I wish I could build a statue to her of pure white marble, without vein or spot—her eye neither much elevated with expectation nor depressed with disappointment, but with a serene and sweet look observing the busy, angry, and transported world, with equal regard. At present, however, till I get an abode for her, I must endeavour to erect her temple in my own breast, which I will prepare for her reception as well as I can by throwing out every gloomy thought and uneasy retrospect, and endeavouring to crown all by an unbounded confidence in the Author of Peace."

I feel as if I ought to apologise for the preceding citations—but there are sorrows and trials so idealised by the heart and the imagination that they rise by their very purity into a region far above the personal and private, and afford encouragement and strength to all succeeding generations.

Her later years, long after Mr. Fordyce's death, were troubled by the attachment of a man who sacrificed her life and happiness to his selfishness, and whose conduct, says Lady Anne, "while it inspired her with the disdain of him that he merited, also affected the sweetness and peaceableness of her gentle nature. With grief I

there was scarce a quarter of the world of which a Lindsay was not a denizen. Those who hovered nearest home were Lady Margaret; Lady Elizabeth, Countess of Hardwicke,* and mother of your fair cousins of Mexborough, Caledon, Stuart de Rothesay,

saw that a deep resentment corroded her heart. At length, at the earnest instances of my affection and on calmer views of things, I prevailed on her, upon a solemn occasion of religious duty, to abjure for ever a sentiment which was so contrary to the spirit of Christian forgiveness of injuries. She did so, when taking the sacrament in Dublin, and peace was restored to her mind. Happy, after the chagrins suffered by her heart, to fix her thoughts on a better world, the blessed effects of religion manifested their work in her, and after some painful years of regret, spent in the passage from youth to age, from beauty in all its radiance to decay, the heart and hand of a person of her own time of life being offered to her—one who, as he then acknowledged, had been attached to her almost from infancy—attached with a degree of constancy befitting the days of Hilpah only—it was to the surprise of her acquaintance, but not of the friends who knew the nature of her mind, that she accepted of him; and in the society of his young family by a former wife, who were devoted to her, she found that comfort in her advanced life which she braved the smiles of the world to fold to her heart.—During two years Margaret enjoyed contentment in its fullest extent, and seemed happier than I had ever known her,—at last her Maker recalled her to himself—a spirit so pure, so devout, and so ready to join Him, that, when she quitted this life, it was not for her I could grieve, but for myself."

* Authoress of a beautiful translation of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' in MS.—The following 'Address to Entick' was written in a more playful vein, when a mere girl, on the fly-leaf of Entick's 'Grammar,' on the occasion of an absurd task having been imposed on her by her schoolmistress:—

"Say, dreaded Entick! cause of infant tears,
Who fill'st the little trembler's heart with fears,
When in the nether shades thou tread'st the way,
To answer for thy crimes in upper day,
Oh say, what chastisement, what fiercer pain,
Shall frowning Rhadamanthus thee ordain?
Ixion's wheel? Prometheus' endless groan?
The fate of Tantalus? or the rolling stone?
Not Entick there; for thou, with deeper aim,
Giv'st to thy blacker crimes a legal name,
And subtle draw'st from Science' earliest page
A sure pretext to plague the rising age.
No hissing furies shall their serpents reach,—
Thy torments, villain! shall be parts of speech.
The adjective, the substantive, shall aid
To din thy ears with rules thyself hast made.
If for a moment they shall absence plead,
The pronoun shall be ready in their stead;
Passive or active, still the verb intrude,
Its action ever varying with its mood;
Articles, adverbs, prepositions,
Shall vex thee with their definitions;
The weak conjunctions, too, shall help to join
The scientific tortures of the line;
But yet, in pity to thy abject moan,
The interjections shall be all thy own!"

and Somers;* and Charles Dalrymple Lindsay, Bishop of Kildar the revered and beloved sire of a numerous tribe of Lindsays i Ireland. The rest of the family were for many years almo strangers in Europe. Two brothers fought in India, two i

* The melancholy fate of the gifted Lord Viscount Royston, eldest son of t late Earl of Hardwicke, and whose 'Remains' have recently been given to t public, throws a deep interest over the following lines addressed to him by h mother on his birthday, and sent to him at Harrow, in May, 1796—lines which acknowledge with gratitude the permission of inserting here:—

"Again the jocund month of May,
With all its blossoms fresh and gay,
Returning, brings the happy morn
On which my child, my son, was born.
With what delight thy mother smiled,
Thy father wept and kiss'd his child;
And first, he thanked indulgent Heaven
For all the blessings it had given,
And next, his secret prayer began
To make his son AN HONEST MAN.
'An honest man!' I hear you call,
'In truth the boon he asked was small!
Why sure, mamma, 't were strange belief
To think that I could be a thief;
To rob another of his gains
Indeed were little worth my pains,—
And honesty, besides, I know,
Consists in paying what I owe.'
Does it, my child?—no more I ask;
Nor think thy debt an easy task.
Wilt thou repay thy parents' care,
Their earliest thought, their latest prayer?
Wilt thou repay thy sisters' love,
A faithful, fond protector prove?
Wilt thou repay the talents lent
By nature, in their full extent?
Repay thy friends their feelings kind,
By best affections of the mind?
And e'en to fortune pay thy part,
With open hand and liberal heart?
—Nor even here thy task will cease,
For every hour thy debts increase;
Think not thy filial duty done,—
Britannia claims thee as her son,
And bids thee guard, with pious awe,
Her king, her altar, and her law.
Thus pay—if erring mortals can—
The debt imposed by God on man.
Is then, dear boy, the boon so small?
Ah! strive, my child, to pay it all;
And let it be thy anxious care
To second well thy father's prayer—
Fulfil the wish that he began,
And be, like him—AN HONEST MAN!"

It was reserved for his affectionate aunt, Lady Margaret, to sing his dirge—in the following lines, commencing with a translation of some Greek verses inscribed

America; your grandfather resided at Sylhet, on the borders of the Burmese empire; a seventh and an eighth brother entered the navy, of whom the elder, William, a gallant young officer, was drowned at St. Helena, and the younger, Hugh, after serving till

by him in the album at the Falls of Trollhätte, in Sweden, and sent to England after his decease:—

" 'Nature her wondrous gifts with liberal hand
Has scattered round to deck the smiling land;
Her hidden treasures in earth, sea, or sky,
Impervious are to the neglectful eye.
For wisdom's daughter opes not nature's store
To sloth or ignorance; but crowns the lore
Of him, whose ardent gaze and onward course
Follow untired and seek her at her source.
On him the goddess smiles with gentlest air,
And binds the deathless laurel round his hair.
In case immersed, these eyes had ne'er surveyed
These sacred caves where smiling Naiads played.
Waves of Trollhätte, wondrous to behold,
Rocks, which the dawning sunbeam tips with gold,
Forests, to brightest beams impervious yet,
Your varied charms I never can forget!'

Thus sang the youth, almost a parting strain,
The matchless youth, for whom we mourn in vain.
No flimsy freight he purposed to import
Of each vain trifle from the vainer court;
Far from his native land, in keen pursuit
Of science only and of wisdom's fruit,
Where arts, or laws, or poetry, were found,
There lay his course, through wild or cultured ground,
Mine, mountain, city that deserved renown,
Or classic ground forgot, or horde unknown.
No danger stopped him—vain primæval snow,
Vain parching plains, where noxious vapours blow.
Onward he pressed, and, like the industrious bee,
Knowledge he drew from weed, or flower, or tree.
Oh precious honey! what had been the store
Of him, whose cruel fate we now deplore,
Had Heaven restored him to our vows alive,
With all his sweets to deck his parent hive!

* * * * * *

Thine was the eye that, blessed with ray divine,
Saw at a glance and made all nature thine;
'Gainst thee in vain had language power to bar
Thy steady way with momentary war,—
While yet the unmeaning sounds still mocked thine ear,
That rapid ray had taught thee how to hear:—
Though blessed with youth, health, beauty, rank, and power,
All that could gild or could ensnare the hour,
With even purpose, like the sapient king,
Knowledge thou sought'st, upborne on eagle's wing;
While other youths pursued the chace, the dance,
The flute, the goblet, led by whim or chance,
Thy comprehensive powers and buoyant mind
In tender youth left wondering age behind.

Witness

the cessation of all promotion at the close of the American war, embraced the sea-service of the East India Company, dividing his time thenceforward between London and Canton;* and the authoress of 'Auld Robin Gray' accompanied her husband, Mr.

Witness Cassandra, prophetess of ill,
Obscure by fate, yet lucid by thy skill:[a]—
Nor had gay Fancy on thy favoured head
Forgot her motley flowers to twine or shed;
Oft have I seen thee in the social hour
Lead with thy chosen few the mirthful power,—
The playful verse sprang instant at thy will,
In brilliant bubbles sparkling as they fell.
Ah! hadst thou reached once more thy native soil,
Fraught with the treasures of thy generous toil,
How had the hearts exulted that now sink
In sorrow's wave immersed! Yet, while they drink
The bitter cup ordained e'en to the lees,
They bend to Him who past and future sees,
Who brings to nought the justest pride of man
At His blest will—and who that will shall scan?
Yet is it nought, mother with grief undone!
That thou hast borne and fostered such a son?
Father, who bleed'st like her at every vein,
Who gavest him life, is 't nothing that in vain
Thou didst not toil to form from thine his heart
For that blest country where we never part,
Where no dire storms destroy the hope of years,
And drown the parent's heart in endless tears?
Pure shall ye meet in spirit, freed from pain,
And knowledge bloom on life's fair tree again."

* The circumstances of this change of service are thus related by Lady Anne in a 'Memorandum respecting my Brother, Hugh Lindsay:'—"Lord Howe objected to Hugh Lindsay's appointment as lieutenant by Rodney in the West Indies, to bar similar claims which he was afraid would come heavy on Government on the peace. But he conferred the favour required on a friend of his own, under parallel circumstances with my brother. Hugh thought that a hardship, and told him so. The great man was offended and tried to browbeat the little man, and said that 'if the cases were parallel, he would confirm him too, but he denied the fact.' The Secretary of the Admiralty was called in, and allowed the statement of Hugh to be correct. Lord Howe left the room in displeasure—no redress was granted—and Hugh Lindsay, disgusted, quitted the navy for the East India Company's service." —An interesting Chinese adventure, contributed some years ago by Mr. Hugh Lindsay to the family archives, will be found in the third volume of these 'Lives.'

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[a] Lord Royston's translation of Lycophron's 'Cassandra,' which, "independent of its merits as a poem, evinces a knowledge of history and mythology, a profundity of research, and a combination of taste and learning, altogether astonishing in so young a writer," was originally privately printed, at Cambridge, in 4to., 1806, and was published, for the first time, in the volume of 'Remains,' &c., edited by the Rev. Henry Pepys, now Bishop of Worcester. His letters to his father, (the late accomplished and excellent Earl of Hardwicke,) descriptive of the scenes of his last wanderings, precede the 'Cassandra,' and are as remarkable for the varied information they convey as for their agreeable and lucid style as compositions.

Barnard, to the Cape of Good Hope, when he went out as colonial secretary under Lord Macartney.

General Stewart, in his 'Sketches of the Highlanders,' has described Earl James's children as "a family of soldiers."* The late Lord Balcarres, and his brothers Colin, James, and John Lindsay, were all in the army. I have given you already Lord Balcarres' early character, in the words of Lady Anne,—a character which, in the one point of self-diffidence, I must qualify as applicable only to his reserve in asserting the importance of services for which the country was primarily indebted to a decision of character which few persons have possessed—at least in union with such clear foresight and calm judgment—in a more remarkable degree.—"He has without dispute," writes his mother during his early years, "the happiest and most contented temper in the world,—at the same time bold as a lion, and ambitious—never letting slip an opportunity of raising his family; but when his efforts fail of success, his natural good temper reconciles him at once to the failure, and makes him find resources of pleasure at home that obliterates it from his mind." †

* Tom. ii. p. 163.

† "What you tell me," he replied to his mother, on hearing from her of a marriage by which the probability of his succession to the estates and honours of a near relative[a] was cut off—a reply which I insert as a fit introduction to his military career—"What you tell me of Mure Campbell's having got a bonnie lassie for his wife from the island of Raasay gives me no great pleasure, nor does it at the same time disappoint me. I never looked on that succession with the smallest degree of certainty, and to hear there is an end of my hopes sits very light on me.—I think I am well acquainted with the situation my family has been in, with its present state, and with what it has a right to expect from me. I have not the smallest objection to any honourable way in which it can be advanced. I have never looked on myself as a very splendidly circumstanced peer, nor have I ambition to become a very rich one. I only regret that, as things are, I have it not so much in my power to be of service to my friends as my rank in life somewhat entitles me to be. . . But remember, my dear mother, that I must always look on the army as my chief prospect of advancement; it is not only suited to my inclination and the surest line, but likewise that by which a man in my situation, with a small fortune, many good friends, but few if any powerful family connections, can best secure to himself that respect that is due to him." *Memoirs of Lady A. Barnard.*—For several years, in fact, he lived almost wholly on his pay, devoting his income to the payment of the debts affecting his estate, and to the advancement of his brothers,—thus fulfilling the injunctions of his father in a letter addressed to him in 1765:—"As your nine brothers and sisters must be provided, and as you

[a] The Earl of Loudoun.

The early part of his military career may be told in his own words, in a continuation, begun in 1784, but never completed, of his father's memoirs:—"At the age of fifteen he purchased his ensigncy in the 53rd regiment of foot, and immediately joined his regiment in Gibraltar,—went to Germany, where he remained two years,*—on his return, purchased a company in the 42nd, where he remained captain of grenadiers five years,—was then appointed, by purchase, major to the 53rd regiment of foot, and immediately embarked with that regiment, which was ordered for Canada," on the breaking out of the American War. "He there served the campaign 1776, having obtained the command of a battalion of light infantry. In the beginning of the campaign 1777 he commanded the light infantry in the unfortunate army that took the field under General Burgoyne." At the battle near Ticonteraga† "he was wounded in the left thigh, and made the greatest escape perhaps ever recorded,—he had thirteen balls passed through a jacket, waistcoat, and breeches,—the lock of his fusil was shot off, and the barrel doubled together. His wound being slight, he again took the field, and towards the end of the campaign‡ a most remarkable and happy circumstance occurred. The army being in a most dangerous situation, he fortified his battalion without any orders in a very strong manner, giving injunctions to his men that, in great probability, their lives would depend upon their diligence in completing that small work. The very day it was finished§ the army marched to attack the enemy's works, and were most completely defeated. General Frazer, at the head of six battalions, was killed, and the rout was universal. In this situation did the command devolve on Lord Balcarres, who, having gained his own little work, brought his light infantry about, and received their whole army; and although

will have two jointures to pay, your condition will be but mean at first, and will require good management. . . But if you can learn to be temperate and frugal, you may be easy and happy both in body and mind. When your circumstances become better, never save your money when justice, charity, or honour, require you to part with it. Observe this my best advice, and may the Almighty bless you all, my dear children!"

* Studying at the university of Göttingen.

† "Where he stormed and carried the lines of Huberton, at the head of his regiment of light infantry." *MS. Memorial of Services.*

‡ "After the severe contest at Freeman's Farm." *Ibid.*

§ October 7, 1777.

repeatedly stormed, and all the neighbouring works taken, they had the good fortuue to repulse them finally," *—"and by this success the British army was saved on that day." †—"But a few more days decided the fate of that army, which was forced to surrender," ‡ in consequence of Burgoyne's convention with Gates at Saratoga on the 13th of October. Lord Balcarres was sent into New York as an exchanged officer, but, finding it not perfected, he would not accept his liberty "at the expense," as he expresses it in his letter to the authorities, "of the pleasure I feel in sharing the unhappy fate of the regiment I have the honour to command." § He obtained his liberty two years afterwards, in

* *Continuation of Earl James's Memoirs.*—The Americans were commanded by the notorious General Arnold.

† *Memorial of Services, above cited.*

‡ *Continuation, &c.*

§ "Balcarres is still here," writes his brother Colin to their mother Lady Balcarres, "encamped with us. He told me that he had written to you by the last packet that he should return to Boston,—from an earnest desire to serve he first left it, having signified that desire to General Phillips, who commands there. He arrived here before his exchange was completed, and found there was reason to suppose that the unfortunate army of which he made one would soon proceed to England, but by the last advice from Britain this plan seems to be at an end,—his intentions are therefore changed, and he no longer wishes to accept of his exchange, but means to return to Boston forthwith. He says, that, having shared the reputation of that army, he is determined to share its misfortunes, and that the greater they are, the more he feels it his duty, as an officer and a man, not to shrink from them.[a] I replied, 'But why should you not go home upon the parole you have, and return to Boston four months hence? You have been four years with the regiment,—if there is any interest or connection you wish to preserve, you may lose it by absence; your affairs in England and the interests of your brothers require your presence:'—He allowed it,—but his duty is the superior consideration. Do not therefore expect him, for there is not a chance of his arrival, which I assure you we both very much regret."—I may subjoin a letter previously addressed to Lord Balcarres by this warm-hearted youth, dated Philadelphia, February, 1778:—

"My dear Brother,

"Mr. Clarke is about to return to you. He brought me the sincerest satisfaction in the accounts of your perfect health. My letter to you must be open, and perhaps undergo the perusal of many men who cannot understand the easy and natural language of affection from one brother to another. I cannot therefore utter a thousand things I wish to express, and employ an unusual style of correspondence.

"General Burgoyne has expressed himself most amply in your favour, and the Commander-in-Chief has lately appointed you a lieut.-colonel in the 24th regiment.

"I have used my utmost endeavours that you should be exchanged, that you may

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[a] "My regiment," he wrote to his sisters, "is my family,—you can all do without me. The rebels give me leave to go home if I please, but I will not accept of a favour in which all my officers cannot equally benefit, so I will remain with them."

1779,—returned home, and married, in 1780, his cousin-german, Miss Elizabeth Dalrymple, daughter and heiress, by a second marriage, of Charles Dalrymple, Esq., of Northberwick.

Colin Lindsay, and his brothers James and John, were officers in the 73rd, or MacKenzie, Highlanders. "Colin," says his sister, "was, perhaps, one of the most amiable young men that ever lived; animated in his countenance, elegant in his figure, noble yet modest in his manners; his sense of honour was high, almost to singularity,* his temper sweet in the extreme; he was generous, affectionate, accomplished, and sincere—a word inadequate to express the beauty of a mind which was the very soul of truth in its unvarnished simplicity."—"He bought an ensigncy," says Lord Balcarres, "in the year 1771,† embarked for

again distinguish yourself in the service of your country. But the enemies of it seem to have resolved to accumulate the misfortunes of individuals in their own service as well as ours, by putting a total stop to the exchange of prisoners. Thus the law of nations, the guardian of their rights, is suspended in its operations. The nature and spirit of it must ever remain unalterable, as established by mankind from time immemorial.

"The last letters I received from home were dated from Nuneham, where our family were upon a visit to the late Earl of Harcourt,—and I believe they were still there to share the affliction of the worthy family on the melancholy and unfortunate death of that most respectable nobleman, which I know you will consider as a public calamity.

"You leave me no room to wish you anything in your present situation, since you must possess the heartfelt satisfaction of having discharged your duty to your country in a conspicuous and trying situation as completely as the most rigid virtue could exact.

"And I boast the honour to be your brother,

"And your affectionate humble servant,

"COLIN LINDSAY."

* He was commonly called Don Quixote.

† "Since I last saw you," he writes shortly after this to his uncle Sir Alexander Dick—and the example may not be useless to other young Lindsay soldiers—"I have been cloistered up within an university, among choppers of logic and torturers of metaphysics, employed pretty close with different studies, such as may be of most use to me hereafter in my profession, and which are by no means the most dry,—Natural Philosophy, Mathematics, History, Drawing, Fencing, &c. &c. I should have been glad to have had it in my power to be another winter at this university or at Edinburgh, and the more so as I then could attend a course of Ethics, which I find is a very important branch of education; but as I cannot expect this, I must content myself without it,—and yet I may have a good opportunity to acquire this, as well as other branches of knowledge, in the University of Dublin, as I am told that our regiment is to be quartered there. . . The plan which I have in view at present, and which I hope I shall be able to put in execution, is, after having learnt my duty at the regiment, (and I am told I can do this in a year,) then, if there comes no war, to obtain leave of absence for a year or two, and go to Lisle, where I shall have an admirable opportunity of learning Fortification, and many other things relative to the Art of War. I believe I told you I was learning to draw,—and it is chiefly with this view. I hear I can live as a gentleman fully as cheap at Lisle as with the regiment, and certainly I shall reap much benefit from it. By the bye, talking of this point, I have at present no pay, as you

America as lieutenant, was afterwards promoted by purchase to a company of grenadiers, where he served the most of the American war, and was in all the actions in the West Indies. He was then appointed major to the second battalion of the 73rd, embarked for Gibraltar, where he remained four years, besieged. At the peace in 1783 he returned with his regiment, and, by the contributions of all his relations, who were now become in very good circumstances, was promoted to the lieut.-colonelcy of the 46th."*—'Some Account of the Assault on Gibraltar in 1782, in a Letter to the Earl of Balcarres,'† and a narrative of the occupation and defence of the island of St. Lucie against the French in 1779, originally appended to his 'Extracts from Colonel Templehoff's History of the Seven Years' War,' translated from the German, and published in 1793 for the benefit of a school for soldiers' children, will be found reprinted in the concluding volume of these 'Lives.'—And, as illustrative of his "humour and goodness of heart," I may add the following anecdote, derived from a venerable friend now no more‡—the brother of one of the gallant defenders of Gibraltar in 1782. At a time when provisions were scarce, and every article in the way of comfort was exorbitantly dear, and a pound of tea cost a guinea, a little ship from Crail in Fifeshire contrived to elude the vigilance of the blockading squadron, and run in under the protection of the guns of the fortress. The

have perhaps heard; but I hope I shall not long be in this situation, as the old gentleman who does me the favour to keep me out of it is past eighty. My brother Bal heard of this, and, like a most generous and affectionate brother, added £40 *per annum* to my own matters till I should come upon pay. With regard, Sir, to what you often mentioned to me, of being secretary to Colonel Keith,[a] that, in my humble opinion, is far too uncertain a prospect to pay much attention to,—besides, I believe, the secretary of an Ambassador is rather considered in the light of a domestic than anything else; this I never could submit to, how great soever the profit might be,—at the same time, I flatter myself I have a far nobler field to exercise my faculties in. Colonel Keith, by all accounts, is acting a most noble part in Denmark, and which does honour to all his connections. What a flattering prospect it would be to me, could I but imagine that I should ever give my friends a twentieth part of the satisfaction! I hope I never shall despair, but always keep my eyes fixed upon one object—and why may I not attain it?"

* *Continuation*, &c.

† Styled by the 'Quarterly Review' "a clear and well-written narrative." Tom. lxxvii. p. 487.

‡ The late George Arbuthnot, Esq., of Elderslie, Surrey.

[a] Sir Robert Murray Keith.

skipper, or master of the vessel, had no sooner landed than he had the misfortune to pick a quarrel with a young officer of the garrison, and was challenged to fight a duel. He had no acquaintance in the place, but, knowing Captain Lindsay by name and country, he waited upon him, and, opening his grief, asked him to stand his friend and be his second,—"and if ye will," he added, lowering his voice, "I'll gi'e ye a pound o' tea!"—"Make it two!" returned Colin, with the like significance, "and I'll fight your duel for you!"—The bargain was struck—Colin called on the offended officer, and told the story—both laughed heartily; the officer was easily induced to beg the skipper's pardon and shake hands with him, and the same evening Colin invited them both to meet a party of his brother officers in his quarters, and regaled them with the two pounds of tea.

John Lindsay, in the mean while, the ninth of the family, had been appointed to a company in the second battalion of the 73rd —serving in India—the same year that his brother Colin became major to the first, which ran its contemporary career of glory in America and Europe. Accompanying Colonel Fletcher and the troops detached to the support of Colonel Baillie, on Hyder Ali's memorable invasion of the Carnatic, he was taken prisoner at the battle of Conjeveram, 10 Sept. 1780, after having been wounded in four places, and was confined for three years and ten months at Seringapatam, suffering the greatest privations, and even debarred the assistance of a surgeon. His journal of this long captivity—one of the most affecting and instructive narratives extant—will be also found in the closing volume of these memoirs.*

During John Lindsay's imprisonment, his brother James fell in storming the redoubts of Cuddalore, on the 13th June, 1783. "He was wounded," says his friend Captain Menzies, "by a grape-shot, which entered below his left knee, found its way between the two bones of his leg, and broke the large one; he received his wound about three o'clock," but, "the attack and defence being most vigorous, he refused to be taken out of the enemies' lines,"† and lay there till near six, when a French officer

* "His journal of that terrible captivity is now printed, and one of the most interesting journals we ever read, portraying most unaffectedly the charming temper and imperturbable spirit of the writer." *Quarterly Review, ibid.*, p. 488.

† *Continuation*, &c.

got him a surgeon, who laid open the wound, and he was then carried prisoner into the fort. "He was carried," says Lady Anne, "to the French hospital, was there humanely treated, and amputation was not esteemed necessary." "Though in vast agony," continues his friend, "he bore it, as well as the want of many comforts and conveniences, with the greatest philosophy and good humour." "The ninth day," says his sister, "he felt himself so well, that he said he should like to try his old 'savoir faire' on the fiddle, and sent to borrow one from a French officer; but it had hardly reached him when he said, 'I am ill—all is over;' the mortification had taken place, which is rapid in such climates, and in a few hours he was no more." He was decently buried on the 22nd in the evening.—"He had served every campaign there this war," writes his brother Lord Balcarres in 1784; "he was an excellent officer,—all that army adored him."*

"The brave young man who fell this day," says General Stewart, "gave great promise of talent and eminence in his profession. Being of a generous open character, which captivated the soldiers, he secured their attachment by the gallantry with which he led them on, on every occasion."†—I am afraid, indeed, to say how much, I have been told, was augured from him in his profession, had Providence spared him. "I have a few slight sketches of his," says his sister,—"relics of a genius universal and enlightened." They are most masterly—and an unfinished journal

* *Ibid.*—"Before I was carried off wounded," writes another officer, "I saw him advance gallantly at the head of his grenadiers, under a very heavy fire of round and grape from the French batteries, which carried off so many men that the party was ordered to retreat. Some time after this, the European grenadiers stormed one of the French batteries, from whence they proceeded, with Captain Lindsay at their head, to another; but from this last they were forced to retreat, and at this time I believe it was that Captain Lindsay received a wound in the leg. His men (who all would have risked their lives on his account) insisted on carrying him off, but, as they were exposed to a heavy fire, he would not hear of it, but begged to be left there—a noble instance of his attachment to them. He, with four other officers, were made prisoners, and carried into Cuddalore, where they were treated by the French with the greatest care and attention, but in a few days Captain Lindsay died. He fell nobly, in his country's cause, in the flower of his youth. Had Providence been pleased to have spared him, he would have been an ornament to his profession, and might have rendered essential services to his country. I always looked on him as the most promising accomplished young man in the army."

† *Sketches of the Highlanders*, tom. ii. p. 163.

of the war in the Carnatic, in which he fell, is preserved in our family repositories.*

At the conclusion of the peace, in March, 1784, John Lindsay and his fellow-prisoners were released, and rejoined their regiments. When General Stewart published his 'Sketches of the Highlanders,' Colonel Lindsay and Sir David Baird were the only survivors of the two hundred men of the flank companies of the 73rd who had fought under Baillie's command at Conjeveram.

At the general election of 1784 Lord Balcarres was chosen one of the sixteen representatives of the Scottish peerage. The bill, introduced into the House of Lords that year, for restoring the forfeited Jacobite estates, received his warm support. Forty years, he reminded the House, had elapsed since the unfortunate era which it was the purpose of this bill to bury in oblivion.—It was no easy matter, he observed,—forcibly as the principles of the Revolution might have influenced the more civilized parts of

* Part of it is inserted in Vol. III.—He sent it home to his brother Lord Balcarres, in March, 1782; and I add the letter which accompanied it as a slight memorial of the lamented writer:—

"My dear Balcarres, "Camp near Madras, 8 March, 1782.

"I have received, a few days ago, your letter of the 27 Feb. 1781. It gives me the first intelligence of your marriage, but that is now of so old a date that I hope before this I may be justified in congratulating you upon the accession of an heir to the noble and ancient title of Balcarres, which is an event that will not fail of giving joy to us all, for, after your campaigns in America, it seems pretty well decided that fortune is determined to do nothing for us in the younger brother way.—I have written to my new sister by this opportunity.

"You say that, in a letter of mine to Miss A. Keith, I had touched upon the subject of getting into the Company's service. I wrote you a very long letter at the same time upon that head. But, at present, I am neither sorry nor surprised that the result of your enquiries should have been as you have stated; for I am convinced the thing will be practicable at some future period, if it continues to be a desirable object; but, at present, I have not the least inclination for such an exchange.

"I had letters from Bob a few days ago; he seems to be highly pleased at some late success he has had in trade, and he says he begins now to consider himself as a man worth money. He has written to me that he means 'to assist me in the purchase of a majority,' and desires me 'immediately to draw on him for £1500, that I may remit it to Europe for that purpose.'—Bob's offer is generous, and shews that he is of those who enjoy prosperity chiefly by sharing it with others. But I shall not remit any of Bob's money at present.—Considering the number of King's regiments that are daily expected here, I think I have nowhere else so good a chance of procuring a majority, either by purchase or succession. At the end of this year also, I have reason to expect, from the present profits of my paymastership, that I shall be worth four or five hundred pounds, which will make the purchase much more easy. . .

"Believe me, my dear Balcarres,

"Your most affectionate brother,

"JAMES S. LINDSAY."

Britain, to carry conviction into a country almost impassable but to the inhabitants themselves, who were equally unacquainted with the customs and language of England. Government had surely felt the force of these considerations, when, after 1746, they made inlets and roads through the Highlands, endeavoured to introduce the English language and a knowledge of the laws of their country among the inhabitants, and did them the justice to point out to them those lines on which they were expected to form their future conduct. This was the duty of government, and this duty they discharged.—"How," asked Lord Balcarres, "did the Highlanders receive it? In less than a period of twelve years we see armies rushing from those mountains under the happy auspices of that great statesman the Earl of Chatham, every man of them vieing with his neighbour in shewing his attachment to his sovereign, and to mark their respect for those laws which, from their great natural disadvantages, they had been taught to depreciate and to disregard."

In answer to an enquiry of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, where the proposed grantees had resided, and what services they had been engaged in since the rebellions for which their ancestors had suffered, Lord Balcarres replied, that he felt himself authorised to speak boldly and securely upon those points.—"Banished their country," said he, "their properties confiscated, and impoverished in everything but their national spirit, they offered their services to foreign princes, in whose armies they were promoted to important commands and trusts, which they discharged with fidelity; but, the moment they saw a prospect of return to their friends and restoration to the bosom of their country, there was not a man of them that hesitated; they resigned those high stations, and, from being general officers and colonels, accepted companies, and some even subaltern commissions, in our service. They were indeed returned to their friends, and received with open arms, nor, in the course of those twelve years, was there a man who had abandoned his chief because he was poor, or had deserted him because the heavy hand of adversity hung over his head.—A few years more promoted them to commands in the British service, and, at the beginning of the late war, we again see armies rushing from the Highlands, but not with the same ideas that formerly animated them; they had already fully established their attach-

ment to their sovereign, and a due regard to the laws of their country; they had repeatedly received the thanks of their King, and of the two Houses of Parliament; but they now found themselves impelled by a further motive,—they saw themselves commanded by their former chieftains,—they hoped that, by the effusion of their blood, by the extraordinary ardour and zeal they would shew in the service, they should one day see their leaders legally reestablished in their paternal estates, and be enabled to receive from them those kindnesses and attentions which they had so generously bestowed upon them in their adversity. It was this hope, and these ideas only, that put a stop to those emigrations which had almost depopulated the northern parts of the kingdom.

"The noble Lord," proceeded Lord Balcarres, "has accounted for the mode in which General Frazer* got back his estate, and has very justly stated his services in raising two thousand men in Scotland. My Lords, it is here I take up the first name that presents itself on the face of this bill,—which is that of Lord MacLeod,† who was a major-general in Sweden, and invested with the order of merit by his Swedish Majesty. It was no sooner reported that Lord MacLeod was to return to his country, than two thousand five hundred MacKenzies offered their services, provided his Majesty would appoint Lord MacLeod to be their colonel. The King was pleased with the generosity of the offer, and granted their request. They were immediately embodied. One battalion of them were sent to the East Indies,—and we had late accounts of the poor shattered remains of that corps, worn down by repeated campaigns in that noxious climate, with the same ardour and unabated zeal, storming the lines of Cuddalore. The other battalion went to Gibraltar, under the command of Colonel MacKenzie, brother to Lord MacLeod. I am not going to make a panegyric on that battalion,—your lordships have made it before me; they received the thanks of every branch of the legislature, and, when they landed at Portsmouth, were received with the acclamations of the people for the distinguished defence they made of Gibraltar, under those brave veterans, Generals Elliot and Boyd.

"I will not fatigue your lordships with going through the

* The Hon. Simon Frazer, eldest son of the celebrated Lord Lovat.

† The eldest son of George third Earl of Cromarty.

names which are the subjects of our debate. I shall briefly observe, that the clan of MacDonalds performed equal services under Colonel MacDonell.*—My Lords, before I sit down, I cannot refrain from mentioning an anecdote which now occurs to my memory. The learned Lord has observed that the Perth estate is more in value than all the rest put together. This estate was forfeited by the Drummonds in the year 1745, for opposing the present family on the throne, and supporting the rebellion; the next place we observe them in is supporting the present family, and opposing the rebellion, in America,—by which they have lost a greater estate there than the estate of Perth here. Thus they have lost one-half of their property by opposing the House of Hanover, and the other by supporting it. These, my Lords, are lamentable contradictions, that could only arise from the turbulence of the times, and, in my opinion, are an additional motive for the estate being now restored to them.

"My Lords, it is no longer in your power to restore the other estates to their original owners; it appears by the face of this bill, that most of them belonged to the 71st regiment,—they have all fallen in the course of last war, and, as I succeeded General Frazer in the command of this regiment, I am well authorised to assert to your lordships that they were only part of fifty-two officers who perished in this Highland regiment. The door of mercy is now open to the descendants of those brave and gallant men; let them enter and receive it at your lordships' hands, and do not let us shut it against them, and tell them, 'We have received your services, but they shall go unrewarded; you have fought our battles, you have preserved our fortunes and our dignities, but we will repay those benefits with injuries.'"

I feel as much gratification in transcribing the Chancellor's reply, as I have felt in recording the speech which elicited it. He disclaimed any intention of reflecting on the characters or impeaching the merits of the gallant gentlemen in whose favour this act of grace was brought forward. "It was fortunate, however, for those brave men, that, from what he had said, he had afforded

* Embodied as the 76th Regiment, or MacDonald's Highlanders, under Lieut.-Colonel MacDonell of Lochgarry, recommended for that rank by Lord MacDonald, to whom letters of service had been issued, for raising a regiment in the Isles. Stewart's *Sketches of the Highlanders*, tom. ii. p. 184.

an opportunity for their merits to be brought forward in a manner so truly honourable to them, and the best calculated to do them the justice they deserved. He rejoiced that their merits had now received the highest remuneration, the praise of a soldier who had distinguished himself so eminently in the service of his country, that his competency to distribute either censure or approbation on military merit became unquestionable, and thence his applause was an honour superior to all reward. So well satisfied was he with what had fallen from the noble Lord on that part of the subject, that he declared he would desire no better proof of the merits of the persons concerned."

The bill passed on the 18th of August, 1784.

Five years afterwards, in 1789, Lord Balcarres was appointed to the colonelcy of the 63rd, which he held ever afterwards, till his death in 1825.

Robert Lindsay, in the mean while, your honoured grandfather, and the eldest of the brotherhood with the exception of Lord Balcarres, had been actively engaged for nearly twenty years in India. "He went out," says Lord Balcarres, "as a writer to the East Indies, but without any help to forward his views [other] than his own genius. He was a lad sound and solid in his judgment, having in his line the quickness of a projector, with an excellent understanding, to limit his undertakings. He soon contracted friendships in the East, which proved of service to him, and still remain unimpaired." † Having served his time, he was

* I may insert here an anecdote belonging, retrospectively at least, to his earlier military career, as related by Mr. Stuart, I presume as current in America,—I cannot answer for its correctness, but it is eminently characteristic of Lord Balcarres:—"General Arnold," he says—the celebrated renegade—"resided in England after the war, but was treated at various times in a way not likely to lead others to emulate his treasonable conduct. He was with the King one day when Lord Balcarres, who had fought under General Burgoyne in the Saratoga campaign," and had been specially opposed to him in the action of Oct. 7, 1777, when his little redoubt saved the British army, "was presented. The King introduced them. 'What, Sire!' said the Earl, drawing up his form and retreating, 'the traitor Arnold?'—The consequence was a challenge from Arnold. They met, and it was arranged that the parties should fire by signal. Arnold fired, and Lord Balcarres, turning on his heel, was walking away, when Arnold exclaimed, 'Why don't you fire, my Lord?'—'Sir,' said Lord Balcarres, looking over his shoulder, 'I leave you to the executioner!'" *Three Years in N. America*, tom. ii. p. 462.

† *Continuation*, &c.

appointed to the superintendency of Sylhet, in the extreme North of Bengal.* But it is to his 'Anecdotes of an Indian Life,' † in which he has depicted, with unconscious but admirable simplicity, the fortunes of a young Scottish adventurer—thrown on his own resources at a distant post on the confines of China, assuming by turns (as circumstances minister occasion) the character of soldier, magistrate, political agent, farmer, ornamental gardener, elephant-catcher, tiger-hunter, ship-builder, lime-manufacturer, physician, and surgeon; triumphing over difficulties, and availing himself of every honourable resource towards the realization of that affluence which might enable him to return to his beloved Scotland—that I must refer you for the history of his early career, and of a fortune which need hide no blush for its acquisition, and which he dispensed, after his return home, in making all connected with him happy.‡ The advantageous purchase of the barony of Leuchars

* "I had a letter two days ago," writes Lady Balcarres to her uncle, Sir Alexander Dick, "from my son Bob; he has lately been appointed to a very good office, but, as I have not the letter by me, I cannot tell you the name of the settlement, neither does he name the emoluments of it, only says that he hopes no change in their government will affect his present office, which depends on the will and pleasure of some of the principal rulers. 'I am,' says he, 'as great a man here as Sancho Panza; no less than three hundred thousand pounds goes through my hands every year, the produce of the province; and I am vested with all the judicial powers, so that I am almost an absolute monarch. At present I am considerably worse than nothing, but before this day twelvemonth I shall be a free man,—and if ever I am otherwise the blame must be all my own.'"—"I have very great reason, my dear uncle," continues Lady Balcarres, "to be thankful. Most of my sons are now afloat, and with a fair wind,—Balcarres leads the van, with colours flying,—I pray God no reverse may stop a progress so well begun and really so justly deserved, for young men free from capital vices are rarely now to be met with. If Bob live a few years, he may acquire a reasonable and easy fortune,—Glory and laurels must content the sons of Mars; and shall I confess—I think it very substantial food! A brave man is a welcome guest everywhere, and a captain is better fed and clothed than a little laird with three hundred a-year,—and he can transmit to his posterity, all but the eldest, the same fortunes, viz. the world before them and Providence their guide."

† Printed in the concluding volume of these 'Lives.'

‡ His generous present to his brother James will have been noticed in the letter printed *supra*, p. 349. I subjoin two little notes to his man of business in England, which need no comment:—"Dacca, 29 July, 1783. My dear Sir, I have the pleasure to inform you that my fortune continues to accumulate daily, in such a manner as neither I nor any of my friends will ever be ashamed to own. As my circumstances will now admit of it, I have requested my mother to accept of an annuity of £250 per annum, which you will please to carry to my debit, according as it is paid. Believe me to be, Sir, your much obliged servant, ROBERT LINDSAY."—"16 Dec. 1783... Whatever sums of money belonging to me are realized in Eng-

had established him as a landed proprietor in Fife while still a resident in India, and but few years elapsed before he returned, in the prime of life, with a constitution unimpaired and a heart unchanged, to the land of his fathers.—He arrived there in 1789, the same year that Lord Balcarres was appointed colonel of the 63rd, and married his cousin, Miss Dick of Prestonfield,* whom "he had marked for his own," as her sister informed me, "when she was yet a child, before he went to India."—"I am transported with my new daughter," writes her mother-in-law Lady Balcarres, "she is everything the heart of man or woman can desire."—I need not inform you how happily that marriage turned out, nor how many descendants it has contributed to the family pedigree.†

land, over and above the sum I mentioned in a former letter as appropriated to my mother, I request may be applied towards paying off the debts upon my brother Balcarres' estate... ROBERT LINDSAY."—I may add to this Mr. Lindsay's offer to Lord Balcarres many years afterwards to bear half the expense, whatever that might be, of prosecuting his claim to the Earldom of Crawford before the House of Lords; and his settlement of £300 a-year on his sister Lady Margaret Fordyce,—besides the remission of small sums from India, even from the earliest years of his settlement there, for old servants and humble friends in Scotland.—"But never," observes Lady Anne, "was there a set of men so disinterested as my brothers. Oh! what a pleasure to recollect this, to record this, and to do it with truth!"

* Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Alexander Dick, Bart., of Prestonfield. They were married on the 25th November, 1788.—The following anecdote of one of this lady's brothers, the present Sir Robert Keith Dick Cunyngham, Bart., of Prestonfield, possesses more than mere family interest:—"Amidst the many cruel emotions," says Lady Anne, "that arose to Dundas, on an occasion when men were proved," (his trial,) "I saw a pleasurable one flow from his eyes in a flood of tears which seemed to do him good. A young man—the younger brother of my sister-in-law Mrs. Robert Lindsay, was sent, when quite a boy, to the East Indies by Lord Melville, as a writer; his industry and abilities gave him a little early prosperity; he heard of this attack on Dundas; he venerated him; he knew he was not a man of fortune; he had made five thousand pounds or more, and in words the most affectionate and respectful, manly and kind, he remitted to him an order for the money, should he have occasion for it to assist in defraying the heavy expenses he must be put to.

"It was a sweet letter, generous and principled, such as any one of that excellent family would write in similar circumstances. Dundas read it to me with an exultation of satisfaction, together with his reply.

"'I have never beheld a countenance but one,' said he, 'that did not feel this letter as it ought when I read it, and that one was my daughter-in-law's, before she knew I had refused it. "I hope," said she, "that, while my purse is full, you never will receive aid from a stranger." I knew she spoke as she felt,—to find two such people at such a moment, is it not worth a score of desertions?'"

† The following letter was addressed by the late Bishop of Kildare to the young Mrs. Robert Lindsay, on her marriage:— "My

On the breaking out of the war in 1793 Lord Balcarres was appointed to the civil government and command of his Majesty's forces in Jersey, in the absence of Marshal Conway, the Governor. While in that command, he undertook and carried on the correspondence with the army of La Vendée, and the establishment of the lines of communication with its chiefs and those of the Chouans. He sums up his expectations from these measures in the few following lines, written to his sister Lady Hardwicke, from Plymouth, 2nd of February, 1795, at the moment of his departure, on a subsequent appointment, for the West Indies.—"When I received the command in Jersey," he says, "I found a multitude of young enterprising Frenchmen, idle and burning with impatience to be employed. Upon this ground, I conceived the practicability of forming a line of communication from Jersey direct to the heart of La Vendée, and also across the country from the army of the Chouans to that of Morbihan. The execution of this plan has surpassed my most sanguine expectations. The importance of

"My dear Sister, "Wisbech, 4 Jan. 1789.

"You must have thought it strange that, of all your friends, I should be the last in offering those congratulations which are due on a change of condition from even our common acquaintance. Late however as they are, the congratulations which I now beg leave to offer will not, I hope, be considered as the least sincere. For there has been no one prosperous event that has happened to any of my own brothers and sisters which gave me a more lively satisfaction than your marriage with a man who deserves your love and confidence so well as my brother. It was the completion of a hope which I had long silently indulged,—and when my brother, on his return from India, left England heart-sound and free, I looked with almost certainty for the news of a connection in your family.

"When I look back upon the memory of your worthy and most honoured father, upon his kindness and the almost parental concern which he always shewed towards me, —when I review the numberless and (I hope) never to be forgotten kindnesses of your dearest mother, and indulge myself in reflecting upon the cheerful dispositions of all their children, who admitted me to a kind of fraternal correspondence, it would seem odd even to myself if the new light in which I am to behold you did not afford me the highest pleasure. I have known your character and dispositions, and even sentiments, longer than any man except your own brother; and it is with every possible satisfaction, on my brother's account, that I rejoice in having heard that his character and independent fortune enabled him to fix his affections on the woman who was absolutely formed for a man of his temper and domestic principles. You must excuse me for saying so much, my dear Betsey, for by this name I will call you, because, unaccustomed to pay unmeaning compliments, you may give me credit for sincerity.

"May all good attend you in your new scene of life, and may you live to make your husband very happy, as long as he deserves your affections; and at a late period may that event happen which separates the dearest friends, and prepares them to meet again, never more to part!

"Tell my brother that I don't know so much of him as I do of his wife, and that I hope to be better acquainted with him through her means.

"I remain, my dearest Sister,

"Most affectionately yours,

"CHARLES LINDSAY."

what I have done stands confessed by every Frenchman in Britanny, and every other person who has information of the state of France in that interesting quarter. It goes to no less than the affording a hope, by no means unreasonable, that, through the medium of this channel, Louis XVII. may be seated on the throne of his ancestors. If this is realized, I have been the instrument of effecting a service rarely achieved by any subject. This, like all other speculations, is only to be judged by the event. Let this letter lie *perdu* until yourself shall judge of that event. . . Should the King of France regain his throne by the assistance of England through this channel, it must not be forgot that the idea was mine, and that I have pinned my glory to it,—and I think the young King will owe me the best sword in his arsenal!"

Never, however, was any business so wretchedly mismanaged by those at the helm. "Why did you not assist me? I could have saved that whole army!" was his exclamation afterwards to a celebrated minister, whose reply was—"For God's sake, say nothing about it—we know it as well as you!" *

It should not be forgotten that numbers of the loyalists mentioned at the beginning of this letter were employed by Lord Balcarres as spies on the mainland of France; but not one of them, he often afterwards mentioned, could be induced to receive any pecuniary reward for his services.

Being named the following year to the government of Jamaica,†

* On more than one occasion during his early life Lord Balcarres had reason to be much displeased with the ministry which employed him, and he made no secret of it. But an exclamation of Pitt's during a consultation at a moment of great embarrassment proves the estimation in which that statesman held his generous loyalty,—"Balcarres was out of humour with us when in prosperity, but staunch when we were in danger—that is the man!" And this confidence was justified by Lord Balcarres' coming up from Scotland, with a shattered leg and on crutches, to support the government in his place in Parliament during the crisis in question.

† Reviewing his career shortly before his death, Lord Balcarres makes the following observations on his situation at this period—when he had been struggling for years to retrieve the family fortunes, and with less success than such energy and self-devotion merited:—"To save the families of Balcarres and Haigh" (his wife's inheritance) "from final ruin was an arduous undertaking, and of very doubtful issue; but to raise them to a state almost bordering on affluence was an attempt to which no reasonable hope could be attached. When I reviewed the means and the materials on which I had to work, I discovered, to my sorrow, that, from their nature, I must either grasp at an object beyond what a prudent regard to our situation could justify, or sink; I must either create a large fortune to my family, or have no fortune at all,—there was no alternative. "In

Lord Balcarres sailed for the West Indies in the spring of 1795, in company with his brother Colin, then General Lindsay, who, landing at Barbadoes, was directed to take the command of the troops in Granada, then in a dangerous state on account of the revolt of the mulattoes and negroes, excited by French emissaries. He completely defeated the insurgents on the 17th of March, and had extricated himself out of the disagreeable position he was placed in by the want of discipline in the militia, when he fell a sacrifice to excessive fatigue and a noxious climate, deeply regretted, not only by his brother officers, but the privates under his command, "to whose minutest wants," it is stated, "he paid uncommon attention, and was beloved as well as feared by them."*

"In this painful struggle, I was relieved by the bounty of Heaven affording to me and to my family the protection and favour of my gracious Sovereign, George III., who named me, without any kind of solicitation, to his island of Jamaica as Lieutenant-Governor, and also Commander-in-Chief of his forces there stationed.

"Light now broke on my view, and seemed to bless my endeavours. That competence, which was denied to me on the minor scale, now became open to my fair exertion, but on a scale more appropriate to the ancient and independent condition of our families."

* Wood's edit. of Sir Robert Douglas's *Scottish Peerage*, tom. i. p. 173.—The following reflections are among the last that occur in his MS. journal:—"March 4, 1795. At this house of M. Robert's I found, last night, a quantity of English newspapers, and after the company retired I employed some hours in reading them. Little satisfaction was to be derived from the state of public affairs. I there met with the account of the death of my old friend Maxwell, in the East Indies, brother to the Duchess of Gordon. In him his country loses a valuable servant, of great zeal and activity. He had it probably in his power, while there, to repay his pecuniary obligations to his friends, and even to leave some memorials of his gratitude. . . I reflect how unlikely this is to be my case! Though Maxwell's contemporary in the army, I have gained no public fame, nor been in a situation to render any eminent service. I am under very considerable pecuniary obligations, and under some of a more binding nature, to many friends—I mean, such as *neverfailing kindness!*—I rejoice to think I have now attained the point when it may be my lot to repay this, should the chance of war permit it. The precise period at which an honourable life shall terminate seems not very material. I have some satisfaction in reflecting that I have not abused the kindness of my friends, and have rarely applied for any assistance from them; they have voluntarily advanced a large sum to promote me in my profession, and, if I have not yet had an opportunity of repaying them, I cannot accuse myself at least of having postponed it in consequence of extravagant or vicious propensities.

"Before I left Port Royal, I left orders that my letters should be kept till my return. I am not without hopes of finding one from my dear sister Margaret, which would be too precious to me to run the chance of losing it; but as I have lately had several from her, I am not sanguine. To be the brother, and to possess the friendship, of such a woman, may well be highly estimated; but beauty and accomplishments are not so eminent in her as her excellent understanding, her

Lord Balcarres' able conduct and indefatigable exertions in suppressing the Maroon rebellion, which broke out almost immediately after his arrival in Jamaica (exertions to which the empire owed the lives of every white in the island, and the preservation of seventy millions of British capital), were acknowledged by a vote of seven hundred guineas for the purchase of a sword, to be presented to him in token of the gratitude of the colony. In acknowledging it, he congratulated the Assembly, that, "during their contest with an enemy the most ferocious that ever disgraced the annals of history—an army of savages, who had indiscriminately massacred every prisoner whom the fate of war had placed in their power—no barbarity, nor a single act of retaliation, had sullied the brightness of their arms."

He resigned the government in 1801, after having held it for nearly seven years, during which, waging an incessant warfare against French revolutionary aggression, and with internal difficulties to contend with enough to have disheartened any one less confident in his own resources, he saved Jamaica a second time, and, on quitting the island, was followed to his home by the blessings of thousands, whose children still revere his memory.*—

kind, virtuous, and comprehensive mind. Now, although each of our other two sisters might with great truth and justice sit for the picture, and altogether form a trio such as, I am very solemnly persuaded, never did exist in any other family, yet I feel as if Margaret had a stronger hold of my affections than either of them. An unmarried sister is more a brother's *own;* besides, there were unfortunate situations in her life which called forth the full exertion of her qualities.—This digression seems to have little to do with my journal round the military quarters, to which I must now return, but it has a great deal to do with my journey through life!"

* The feelings with which the higher class of French emigrants, to whom Lord Balcarres' hereditary sympathies warmly attached him, bade him adieu on his resignation of the government, were expressed in the following simple but touching lines, sent to him anonymously just before his departure:—

"Chacun sur ta prochaine absence
Exprime ses justes regrets;
De ta valeur, de ta prudence,
On aime à publier les traits;
Et chacun forme des souhaits,
Dictés par la reconnaissance,
Pour ton bonheur et tes succès.
Sur tes vertus que l'on encense
Penses-tu que les cœurs Français
Puissent conserver le silence,
Ayant éprouvé les effets
Répetés de ta bienfaisance?

Si

Shortly after his return he attained his full rank of General in the army, was re-elected one of the sixteen,* and resided till his death at Haigh Hall in Lancashire, his wife's inheritance by maternal descent from the ancient knightly family of Bradshaigh. An accident, by which he was lamed for life, having incapacitated him from all further military service, he devoted the remainder of his days to the improvement of that property, then in a lamentable state of dilapidation, "the mansion-house being in ruins, the furniture sold, pursuant to the will of the last possessor, the mines of coal and cannel forsaken, the lands undrained, and every farm-

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Si le guerrier, l'homme d'état,
Par ses hauts faits se rend illustre,
Il est des vertus sans éclat
Dont il reçoit un nouveau lustre.
Avoir su conserver la paix
Dans l'île à tes soins confiée,
Et déconcerté les projets
D'une multitude effrénée,
Qui menaçait dans ces progrès
De dévaster cette contrée—
Voilà le mérite éclatant;
Ces faits sont liés à l'histoire,
Et ton nom, cher à la victoire,
Vivra dans les fastes des temps.
Mais d'une peuplade étrangère
Avoir adouci le malheur;
Contre un préjugé trop sévère
Avoir su prémunir ton cœur;
Dans le sein flétri d'une mère,
Par le besoin et la douleur,
Versé des dons consolateurs;
Du fils, de l'époux, et du père,
Par des secours, tari les pleurs—
Voilà ce qu'en toi je révère
Plus que la gloire et la valeur."

These lines were enclosed in the following letter:—

"Milord,

"Vous me connaissez à peine; je n'ai jamais reçu aucune faveur de vous—ma famille, n'étant jamais venue dans cette île, n'a par conséquent jamais reçu de secours du gouvernement,—je n'attends rien de vous. La flatterie n'a point dicté les vers que je joins ici, et que je vous prie de recevoir avec bonté.

"Depuis long-temps ce que j'ai exprimé était dans mon cœur, et je n'hésite pas à dire que nombre de familles vous doivent littéralement leur existence.

"C'est sous votre protection, milord, que je me suis établi dans cette île. Je vous dois indirectement le bien-être dont j'y jouis. Il peut un jour faire celui de mes enfans.

"Veuillez agréer, &c. &c. "A. D."

* His seat was confirmed to him at every subsequent election till his death. His son James, the present Earl, was created a British peer shortly after his accession, by the title of Baron Wigan, of Haigh Hall, Lancashire.

house and fence in the last stage of decay."—Providence blessed his labours, and they form the first great step towards the retrieval of the family fortunes,—while I must not withhold the 'Nunc dimittis' with which he surveyed his career in retrospect shortly before his death:—"The efforts of my life," he says, "both in my public and private pursuits, have been successful; we have once more reared our heads; a handsome competence has again fallen to our lot,—and praised be the Author of all good for it!"

I have already quoted Lord Balcarres' continuation of his father's memoirs,—it is a mere fragment; but had he lived to finish the 'Anecdotes of a Soldier's Life,' which he commenced at his sister Lady Anne's request, he would have ranked among the most interesting of our family chroniclers.* In default of this,

* From among a few anecdotes roughly jotted down by him for this work, I transcribe the following:—

"In 1767 I received my ensigncy in the 53rd regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay of that regiment,[a] and, under his tutelage, I embarked in the Æolus frigate for Gibraltar. We were to take up at Lisbon Major Hawke, a son of the great Lord Hawke, and Ensign Bosville of the Guards, afterwards the famous republican." . . . Arriving at Gibraltar, "Major Hawke and Mr. Bosville crossed the channel to visit Barbary, and pressed me to accompany them; I was but too happy in the idea, and eagerly prayed Colonel Lindsay to procure leave of absence from old General Cornwallis, uncle to Earl Cornwallis, but he was inflexible, saying that he lamented my anxiety, but it was proper that young men should first learn their duty.

"This refusal from a man famous for his courtesy and benevolence surprised the Colonel, but in the course of the day he discovered the cause of the old General having got so suddenly disgusted with young officers.

"Having observed that these youngsters had taken uncommon freedom in wandering far from their guards, he issued an order forbidding this palpable breach of duty. The very next day, the General, riding out, perceived an officer who had, in defiance of the order, wandered from his guard, and stood near a spot where a number of labourers were repairing a difficult road. The General was determined to catch the youth in the act of disobedience, and put spurs to his horse; the young man saw his danger and the impossibility of getting to his guard before the General,—when, with great presence of mind, he advanced to the labourers, and, throwing down his purse, prayed them to throw their wheelbarrows, pickaxes, stones, and every obstruction, so as to stop the road for five minutes. This was done, and, when the General rode up after the impediment was removed, he found

[a] The father of the late Sir Patrick Lindesay, and a warm family friend. *Vide supra*, pp. 221, 296.—"The Colonel," writes Lady Dalrymple to Lady Dick, in the above year, 1767, "is perfectly pleased with Cummerland, and that is no small satisfaction to us. Such a blessing it is, to have so worthy a person, so able and so willing, to take absolute charge of one so young; we should not deserve it [even] if we did esteem it as it deserves."

I have appended to these volumes a selection from his public despatches and private correspondence during the Maroon war, which you will find interesting in the events they relate to, and in illustration of his character.

the stripling hero at the head of his guard, who received him with the compliments and honours due to his rank.

"After giving him the severest reprimand for his disobedience to public orders, and charging him aloud with being a careless and negligent officer, he lowered his voice, and whispered to his ear,—'Never mind it! you 'll make an excellent general!'"

"My very excellent friend, the late General Sir James Craig, had all the points of a great man; it did not, however, fall to his lot to do much, but he was entrusted with the command of the army on the coast when this country was threatened with an invasion.

"Sir James had been a captain of light infantry under my command in America, and often in situations where we were pinched for a dinner. At certain periods immense flocks of pigeons visit that continent; they fly very close and with great rapidity,—so close, indeed, that one may kill dozens of them by one shot. Being well furnished with ammunition, I determined to take a day's shooting, and Sir James said he would accompany me. The first flight of birds passed very near; we both fired at the same moment, and down dropped birds in abundance, all of which were immediately bagged by Sir James. The second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth shots were attended with the same success and the same ceremony of bagging. I thought this bagging principle rather odd, and I could not avoid saying to him, 'Now, Sir James, do you really think that you killed all those birds, and that I killed none?'—'All I know,' says he, 'is, that I am probably the best shot now living, and that I never heard of your fame in that way.'—We shot away a little longer, the same process of bagging still going on.—'Well,' says Sir James, 'we are now tired, and it is but fair that you should have a couple of dozen.'—'Very well,' says I, 'my good friend—anything for a quiet life!'—'But have not I,' says Sir James, 'behaved most handsomely on this occasion?'—'Undeniably,' says I.—'Well,' says he,—'the truth must out: I have a number of officers to dine in my tent, and I have but little to give them, and I have committed this *ruse de guerre*, for I had plenty of powder—but *no shot*—I never fired except when you fired—the two dozen of birds, which I so generously gave you, I hope you will as generously bestow on me, and, if you will come and dine with me, I shall tell the story."

Lord Balcarres used often to tell the following anecdote of one of his brother-officers in the American war, of the name of P——, a man immensely fat, and noted for a peculiarly broad termination. In one of their light skirmishes, the regiment was retreating, pursued by the enemy, across a country intersected with palings and hurdles, which the active young officers vaulted over with ease, but not so poor P——, who either clambered over, or forced his way between them. At last, however, he stuck fast—head, shoulders, feet, his whole person, in short, safe on the British side of the paling, with the exception of the disk above alluded to—which for several minutes remained the target at which, amid roars of laughter, five hundred bullets were aimed by the Americans, for ten directed at any other mark in the field. He was rescued at last by his friends, and, I am happy to add, unhurt.

On the death of George Earl of Crawford and Lindsay in 1808, Lord Balcarres became *de jure* and *de facto* twenty-third Earl of Crawford, but was unwilling to assume the title or to advance his pretensions, owing to the difficulty of dealing with such a mass of intermediate pedigree and extinctions, and to the uncertainty which existed as to the ultimate remainder or limitation in the patent of 1642,—an uncertainty which existed till the discovery of that document in the charter-room at Crawford Priory after the death of Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford in 1833. The learning and acuteness of Mr. Riddell have since thrown a flood of light into the obscurest recesses of our bypast history, and established by legal evidence, and in the face of an opposition of unprecedented severity, the rights of the Balcarres family to the succession as heirs-male and representatives of Ludovic Earl of Crawford,*—a result to which the friendly and unwearying exertions of Sir Fitz-Roy Kelly and Mr. Stuart Wortley, and those of their able co-adjutor Sir John Bayley, most powerfully contributed. James seventh Earl of Balcarres, Earl Alexander's eldest son, my father, is consequently now, by the decision of the House of Lords, twenty-fourth Earl of Crawford.

John Lindsay, meanwhile, after again serving in India in the

* "Should Lord Lindsay," says the 'Quarterly Review,' "ever think fit to give the public access to these collections (the 'Lives of the Lindsays'), he may improve the earlier chapters in some respects by availing himself of the elaborate CASE recently prepared for his father the Earl of Balcarres, as claiming the honours of the elder Earldom of Crawford. The CASE bears the signature of Mr. Riddell—the first peerage lawyer of this age in Scotland—we believe it would not be too much to say, the first genealogical antiquary in Britain; and it is the masterpiece of his diligence and ingenuity. Whether it ought to satisfy the House of Lords, we are not so presumptuous as to express or even to form an opinion.[a] But it will survive their lordships' (favourable or unfavourable) decision, as a monument of research and a mine of lore, not equalled since the days of Sir David Dalrymple,[b]—and meantime it will not only enable Lord Lindsay to enlarge the number of his genealogical links, but supply several curious particulars to heighten the interest of his biographical sketches." Tom. lxxvii. p. 468.—I have attempted to carry out these suggestions in this first published edition of the present work.

[a] Lord Lyndhurst's concluding observations, after he himself, Lord Cottenham, and other lords had delivered judgment upon the claim, on the 11th August, 1848, was as follows:—"I hope I may be allowed to bear my testimony to the extraordinary learning and industry which have been exhibited by the learned gentleman who has got up and prepared this Case for your lordships' consideration."

[b] Better known as Lord Hailes, the author of the celebrated Sutherland Case, and as the first and most judicious critical historian of Scotland.

war with Tippoo Saib in 1790,* and in that with France in 1793, returned to England, on the regiment's being ordered home in 1797. After obtaining the lieutenant-colonelcy of the MacLeod Highlanders, he quitted the army in 1801, the year of his brother's return from Jamaica, and the year after his own marriage with the youngest daughter of Frederick North Earl of Guildford,—a worthy scion of a race "in which brilliant wit, mingled with the most genuine good-humour and kindness of disposition, and a rational love of letters, seem to be hereditary possessions."†—"I should like much to see Lady Charlotte Lindsay again," says Sir Walter Scott in a letter to Lady Anne Barnard. "I met her often many years ago, about 1806 and 1807, in the society of the late Marquis of Abercorn, and at the unhappy Queen's. Her wit flowed as if she was quite unconscious of it, and always reminded me of the gifted princess, who could not comb her locks without producing pearls and rubies."

The wanderings of Earl James's children had ceased, for the most part, before this period, and those who had quitted home and country in pursuit of honour and wealth had returned with—the former at least, and become fathers of numerous families, who, in their turn, after following the footsteps of their sires, have become the parents of the generation of which you and myself are members.

I may close this brief record of busy lives by a fact which ought never to be forgotten among us, and which may be best related in the simple words of Lady Anne Barnard. On Lord Balcarres' determination, after his marriage, to settle definitively in Lancashire, and devote his undivided energies and means to the improvement of the estate of Haigh, your grandfather Mr. Robert Lindsay became the purchaser of Balcarres.‡—"But never," said

* In the course of this war he was at the taking of Seringapatam, where he had so long been a prisoner. Stewart's *Sketches*, &c., tom. ii. p. 176.

† *Quarterly Review*, tom. xxxiv. p. 214.

‡ "My father," says Lady Anne, "had often said to me when I was old enough to possess his confidence, 'Anne, your brother will not find it possible to keep Balcarres unless he marries a woman of large fortune, and I should be sorry if my boy were to sell himself for this purpose. I do not reckon it the family estate of our ancestors; that passed away from us long ago, as you will find in my account of our House, when you are old enough to care about reading it; Balcarres has

he to his sister, "shall I permit myself to become attached to it, till I have given my elder brother the power of resuming it, should fortune enable him to do so."

"He kept his word," says Lady Anne, "though it had become the doting-piece of his heart, in spite of his resolution to the contrary, and, on the return of Balcarres many years afterwards from Jamaica, Robert offered it to him, almost without a hope of its being refused.

"Judge, then, my dear young reader, of whichever of the families you are, of the transport with which Robert heard Balcarres say that, having already invested his gains by adding to and improving the estate of his wife, and knowing the inconvenience of having property in different kingdoms to attend to, he felt himself obliged to return to his brother the power he had so handsomely given him, without availing himself of it.

"Having observed in Robert," she adds, "on subsequent occasions, a sensibility with regard to this estate, lest any one should suppose that he had taken advantage of the necessity of his elder brother, as Esau did of Jacob in former times, unknown to him, or to any one save the silent personage called my own heart, I mark down this memorandum of the liberal manner in which the younger brother behaved to the elder."

not been two hundred years in our family, and never was an estate of value; I shall leave it loaded with debt for the portions of my younger children, though they are but small, and my son must be obliged to sell it.—Never let him suppose himself degraded by that step; we must bend to circumstances; he must still remain a peer of Scotland,—the eldest of its Earls, if he had justice done him, and the head of his name; his fortunes fallen for the moment, but—not debased:—his conduct and character will raise them, my child!"—Lord Balcarres had made a noble struggle to retain the property, but, in his own words, "the load which was left on it to pay the portions of my brothers and sisters, who were ten in number, the management of all their concerns, and the consequent fees of writers, lawyers, &c. &c., the purchasing of my own military commissions, and the forwarding in the world my brothers and sisters, so dipped the estate, that at the end of twenty years it was impossible to stand against it."

SECTION III.

The venerable Dowager of Balcarres passed the evening as well as the morning of her life in her beloved Scotland. A few extracts from her own letters and those of the relatives who watched with affectionate solicitude over her declining years, blended with occasional notices from the pen of Lady Anne Barnard, will close her history.

She continued to reside at Balcarres for many years after her younger children had quitted it. "Balcarres' behaviour to me," she writes to her daughter, "is perfectly to my mind; this house is, I think, more my own than it ever was; he is perfectly adored in this country, where he is known."—"We found my dear mother," says Lady Anne, after a visit to Fifeshire, in company with her sister, "well—lively—happy, and without any of the essential approaches of old age being evident, a failure in memory excepted, of which she was not ashamed, wisely regarding it as the common lot of humanity, and that the goodness of God was seen even while depriving us, one by one, of those enjoyments which attach us to a life we must quit or sooner or later. It was with delight that Margaret and I perceived that such reflections were becoming more and more interesting to her every day, though seriousness of mind was so mixed with the play of imagination which was natural to her, that one who knew her little would not have supposed, while she talked over the gaieties and vanities of the day, where it was that she rested her happiness."

About the time of your grandfather's return from India, she took up her residence in Edinburgh with Mrs. Murray Keith, the beloved friend alike of her youth and old age.—"Her mind and manners," says Lady Anne, "were beginning to acquire that mellowness which renders wines of a strong body more precious and pleasant every day; from age she was becoming more and more interesting, through the confidence with which she relied on the tenderness of her children.

"'Robert told you truth,' she writes in 1790, 'as to my good looks for my time of life, and vivacity equal to that of youth; nevertheless I am much failed, having almost totally lost my memory; but even this does not affect my spirits, as I am thank-

ful for every blessing I have enjoyed, and resigned to what may affect me in future, being well assured that I live among friends, who will always take a perfect charge over me. Do not, from this account, imagine I am either dark or low; it is so far otherwise, that I am really merry, and in excellent health.'

"This account, given of my dear mother by herself, ought to have satisfied my sister and me, but there was a shade of melancholy which pervaded it that, in spite of her assurances to the contrary, prevented us from being easy till we saw her again. Margaret and I, therefore, went to Scotland in September, 1790, and passed six weeks with her in the house of our sister-in-law, the younger Lady Balcarres, who lived then in Edinburgh for the education of the children, while Balcarres was with his regiment, previous to the appointment afterwards given him of governor of Jamaica.

"We could soon perceive, by my mother's conversation, that the dejection of phrase, which had inspired us with alarm, originated in a distrust of herself, good woman! and a fear that the powers of her mind would follow the loss of her memory; a fear most natural, but, thank God! in her case unfounded for many long years, as subsequent pages will shew—for the comfort of those who may at times feel similar distrusts.—Meantime, Margaret and I perceived with delight, what I have touched in a former page, that, so far from becoming less happy by the approaches of old age, our mother was a happier woman, even when foreboding the infirmities she mentioned—indeed a much happier —through the influence of piety and peace of mind, than she had been in earlier life, when cares for her children harassed her, plans for their advancement distracted her, defeated projects irritated her, their want of wisdom sometimes provoked her, and a series of little privations, which she had no means of supplying with prudence, made her feel *that* which she resolutely refused letting us know she felt; for such was, alas! the fashion of the times, that parents who would sacrifice everything to the interests of their children thought it a weakness to study the feelings of their hearts. But all this had passed away as our respective situations improved, and every care of my mother's, every little difficulty of humour, seemed ready to vanish with its cause. Those of her children who were affluent assisted those who were

not, nor found out that they had any merit in doing so,—'tis on such points, and such only, that I find a Scotch education is preferable to that of any other country I am acquainted with, as nowhere else are the ties of blood held equally sacred.

"In Mrs. Anne Keith, my mother's first-cousin and the companion of her youth, about ten years younger than herself, and now called by her 'her husband,' she found a partner *en ménage*, attached to Scotland with a nationality of preference which particularly satisfied my mother, who liked to talk of England, and to quote from it, but never wished to see it more, having felt with a high-minded disdain the degradation, as she said, of being made nobody, because she was not rich. We endeavoured to persuade her to spend the alternate years with us in England; she liked the invitation, but replied gaily, 'No, no, ladies—no residences but in my *own* country—a visit perhaps you may have from me, if I think myself well enough to go to Court in order to see my flirt the King,* but even that must be a short one,—write often to me, however,' said she, 'that will keep you in my society, and present to my fancy, and be sure to tell me everything you think I should like to know,—it will be a great amusement to me; particularly how you arrange your house when you get your affairs settled.'

"Her own house was almost completed, and opposite to her daughter-in-law's,—though it was but the *premier étage*, it was a very handsome one; her little income had recovered its good health,—she had, therefore, enough to live on comfortably, and, with the addition Mrs. Keith could bring, great ease of finance appeared. On the other hand, the tastes of Mrs. Keith gave her so much to the world, to company, to cards (of whist my mother was particularly fond), to reception, to patronage—with the more intellectual addition of a little belles-lettres, and no small taste for political discussion and argument in general, that she was an inexhaustible fund of resource to my mother, when she found herself in any degree insufficient to carry on the war, which at times was the case when this world was lost in the prophesied happiness of the next,—'And then,' as she said to me, 'we shall all be young together again, Annie!'—We left her with emotions of sweetness and sadness."

* George III. and the royal family had paid her much attention.

"Edinburgh, 15 March, 1794.

"It is a long time, my dear Annie, since I have written to you, but the truth is, I have not put pen to paper these three months. I find my memory so faulty that I rarely put it to the test, as it is mortifying to find we are *passée*. But I, of all the daughters of mortality, have least reason to complain, having enjoyed, during a long life, every blessing and comfort; my health is good, and, what is rather laughable, I am looking, for a girl of my age, really handsome; it makes me smile, when I am complimented on my charms, to think that I cannot recollect the name of the person who does so, or of the most intimate faces I circulate amongst every day. But in other respects I am in perfect health, and my beloved husband, Anne Keith, thinks and does everything for me that can be desired,—but, what is odd, I never forget a pip at whist, owing to the cards being so immediately before my eyes, for which reason no one believes that my memory has failed.

"When you leave Ireland I dare say you will come this way,—pray write either to Anne Keith or me, that we may take care to be all here and hereabouts. I assure you she and I live a most comfortable life, and have much good society amongst our neighbourhood. I have everything the heart can wish, excepting a carriage,—I could even keep one, but in that case it would narrow my hands and prevent my doing many things I like better; and as Lady Bal is exactly opposite, I have the use of hers when I want it, and generally accompany her in return of visits.

"Your great door is very much admired, and I always give you the full merit of it. Upon the whole everything goes agreeably on. Anne Keith joins me in affectionate wishes to you and dear Barnard, and I remain, what I have ever been,

"Your affectionate mother and attached friend,

"A. BALCARRES."

"Your mother," writes Mrs. Keith to Lady Anne, on her return from Africa nine years afterwards (1803), "is in perfect health, and, I aver, is the happiest woman, I should say, human being, of my acquaintance, as she is tranquil as to everything

here, and in transport as to another world. I have explained why your visit was delayed; she said she was sorry, but it made no impression, and she asked me in a few minutes if you had returned from the Cape. . .

"10 June. How happy we are to see Barnard's arrival at Portsmouth announced in the newspapers! When your mother heard it, she asked if he were not your husband, and rejoiced to think he was on British ground, and in a minute she took to her knots and to her rapturous day-dreams, and forgot us all.

"She is the only perfectly happy individual I know; and, if I had the gift of restoring to her all the powers of mind she had at twenty-five, with good health and no risk of salvation, I yet durst not do it on the score of temporal felicity, which she, and she alone, is in full possession of. Do not let Mr. Barnard write her any attentive letters; my spouse thinks of none of these things now, and often tells me complacently that she neither knows who I am, nor where she is; and I, without any tender sentiment, tell her all the facts, and everything is right. She is so truly good-natured that she sometimes scolds me for my abhorrence of the French, and then I tell her of their cruelty and impiety,—she holds up her hands and wonders, and then to inward prayers."

Mrs. Keith and her aged friend were now settled at Balcarres, under the protection of your grandfather and Mrs. Lindsay.

The promised visit was paid shortly afterwards. "The dear old nest," says Lady Anne, "shall have the precedency from my pen of all other abodes in my list of visits; dear—as being the nest where eleven brother and sister chickens were hatched and fostered,—chickens, who through life have never known once what it was to peck at each other; all flew into the world together, and all return from time to time to the parent hamlet, where sits the valued mother on her bed of straw, meditating her flight to higher regions.

"When Robert married his cousin Elizabeth, she was very pretty, and was so still, but that which was most pleasing in her was the innocence of her mind, guileless as one of her own babes, but with all the liberality of the great world. Robert had been lucky; she had no fortune, but she made him happy,—and is not

that enough? His own worth, his patriarchal care of everything belonging to him, the prosperity that attended all his purchases, and the uninterrupted health his children enjoyed, gave him altogether a happy lot, though it was not unchequered, for, if Monday saw him rich, Tuesday perhaps dawned on him full of cares and crosses, which overnight he had forgotten; a legion of blue devils would dance around him (I hope my readers have no acquaintance with such troops), and Robert continued on the brink of ruin for twenty-four hours perhaps, till a good ride set all to rights, and he waked an emperor next morning.—In one respect he never varied, in his attentions to our good old mother, nearly eighty, enjoying every blessing still, but that of memory; she sometimes remarked, with a smile, that she believed she was better without it."

Lady Anne and Lady Margaret revisited Scotland in 1809, about a year after the death of Mr. Barnard. "We found all at Balcarres as we had left it, but the heart, that would have overflowed on witnessing the pleased contentment enjoyed by my dear mother, was not there to share in the general gaiety. I look back on that time with a mixture of pain, from the comparison I felt it then but too natural to make; yet still, how many causes were there not for gratitude to God!

"My mother, now eighty-two, had not a complaint in the world but the want of memory, which, being known and acknowledged, gave her no concern; her days glided on peacefully to that goal which we must all reach or sooner or later.*

* "We found my mother," writes Lady Anne to Mrs. Hugh Lindsay, "better than we conceived we could have found her,—more erect, more active, younger by five years than she was five years ago, and if not much better in her memory, more cheerful and lively than I have seen her these twenty years. A little instance you shall have. To-day a chattering woman, whose conversation is endless but empty, had been here, and, on her leaving the room, my mother said, 'I remember a few lines of Shakspeare's, which I could easily fit to that woman's talk, if I might make a small alteration.' We begged to hear the lines. 'They are,' said she,

"Nothing can come of nothing; speak again!"

Now the alteration I wish to make is,

"Nothing can come of nothing; hold your peace!"'

This was a very pointed quotation for eighty-two and a bad memory,—but whatever rises out of the present moment my mother is equal to, though not to any stretch of recollection." "Your

"In this respectable succession-house of the ages of human life the scenery was sometimes affecting. My mother was handed in to dinner every day by little Charles, my brother Robert's youngest boy, aged five years; there was but seventy-seven years of difference between them, and, on such occasions, if my mother had not a few compliments paid her on her dress or good looks, she did not feel quite happy. The great family festival before us was that of her birthday, on the 25th of December, on which each person was prepared with his or her *cadeau*. I forget what Margaret's was,—mine was a black lace cloak or hood; when I put it over her nice little figure, and wished her many happy returns of the day, she seemed proud and pleased—her eye sparkled with unusual intelligence,—'Is not this too fine for me?' said she, 'but I accept of it with pleasure, and in return, Annie, I will make you a present which I hope you will live to enjoy the benefit of; I mean—the knowledge that old age is not the miserable state that people suppose it to be; on the contrary, it is one of calm enjoyment. You can have no idea how much amusement is derived from things that we disregarded in our youth;* the attentions of friends, for instance, are more prized (I meet with a thousand), and the misfortunes of life are easier borne,—of what consequence are they to a person who is on the brink of quitting this world for a better? The thoughts of that untried country, Annie, to which I am invited by my Saviour, are to me the source of inexhaustible delight: I trust,' said she, with fervour, 'that I shall *there* meet with you all again, through His merits, in perpetual youth and endless happiness,—and this castle of mine, Annie, is not a *Château d'Espagne*, as Madam Anne Keith calls some of my projects, when she does not approve of them."

"No one," writes Mrs. Keith five years afterwards, in 1814,

"Your mother," writes Mrs. Keith about this time, "never was better, and, when roused from her knotting and her castles in the air, she is as acute as possible; but always seems more amused with spinning from her own substance like the spider than from outward circumstances or passing events."

"By daily use and circumstance endeared,
Things are of value now that once appeared
Of no account, and without notice passed,
Which o'er dull life a simple cheering cast," &c.

Joanna Baillie to her Sister.

"can be better than your mother, as to every feeling of mind and body, though to be sure the tenement shews marks of four-score and seven. Our perfect seclusion this winter has been most salutary. She goes over old stories with me,—when she is interested, her fancy runs away with her, and every circumstance is tinged with it; but on indifferent subjects her opinions are sound and her vivacity amusing. She is happy with her knotting, her calculations, and her little castles in the air while she is knotting, and so entranced with her Bible and the lives of the patriarchs that I pronounce her to be the happiest human being I ever knew. This I have said to you for years past, and I will venture to challenge the world to shew me a parallel in advanced life."

"A day more has elapsed than I intended," says Mrs. Robert Lindsay still two years later, "in telling you, my dear Lady Anne, of the safe arrival of your very acceptable Christmas gift to our precious mother, who on Wednesday made her *entrée* into her ninetieth year. Her health was drunk by a numerous circle, too numerous for her to be present, but we opened the doors between the dining-room and her bed-room, that she might hear the cheers with three times three. When our sounds ceased, her fine gay spirit drank her bumper back to us, with three cheers from her venerable self. The sound, though feeble, was felt by all in various ways—the young delighted—perhaps a tear of sympathy as well as delight fell from the older branches. We then adjourned to the drawing-room, where her beautiful gift of a hundred-guinea tea-vase to me was displayed. She enjoyed the day much, and your box arrived and was presented to her in the very hour of enjoyment. I took care of both the boxes for the night, but next morning she told me, when I went in to enquire for her, that she must have her own two pretty boxes her daughter Anne had sent her into her own keeping. She sends you love and many blessings."

"Last night," writes Lady Hardwicke, in October, 1817, "I reached this place, and found my mother extremely well in her way; she now sits always in her chair, but the resemblance to what she was remains in all her ways. . . The little sparkle of

repartee still remains,* but the memory fluctuates, as you know. . . She is really adored by every creature round as a superior being; her sweetness of mind, readiness of wit, and generosity, really give her a station that is wonderful. . . My mother never dines at table now, and Mrs. Keith begins to give it up also; this is best for all."

"This letter of Lady Hardwicke's was soon followed by one from Mrs. Lindsay, announcing the death of Mrs. Keith; I will give you her account of my mother after it, in her own sweet words:—

"'You are anxious about your mother,—I am happy to say she is well—really, wonderfully well. Feeble, no doubt, neither is she so gay in her replies as we have known her, but still she is a wonder that we should thank Heaven for ten times a-day, enjoying her Bible, her work, and in this charming weather is out in her garden-chair; this forenoon she even got to the farm to examine the progress of the turnips,—ever pleased and contented beyond any other person. When she and I are alone, she often talks to me of Mrs. Keith, whose loss I see she has never permitted her memory wholly to lose hold of,—always mentioning her with warm regard, but saying she has only gone on before her a little way. She has great pleasure in making those who attended her at the last repeat over the circumstances which preceded her last moments, her fortitude and resignation, saying it was "a bonnie story, and very edifying;" but she will not allow that she or Lady Margaret† are to be grieved for, or any other true Christian, who escapes easily and beautifully from this world.‡

* I may give another slight specimen of it:—A lady remarkably *décolletée* dined in company with her at Balcarres. "Bess!" said she to Mrs. Lindsay, who always sat next her, in an audible whisper, "Bess! who is that very handsome naked woman?"—"Hush, Ma'am!" replied Mrs. Lindsay, "that is her husband sitting next you!"—"I am sorry for it," she replied,—"had I known it, I would have asked himself."

† Lady Margaret died in December, 1814.

‡ The following letter was addressed by Sir Walter Scott to Mrs. Lindsay on the death of Mrs. Keith,—I borrow it from the 'Memoirs of Sir Robert Murray Keith,' by my friend Mrs. Gillespie Smyth of Gibliston, already mentioned:—

"Dear

" ' The death of the good old King created the same sentiment; she rejoiced in the relief from suffering for so good a man, whom she still remembers when the little anecdotes she used to tell about him are recalled to her. . . In short, as to your mother, you may be perfectly at ease, for no complaint has she,—there is no strengthening the feeble limbs at ninety-one, but may we all partake of her heavenly temper, and sweet contentment.' "

Lady Anne, feeling anxious, about a year afterwards, to have her mother's portrait taken, consulted her kind sister-in-law on the subject. " She is in excellent health," was the reply, " but, to say the truth, has now the features of very old age. We have all been considering when she appears most animated, and we agree it is when she is repeating your second part of ' Auld Robin Gray,' which no one knows but herself,—this she did last night, with a degree of feeling and emphasis singular at ninety-two.

" Dear Mrs. Lindsay, " Edinburgh, 18 June, 1818.

" I have the honour to acknowledge with sincere and grateful thanks your kind letter accompanying a curious and valuable antique ring, as a memorial of our late excellent friend, Mrs. Murray Keith. Nothing could have been more acceptable to me than such a token of remembrance, for I held very dear the place which she allowed me in her esteem, and it was not the less valuable to me that I owed it as much at least to her kind partiality in favour of a friend, as to her judgment, which was too correct to have ranked me so highly as an author. We, who have, so much longer than the ordinary period of human life could have warranted, enjoyed the society of this excellent [friend], and who can never know any one who can be to us what she was, cannot but reflect upon her virtues, her talents, her exquisite elasticity, and at the same [time] kindness of disposition, [and] must always hold everything sacred that is connected with her memory as one who lived with us with the recollections of a former generation, yet with all the warmth of heart and clearness of intellect which enabled her to enter into the events and interests of our own. I never knew any one whose sunset was so enviably serene, and such was the benevolence of her disposition, that one almost thought Time respected a being so amiable, and laid his hand upon her so gradually that she reached the extremity of age, and the bowl was broken at the cistern, before she experienced either the decay of her organs or of her excellent intellect. The recollection of her virtues and her talents is now all that remains to us, but it will be a valued treasure to all who shared her esteem.

" Amid the other fortunate circumstances of our friend's life, it was not the least that she had around her, in the evening of her days, relatives on whom the kindly affections in which she indulged could be so worthily bestowed; and in bequeathing her mortal remains to the chapel at Balcarres, she laid them to rest amongst those who were deservedly most dear to her, and by whom the bequest will, I am sure, long be regarded with affectionate veneration.

" Once more, dear Mrs. Lindsay, accept my grateful thanks for a favour of which I am most sincerely sensible. Mrs. Scott joins me in respectfully requesting to be remembered to Mr. Lindsay on his return, and to all the family at Balcarres.

" Believe me, with much respect,

" Dear Madam,

" Your much obliged and most faithful humble servant,

" WALTER SCOTT."

We think if the painter can once catch the expression, and then let her take up her knots, he will be able to give you her likeness as she now is, which, I believe, is what you wish."

Lady A. Barnard to the Countess D. of Balcarres.

"My dearest Mother, "May, 1820.

"I received your sweet message by James Lindsay, desiring me to pray for you sometimes,—sure I am that I ought to ask you to do the same for me, as I have little doubt of your possessing a better interest in the heavenly mansions than your poor Annie, whose views, alas! are not yet so much detached from this world as yours are; but I hope they will follow your example, and that we shall meet again as blessed spirits after we are purified from the foibles that flesh is heir to.—Meantime you must on your part do something for me. Allow the painter I send you from Edinburgh, who is an intelligent man, to take your picture exactly as you are. You will be more valuable to us, sitting cheerfully, composedly, and apparently far advanced in life, as we all hope to be, in your chair, than if he was to make a young Venus of you.

"God bless my dear mother, and give her as many healthy and happy years as she can desire to enjoy before 'the renovation of youth and nature' arrives, which old Lord Mansfield told me not long before his death he was then expecting with patient hope.

"Ever and ever
"Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,
"ANNE BARNARD."

"I read every line of your pretty note to her," says Mrs. Lindsay in acknowledging the preceding letter, "as soon as she wakened this forenoon, which pleased her very much. She said, 'Tell Annie that

> "My wheel I turn round, but I come little speed,
> For my hand is grown feeble and weak is my thread."'

—This verse of your second part of 'Robin Gray' she applied so well that I promised to give it as I have this moment received it. She is to drink your health in a bumper of your own Cape wine

this day. I wish we could prevail on her to take a little more wine; however, as the weather is daily becoming warmer, she will soon get into her garden-chair and away to the garden."

The painter, I must add, found his way to Balcarres, and "my mother," says Lady Anne, "was infinitely pleased and gratified at having her resemblance taken."

"Her lamp," writes Lady Anne, about this time, "burns cheerily; her Bible is read with delight, and a remark often made which proves that a clear flame sparkles in the socket still. So happy is she with the excellent Robert and his wife, that she believes the patriarchal house of Balcarres is her own, and that Robert and his wife are her guests. A portion of every day is spent by them in her bed-room."

She was now, however, ninety-three, and increasing symptoms of decay began to appear. "I have, however," writes Mr. Lindsay, "the same pleasing tale to repeat to you of her contented mind, and body free from every complaint; I do not mean to say that mind and body remain entire, however,—feeble and fine is the thread of life now, and seldom a day passes that we do not think the close approaches, and then a gleam of sunshine appears again to dismiss anxiety by her cheerful answers to our enquiries—'I am well, perfectly well.' Elizabeth and I spend half an hour with her every night before she goes to bed, and read a chapter in the Bible or hymns; sometimes she enjoys it, sometimes she is far beyond us, probably lost in happier and more heavenly feelings than mortals can impart by any endeavour—to her how unnecessary!"

Two months more elapsed, and it was summer when the first gentle touch of death, a slight stroke of palsy, gave warning of the visitation that was about to follow. Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay were absent at Yair,* but immediately returned to Balcarres, scarcely expecting to find her alive. "She seemed quite happy to see us returned, and endeavoured to repeat more than once, 'No sickness—no pain!'—For some days she took little or no food, so that we hourly expected all would be over, but about ten days ago she began to take more nourishment and a glass of your Cape wine in the course of the day, and she is now every day returning to nearly where she was. Her speech is much improved

* The seat of the Pringles of Whytbank.

—her arm remains stationary,—when some one remarked that it would improve by and bye, she said, 'No, never—but it is strong enough for all I have to do now.' In short she is a wonder at ninety-three, and her mind more entire than for long,—not a word has she wandered since we returned. She spends much of her time in prayer and sweet composed sleep, and listens with visible pleasure to the girls and Miss Laing, when they read the Bible and prayers to her. Her attendant, Mrs. Lawson, is delightfully attentive from real affection, and sleeps in the bed with her, that she may be sure she understands what she says, and coaxes her to take a little of your wine, to which she sweetly smiles. It is impossible to suppose a more pleasing charge, or a more pious and exemplary view of closing life—for at ninety-three we must not look for recovery complete."

She lingered on in this state for about four months, perfectly happy and free from pain, and at the end of that period, in November, 1820, quietly died away into eternity. The two following letters need no further introduction:—

"My dear Lady Anne, "Balcarres, 29 Nov. 1820.

"It will not surprise you to hear that our worthy mother is no more! When I last wrote, she seemed to rally for a few days; since that time, she has gradually declined, but still, as far as we could judge, sensible to the last, and often visibly her mind engaged in prayer; for the last three weeks she took little or nothing, her lips merely wet with *your* wine. This morning, about eight, we were called to see her breathe her last. I held her hand, which was still warm; every breath became fainter and fainter, but so gently did her soul depart, that all of us, who were looking on, could scarcely believe she was gone!—I have closed the eyes of a kind mother who was always partial to me, and whose life and death will ever be remembered with the most pleasing sensations.

"Adieu, my dear Lady Anne. My love to James,*—I will write to him when the funeral is over.

"Ever most affectionately yours,

"ELIZABETH LINDSAY."

* The present Colonel Lindsay of Balcarres and Leuchars, father of Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., and Margaret, now Lady Lindsay, for whom these volumes were written.

"My dearest James, "Balcarres, Dec. 8, 1820.

"I have not written to you since the death of worthy grannie; you would hear from Lady Anne that the close of her life was the most enviable, serene scene, that could have accompanied the awful separation of body and soul! She lingered so slow the last three weeks of her life, and existed on so little nourishment, that I sometimes dreaded there was a singular strength of constitution remaining, that might have occasioned sufferings before all was over; but, thank God! she had no apparent uneasiness, and her spirit glided away so gently that we all looked to each other to be confirmed she was gone!

"On Tuesday she was laid in our chapel by the side of her husband, and next, as we suppose, to Earl Alexander, as they found, on preparing the grave, a large lead coffin, the handles of which were evidently of foreign make,—so we conclude it is by the side of that Earl, who died at Breda, and was brought home to be interred here, according to the old record. A selfish tear would fall when I saw the venerable remains of my long accustomed charge conveyed from the door to the chapel, and her room looked desolate and cold! but I return thanks with gratitude to Heaven, that her long-told years are closed in peace, without suffering.—A few relations and intimate friends were asked only, as, in a letter written by herself in 1816, she particularly mentions her request that her funeral may be *without parade* — these are her words. All the respectable people in Colinsburgh wished to attend, and whoever had a black coat came.

"When I saw the sincere and mournful numbers, grateful for her past benevolence, and doubtful of future assistance, I could not help comparing the difference between the gratifying simple scene and the pageantry of a town, with coronetted carriages and equipages with plumes, filled by those who have not a feeling congenial to the occasion.

"I am led also to another observation, seeing it so strongly marked; I mean, the advantages the poor have over the rich at the close of life,—they leave no comforts to be regretted. Several of the old people had been asking with anxiety for some days if all was over, and when the event was announced there were no unmeaning regrets; some thanked God — others went farther,

and said, 'I am glad our honest good lady is at rest!' and then followed every one's little anecdote, 'O sic a leddy as she was for charity, and for good advice, and for cheerfu' piety!'

"But I must leave this subject,—tear off the page and give it to Lady Anne; I cannot write to her to-day.

"Your affectionate mother,

"ELIZABETH LINDSAY."

* * * * * * *

"She was certainly," adds Lady Anne, "a woman of a high mind, without the parade of it, possessed inherent dignity, without pride, and the reality of that which others try to assume by lofty manners and splendid appointments. Though without the feminine softness in early life which is so attractive, she had a kind and considerate heart for distress, and would have had a most liberal hand, had not her sense of justice, which was a prominent feature in her character, made her reflect that she was the mother of eleven children, and had but little to bestow. Ostentation and selfishness she most particularly detested. . . I had occasion to know from an old lady, though never from my mother, that, when a very very young woman, she had received a legacy of fifty pounds; a humble friend, with a large family, was beginning business, and in distress for a little ready money,—the young Miss Dalrymple gave him her fifty pounds, and, being asked why she had not bestowed the half of it only, she replied, 'The half of it would have done him little good, and to go without the whole does me little harm.' It was the making of the man, and I believe her own feelings repaid her.—I remember well one of my brothers running to her one day to give him sixpence to give to a poor man at the door. 'You are right,' said she, 'to give to the poor, but give what is your own; the sixpence you ask me for is mine,—if the man is hungry, let him have half your dinner, or if he is cold and you are sorry for him, as you have a coat and a waistcoat, give him whichever of the two you please, but do not give him both, because, if you do, you will be colder than he is.'—I have seen a reluctant little fellow's countenance fall on this permission, and an open-hearted one transported to think that he should have his dinner to bestow.

"My mother laid down no precepts, unless the occasion intro-

duced them; she was not naturally fond of children,—they annoyed her; and the act of teaching them was so disagreeable to her, that she consigned her boys entirely to the care of a decent primitive tutor, and her three girls to that of a young woman more accomplished than reasonable, alas! who acted as a governess, without allowing herself to be so called. This person instructed us, though on all points of regulation or correction our mother was supreme, pronouncing with the wisdom of a Lycurgus, though not always with equal good fortune in having her laws complied with.

"Had my mother been married to a man of her own time of life, whose love could have softened her heart, and won it out of those entrenchments with which she seemed to have guarded it round, I am convinced she would not only have been a more complying wife, but a tenderer mother; but, married, when only twenty-two, to our excellent father, when on the verge of sixty and very deaf, she spent her virtuous youth in acting up in all points to her sense of duty, and in its measurements the softer affections were forgotten—to bud and bloom in her old age.—I have rarely seen any woman, enjoying, as she did, the admiration that her beauty and animation naturally attracted, who retained the same purity of manners and innocence of heart. She never lost sight for a moment of her being the wife of a most respectable but very old man, and this recollection restrained into caution a vivacity that never exceeded the bounds of the most critical propriety, and taught her daughters, I hope, that cheerfulness might be indulged without levity, and ingenuous openness without imprudence.

"Honour, magnanimity, and justice, guided the whole of her conduct, and she laid down, as the laws of the Medes and Persians, the 'absolute necessity' of our being always governed by them.—In short, my dear mother was a woman to make men of men, and wise women of silly ones. Had her fortune been equal to her desire of doing good, she would have been a first-rate character in society, but her best propensities were curbed by the smallness of her income, her temper was somewhat affected by the bad influence of those around her during the infancy of her children, and, as they advanced in life, this naturally increased with her cares for them, till it was ultimately banished by their prosperity.

"It was then, when the gales of this troublesome world had subsided, and the breakers ceased to rage which hid from the common observer the Rock—on which my dear mother's stronghold of happiness was built, that we perceived a deep and firm reliance on her God to have been always the basis of that true fortitude and independence of mind, which had sustained her through so many difficulties, without her ever allowing them to be such.

"Sweetness, tenderness, and charity accompanied true religion and piety to the last, and were even united with that sparkle of the imagination which had attended her in youth.

"Oh! may the departure of every child she has left be happy as hers, and may we meet again in that bliss, which we cannot deserve, but must fervently pray to attain!"

SECTION IV.

Although I originally intended to close this narrative with the death of Earl James, in 1768, I could not resist the temptation of introducing you to those relatives whose names you are more immediately familiar with, as nearly as possible in the words of the sister whose writings I have so largely drawn upon in this and the preceding chapter. The sketch may be fittingly completed by a brief notice of her own character and fortunes.

During the fifteen or twenty years of her brothers' wanderings in search of wealth and fame in foreign lands, Lady Anne and Lady Margaret had resided together in London, where, in the words of their brother Lord Balcarres, their house became "the meeting-place of great and good characters, literary and political." Among hosts of names distinguished in their day, but now comparatively forgotten, I may mention Burke,* Sheridan, Windham,

* The following most touching letter from Burke is in acknowledgment of one of Lady Anne's addressed to him on the death of his only son—subsequently to her marriage with Mr. Barnard. It is addressed to her husband and herself conjointly:—

"My dear Friends,

"Your constant attention to the valuable part of us which is snatched away, as well as to the miserable remains of this truly unhappy family, demands and has our most cordial and most grateful acknowledgments. We have received Lady Anne's kind

Dundas, and the Prince of Wales, as their familiar guests and friends,—and the attachment of the latter to Lady Anne ended only with his life. This pleasant period was terminated by the marriage of Lady Anne with Mr. Barnard, son of the accomplished Bishop of Limerick, and whom she accompanied, as I have already mentioned, to the Cape of Good Hope, on his appointment as Colonial Secretary under Lord Macartney. The journals of her residence there, and excursions into the interior country, illustrated with drawings and sketches of the scenes described, are preserved among the family MSS. in my father's library.* Had circumstances permitted of her return by New South Wales, Egypt, and the Greek islands, the tour she had planned with her husband,† she would have left us probably a series of letters as

and consolatory letter. Alas! it is as consolatory as anything can be. She acquits me of faults towards my son. I would to God my conscience could do the same. I could better bear the most insupportable of all calamities. On the contrary, my mind runs over a thousand improprieties, neglects, and mismanagements of every kind—all, indeed, except a fundamental want of honour, respect, and love for him. Amidst of all those failures, how could he be sensible how dearly, dearly, I prized him? But, I hope, very deep suffering and sincere penitence may some way atone for such offences. His mother has nothing but her loss to deplore.

"My dear Madam and Sir, how I am afflicted to let you pass by my door! Mrs. Burke is not less so. But I hope we shall be in a better plight to receive you both, in a manner more agreeable to our attachment to you both. We have thoughts of going to an house pretty retired on the sea-side.

"God Almighty preserve you long to each other and to your friends, and give you every outward means of happiness and every inward means of enjoying it. It was on a Sunday my calamity was completed. Adieu, adieu!

"Your unhappy friend,

"EDM. BURKE."

* A few extracts from these journals are printed in the third volume of these Lives.

† "I have always," says Lady Anne, in one of her 'Scraps,' "had a strong wish to visit Botany Bay—not from a longing to commit a crime, but from a desire to rejoice with the angels over repentant sinners. If one reformed rogue gives to beatified spirits as much joy as the good conduct of ninety-nine righteous persons, what a feeling must be created by such a group! But it would appear so strange a measure to go there from choice, that I believe it would be necessary to commit some peccadillo as an apology to my relations for going at all. I have a very good precedent for an invention to effect a journey, in Rabelais, who, being very poor, and wishing much to see Paris without having a sou to pay his expenses, put up three packages with these words on them, 'Poison for the King—poison for the Dauphin—poison for the Minister,'—and sent them, in a manner to create suspicion, by the diligence. He was immediately arrested and sent in a chaise and four under a strong guard to Paris, living nobly all the way. Had it not been for the peace of 1802, I should have effected this plan, as my dear husband liked it as well as I did, and meant to have carried me back to England by a very circuitous route, taking in Egypt, &c.—but he was obliged to remain at the Cape behind me for a year to settle colonial business with the Dutch, and I proceeded to England to

graphic and amusing as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's. But 'Auld Robin Gray' must remain her monument.

After the death of Mr. Barnard,* Lady Anne and Lady Margaret again took up house together, and their streams of life, reuniting, flowed on in peace till a new interruption through the marriage of Lady Margaret to Sir James Burges in 1812. From that year forward Lady Anne resided almost uninterruptedly in

endeavour to effect a situation under government for him on his return, which I did not accomplish."

* Some time after this event Lady Anne had an engraving made from the portrait of her husband by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and forwarded an impression of it to the Prince Regent, with the following note, which I give for the sake of the reply—a reply witnessing a warmth of heart which many who knew the Prince only in his later years never gave him credit for:—

"I know your goodness of heart, Sir, and I know that you will pardon this letter. It is not more to my prince that I write than to that kind friend and patron who would have stopped the fatal journey of my dear husband by an exchange of situation, had not untoward combinations defeated every hope and forced his departure. You will perceive, Sir, that it *is* Anne Barnard who now addresses your R. Highness, to entreat your acceptance of what accompanies this. My dear husband requested in his will that I would send testimonies of his regard to those friends I knew he honoured and esteemed. To fulfil this desire, I have had an engraving done from his picture, of which the first proof is now sent to your R. Highness. You will not be displeased at my venturing to place you, Sir, at the head of this (to me) sacred list,—so much worth, and so many estimable qualities as he had, rendered him a person whose attachment could not disgrace even your R. Highness. When you look at the print, Sir, as I hope you will do with regard for his sake, bestow a thought of pity and kindness on her who ever has been and must remain

"Your Royal Highness's
"Most faithful and affectionate servant,
"ANNE BARNARD.

"P.S. May I venture to say that I would rather your R. Highness did not reply to my letter. Your heart will lead you to it, but it will be better for me not to receive any reply on this subject."

"My dear and old Friend,

"You are right in thinking that perhaps it would be better, both for you and me, that no letter should pass between us in consequence of this recent mark of your kindest recollection and affection. But there are certain feelings which one is only individually responsible for, and that which perhaps in one instance is better for one person not to do, it is impossible for another to resist. It is not from any selfish conceit or presumption that I presume to differ from your much better reasoned and conceived opinion, but from the ingenuous and paramount impulse and feelings of a heart that you have long, long, long indeed known, which from the earliest hour of its existence has glowed with the warmest and most transcendent feelings of the most affectionate friendship for those who have and do know how to appreciate it,—and to whom can this be better applied, dearest Lady Anne, than to yourself? To tell you how much and how highly I *value your present*, and what (if it be possible) is much more, the affectionate remembrance you have shewn me in this instance, and the manner in which you have done it—is that which I not only can never express, but can never forget. That every blessing and happiness may for ever attend you is the earnest prayer of

"Your ever and most affectionate friend,
"GEORGE P.

"P.S. My heart is so full that I hope you will forgive this hasty scrawl, for I write the very instant I have received your letter. Pray tell me that you forgive me."

Berkeley Square, enjoying the occasional society of her family, and devoting her declining years to the compilation of the memoirs and the collection of the literary relics of her brothers and sisters.

It had been Earl James's wish that one of his children should continue the history of his family from the period when his own pen ceased. "It was a maxim of my father's," says Lady Anne, "that the person who neglects to leave some trace of his mind behind him, according to his capacity, fails not only in his duty to society, but in gratitude to the Author of his being, and may be said to have existed in vain. 'Every man,' said he, 'has felt or thought, invented or observed; a little of that genius which we receive from Nature, or a little of that experience which we buy in our walk through life, if bequeathed to the community, would ultimately become a collection to do honour to the family where such records were preserved.'—I took up my pen and wrote,—at first with a little pain. To turn back in fancy to the season of rosebuds and myrtles, and to find oneself travelling on in reality to that of snowdrops and cypresses, is a position which may naturally produce some inequality of style,—the more so, as I was often tempted by the gaiety and truthfulness of my old MS. journals, to transcribe from them verbatim, while, on other occasions, I have allowed the prudence and concise pen of the old lady to lop and abridge, in a manner that, I fear, has greatly injured the spirit and originality of the work, though it has brought it into a more reasonable compass. Meanwhile, I trust to memory in giving those anecdotes, not only of events, but of the deeds and virtues of our forefathers, which it were a sin to forget, and which my father related to me with a degree of spirit and vivacity which indelibly impressed them on my heart."*

To the "family taste," as she calls it, "of spinning from the brain in the sanctum of the closet, leaving it to posterity to value the web or not as it pleased," Lady Anne owed the chief amuse-

* "It is a sweet satisfaction to her," observes her brother, Lord Balcarres, "that, as she advances in years, she not only realizes the enjoyment of life in a delightful amusement, but has also the gratifying and conscious pleasure that she is obeying the earnest wish of her honoured father, who, knowing her ability and competence, urged her to continue a family record, to which he had set an example, and to which his descendants have attached a consideration so imperative as almost to ensure its continuance for ages still to come."

ment of a serene, placid, and contented old age, prolonged, like that of several of her family, beyond the three-score years and ten usually allotted to human life, but enlivened to the close by the proverbial cheerfulness of the "light Lindsays," and unimpaired vigour of mind and imagination. Her stores of anecdote, on all subjects and of all persons, her rich fancy, original thought, and ever-ready wit, rendered her conversation delightful to the last; while the kindness of her heart—a very fountain of tenderness and love—always overflowing, and her sincere but unostentatious piety, divested that wit of the keenness that might have wounded,—it flashed, but it was summer lightning.*

* The following letter is from my father-in-law, Colonel Lindsay of Balcarres:—

"You ask me, my dear Lindsay, to give you some account of my dearly loved aunt, Lady Anne Barnard, as I remember her in my early days. Would I could describe her to you as she then was,—but it were no easy matter to draw the portrait of one whose charms and weaknesses were so intermingled, and where shades and sunshine chased each other so rapidly over the landscape.

"She had been the eldest of eleven children; her father died at the advanced age of seventy-eight when she was only seventeen,—he was even then a hale old gentleman, the 'preux chevalier' of his day; she was for several years his constant companion, and imbibed much of his chivalrous character, which became the foundation of her own.

"Having lost her father, she soon saw that the prosperity of herself and her brothers and sisters depended mainly on her own and their exertions,—for the fortune which was left by her father was not much more than enough to bring them up and educate them in a moderate way, whilst her eldest brother contributed all he could to his mother for this purpose, living for many years on his pay in the army. The feeling that she was the example, that much depended on her, roused her abilities and called forth every latent talent within her. Those talents were not trifling; a stream of genius ran sparkling through her character, and she possessed application. Women were but indifferently educated in those days; few of them knew any language but their own,—a little arithmetic, and cookery; but Lady Anne and her sister Lady Margaret were not to be so satisfied; they studied and read together, working out instruction for themselves; and their example was followed in due time by the third sister, my dear aunt, Lady Hardwicke, now (1847) the last survivor of the family. I am inclined to think it was this struggle of the intellect against difficulties which drew forth the energies of the three sisters, and occasioned that originality of thought which was so captivating.

"My grandmother's house in Edinburgh was open to the learned and to all strangers of distinction; her rank, station, and character, as the widow of the old and respected Earl of Balcarres, placed her in this situation; thus Lady Anne became acquainted with Hume, Johnson, MacKenzie, Monboddo, and other philosophers of that day, as she did with the wits and statesmen of England at a later period when she and Lady Margaret settled in London. She was graceful, witty, and elegant, full of life and animation, her sister and herself charming musicians, and both of them peculiarly affable,—what wonder then that their fame spread far?

"The peculiar trait of Lady Anne's character was benevolence,—a readiness to share with others her purse, her tears, or her joys—an absence of all selfishness. This, with her talents, created a power of pleasing which I have never seen equalled. She had in society a power of placing herself in sympathy with those whom she addressed, of drawing forth their feelings, their talents, their acquirements, pleasing them with themselves, and consequently with their companions for the time being. I have often seen her change a dull party into an agreeable one; she could make the dullest speak, the shyest feel happy, and the witty flash fire without any apparent exertion. It were impossible

"And now," she writes towards the close of her memoirs—and your filial feelings and my own will equally be gratified by my quoting the passage—"having for the present closed all that is necessary to say of 'kings and courts,' I return to the haunts of my heart, like the traveller who has been long away, gleaning from other countries what may amuse the dear circle at home; grieving with tenderness over chasms in that circle never to be supplied, but grateful for what remains of friendship and affection still on earth to cheer the evening of life.

"Of Elizabeth's society I have all that I can in reason expect from the avocations which, as a mother and a grandmother to four families, multiply themselves upon her every day,—my brothers rally round me with kindness when business calls them to town, but it is in the affection of my two nephews, (Lord Lindsay and my young guardsman, James,)* I find the tenderness so unusual in young men! which is ever ready to fly to be my prop and support, when I feel a want of it.—No ostentation is to be found in their attentions; they do not tease me with solicitude about my health,—with giving me chairs when I do not wish to sit down, or asking me to drink wine, or to be helped to what at home I may venture to ask for. All is liberty and equality here, untaxed by restraint,—it is granted by them to me, and by me to them; even their wives permit me to steal into my own den, (my drawing-room

to name the numbers who claimed her intimacy, even from the prince on the throne to the peasant at Balcarres. I recollect George IV. sending for her to come and see him when he was very ill; he spoke most affectionately to her, and said, 'Sister Anne,' (the appellation he usually gave her,) 'I wished to see you, to tell you that I love you, and wish you to accept of this golden chain for my sake,—I may never perhaps see you again.'—Her hand was sought in marriage by several of the first men of the land, and her friendship and confidence by the most distinguished women; but indecision was her failing,—hesitation and doubt upset her judgment; her heart had never been captured, and she remained single till late in life, when she married an accomplished but not wealthy gentleman, younger than herself, whom she accompanied to the Cape of Good Hope when appointed Colonial Secretary under Lord Macartney.—*All this indeed you* know, and that her latter years were spent in London, where her house was ever a home to your father and mother and yourself, and to me too at intervals during many years. I loved her as a mother, and so did all who dwelt under her roof.

"Ever affectionately yours,
"JAMES LINDSAY.

"P.S. I recollect a characteristic anecdote of her,—or rather, of an old servant who had lived with her for years. She was entertaining a large party of distinguished guests at dinner, when a hitch occurred in the kitchen. The old servant came up behind her, and whispered, 'My lady, you must tell another story—the second course won't be ready for five minutes!'"

* My father and Colonel Lindsay.

of forty feet long, surrounded with papers and drawings,) and employ myself all the morning, without thinking themselves ill-used by my absence,—but never do I refuse the *tête-à-tête* which has a useful purpose in view to any one; I make no selfish monopoly of my time to Anne Barnard, but lay aside the page, in which perhaps my whole heart is engaged, to listen to the anxiety of some other person, though the idea occupying my pen vanishes with the moment, perhaps never to return; and this, at times, I really feel an act of virtue, anxious as I am to finish the labours of the mind, while it possesses a part of its powers, though the strength of the body does not always prop it up.

"'Oh! blest Retirement, friend to life's decline!'

how little am I disposed to change thee for the bustle of this busy town! how I should be throwing away the little portion of life that remains, to seek abroad for the contentment, which, at my time of life, is best found at home! My friends press me to go out to amuse myself,—but I should go without any interest beyond the charm of getting home again; by the side of my fire, I have got into the habit of living in other days with those I loved, reflecting on the past, hoping in the future, and sometimes looking back with a sorrowful retrospect, where I fear I may have erred:—together with these mental employments, I have various sources of amusement,—I compile and arrange my memorandums of past observations and events; I retouch some sketches and form new ones from souvenirs taken on the spot,—sometimes I employ an artist to finish these, but all is first traced accurately with my own pencil, so impossible do I find it to get any one to enter exactly into the spirit of my subject. With such entertainment for my mornings, and a house full of nephews and nieces, together with the near connections of my dear Barnard, all tenderly attached to me, I have great—great reason to bless God, who, in taking much from me, has left me so much!

"Talking of occupation—amongst my 'Vagrant Scraps,' where thoughts are marked down in order to introduce them here, (which I generally forget to do,) I find a page on this subject, which seems addressed to contemporaries, who will, I think, understand it.

"*Occupation.*

"When living by myself, which I do not a little, I fancy I make discoveries in human nature, which, I dare say, are (to use a vulgar phrase) only mares' nests, but I make hobby-horses of them, on which I gallop off with much alacrity.

"When people say of others who are advancing in life, (viz. growing old and ugly,) that they are cross, that nothing pleases them, that they are crabbed, and that they have lost their relish for the world, it is all nearly true with a little alteration; they are crossed, nobody is pleased with them, they find things go backwards, (viz. crabbed,) and that the world has lost its relish for them; the young and gay find themselves in no affinity with them, and contemporaries are angry when they look in the face of fifty or sixty,—it is a sort of mirror which reflects their own wrinkled visages. While gay and pretty contemporaries involuntarily dress themselves in smiles to meet us, conversation is full of openness, good will, and confidence, but draw the veil of thirty years over the same person, and the manners of every creature will be changed:—where lies the blame? nowhere,—the complaint is cutaneous, belonging to the skin only:—but let no one suppose himself in fault for this. I have heard a poor old desponder say, 'I am grown quite stupid and good for nothing;' but were it possible to remove the veil I have alluded to, and see the rosebuds and lilies where they were before, the effects they would produce on the beholder would soon reanimate the manner, and with his new skin Richard would be himself again,—for minds do not grow old or wear out, except by the effects of the body on them.

"But to be serious. When alone, I am not above five and twenty. I can entertain myself with a succession of inventions, which would be more effective if they were fewer,—I forget that I am sixty-eight, and if, by chance, I see myself in the glass, looking very abominable—I do not care.

"What is the moral of this?—That, as far as my poor experience goes, (and 'tis said that we must all be fools or physicians at forty,) OCCUPATION is the best nostrum in the great laboratory of human life, for pains, cares, mortifications, and ennui; it amuses in sickness, it lightens the distress of circumstances, it acts as a gentle opiate to ill-requited love, it is a solace to the heart when

a fellow-creature can be benefited by our exertions, and even in sorrow—even when the heart is sinking under the load of grief, if we can feel it a duty to bear up, we find it an Atlas to the human mind, giving it strength to support what might otherwise crush it.

"But to treasure up the power of occupying ourselves in a manner to interest us in old age, we must begin, my dear young friends, by occupying ourselves in youth, by cultivating some talent, some taste to which our mind leads us, which may amuse our solitary hours as we advance in life,—and, if it has an useful tendency, so much the better:—never should the day pass in which a young person ought not to endeavour to make some step forward to improvement; if we do so in youth, the taste will not depart from us in old age, and, instead of giving up the point of happiness, if we make it our aim to keep our minds awake to a sense of our duties, it will serve us in good stead, although Providence may not have gifted us with imagination or ingenuity. The independence of having your amusements within yourselves, my dear friends, will render you beloved and looked up to; the same independence in old age will prevent your ever feeling yourselves a burden on society. Rich in your own resources, you will ask no subscriptions from others, but gladly afford a share of what little it may be in your power to bestow."

Such was Lady Anne's philosophy; may it be yours! "Redeem your time,"—remembering, in the beautiful language of her sister, Lady Margaret, how infallibly

> "The culture of the early spring
> Secures the summer's joy, the autumn's pride,
> And makes the rugged brow of winter smile!"

About a year after the death of the venerable dowager of Balcarres, your grandfather, then nearly blind, dictated to his daughters those 'Anecdotes of an Indian Life,' which I have already referred you to,—"a narrative," says the affectionate sister, at whose suggestion (seconded by theirs) the notes he had written in early life were thus remodelled—"so honest, simple, curious, and complete, that I should injure it by adding anything more than the pleasing fact, that he is well, and likely to remain so for many years,—living peacefully, usefully, thankfully, rationally,—as

much respected as he is beloved ; his family is patriarchal,—all unite in harmony with each other, and, if any one wish to know where the 'golden age' of happiness and contentment is to be found in this 'valley of tears,' the finger-board of truth points to Balcarres House—I can give him no better direction."

It was not till a year or two before her death that Lady Anne publicly acknowledged the authorship of 'Auld Robin Gray.' In the 'Pirate,' which appeared in 1823, the author of 'Waverley' compared the condition of Minna to that of Jeanie Gray, "the village-heroine in Lady Anne Lindsay's beautiful ballad:"—

> "Nae langer she wept, her tears were a' spent,
> Despair it was come, and she thought it content;
> She thought it content—but her cheek it grew pale,
> And she drooped like a snowdrop broke down by the hail!"

This ascription to the real authoress of the long-contested poem in question induced Lady Anne to confide its history to Sir Walter Scott, in the following characteristic letter, to which I subjoin Sir Walter's reply, redolent of "Auld-lang-syne."

"London, Berkeley Square,
July 8, 1823.

"My dear Sir,

"I am really ashamed to tell you how long I have remained balancing between the strong desire I had of addressing you, and the timidity I felt on encroaching upon time so valuable to the world at large, but I am convinced your good nature will not only pardon me, but will induce you to grant the favour I am about to ask.—It is, that you will convey to the author of 'Waverley,' with whom I am informed you are personally acquainted, how gratefully I feel the kindness with which he has (in the second volume of the 'Pirate,' thirteenth chapter) so distinguishedly noticed and, by his powerful authority, assigned the long-contested ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray' to its real author.

"In truth, the position I was placed in about that song had at last become irksome to me; how can I then so fully mark my thankfulness to him who has relieved me from my dilemma, as by transmitting to him, fairly and frankly, the Origin, Birth, Life,

Death, and Confession, Will and Testament, of 'Auld Robin Gray,' with the assurance that the author of 'Waverley' is the first person out of my own family who has ever had an explanation from me on the subject?

"Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herdsman at Balcarres, was *born* soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond,—Sophy Johnstone, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarres; I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me,—'I have been writing a ballad, my dear,—I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes,—I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing! help me to one, I pray.'—'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for; I was pleased with the approbation it met with, but such was my dread of being suspected of writing anything, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret.

". . . From one honest man I had an excellent hint; the Laird of Dalzell, after hearing it, broke into the angry exclamation of, 'Oh the villain! oh the auld rascal! *I* ken wha stealt the poor lassie's *coo*—it was Auld Robin Gray himsel!'—I thought this a bright idea, and treasured it up for a future occasion.—Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of dispute, it afterwards became almost a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries; 'Robin Gray' was either a very, very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very, very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to confess whether I had written it, or, if

not, where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. J——, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly, but confidentially; the annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the ballet of Auld Robin Gray's courtship, as performed by dancing dogs under my windows:—it proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity.

"Such was the history of the first part of it. As to the second, it was written many years after in compliment to my dear old mother, who often said, 'Annie! I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended,'—to meet her wishes as far as I could, the second part was written; it is not so pleasing as the first; the loves and distresses of youth go more to the heart than the contritions, confessions, and legacies of old age; my dread, however, of being named as an authoress still remaining, though I sung it to my mother, I gave her no copy of it, but her affection for me so impressed it on a memory, which [then] retained scarcely anything else, and she repeated it so often, with the pride of being the only person that had the power of doing so, that I think it very probable, by means of my mother's friend and constant companion, Mrs. Keith, some of the verses may have reached the hand of the author of 'Waverley,' as it was a subject of delight to her to boast of her intimacy with him.—I have reason to know there exists a version of the second part from Jeanie's own lips, but that which has been already so highly honoured as to be placed where it is, shall for ever keep its ground with me, and the other shall remain in the corner of my portfolio.

"Let me now once more, my dear Sir, entreat that you will prevail on the author of 'Waverley' to accept, in testimony of my most grateful thanks, of the only copies of this ballad ever given under the hand of the writer, and will *you* call here, I pray, when you come next to London, sending up your name that you may not be denied. You will then find the doors open wide to

receive you, and two people will shake hands who are unacquainted with ennui,—the one being innocently occupied from morning to night, the other with a splendid genius as his companion wherever he goes!

"God bless you!

"ANNE BARNARD.

"P.S. I see that I have not mentioned an advice of the old laird of Dalzell's, who, when we were *tête-à-tête* afterwards, said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song, alter the line about the crown and the pound, and when you have said that, "saving ae crown-piece," Jamie "had naething else beside," be sure you add, "to mak it twenty merks my Jamie gaed to sea,"—for a Scottish pund, my dear, is but twenty pence, and Jamie was na siccan a gowk as to leave Jeanie and gang to sea to lessen his gear:—'twas that sentence,' he whispered, 'telled me the song was written by some bonnie lassie that didna ken the nature o' the Scotch money as well as an auld writer in the town of Edinbro' would hae done.'

"I was delighted with the criticism of old Dalzell,—if it had occurred to the Antiquarian Society, it might have saved Mr. J—— the trouble of his visit; but, though I admit it would have been wiser to have corrected the error, I have never changed the pound-note, which has always passed current in its original state."

"My dear Lady Anne, "14 July, 1823.

"I wish I could tell you with how much pleasure I received your letter, and how many remembrances it brought back to me of very early days,—some a little sad, to be sure, but perhaps not on that account the less interesting. I cannot pretend to say why, or on what authority, that mysterious personage the author of 'Waverley' made the appropriation which induced your ladyship to ascend the confessional so much to my advantage, but I can say for myself, that, forty years and more, I never entertained the least doubt as to the real authoress of 'Robin Gray,'—that real pastoral, which is worth all the dialogues which Corydon and Phyllis have had together from the days of Theocritus downwards.

"Now I will tell your ladyship how I came to be so positive respecting a fact known with certainty to so very few persons. Your ladyship may remember, among old Edinburgh acquaintances, the family of Dr. John Rutherford, professor of medicine, one of whom, Mrs. Colonel Russell of Ashestiel by marriage, was formerly well known to you. The eldest daughter of the Doctor, by his first wife, was my worthy mother, who was much connected by friendship, and, I think, by some remote cousinred (through the Duffs and Dalrymples), with the excellent Countess of Balcarres, your ladyship's mother, in virtue of which connection I had, when entering life, the advantage of hearing the good old lady, then our neighbour in George's Square, tell many entertaining anecdotes of the *Vieille Cour*, and of ancient Scotch manners.

"I was also a sort of permitted attendant on the late Countess at public places, particularly the theatre, where she retained a box so constantly, that the lady dowager used to call her 'the good-wife of the playhouse.'

"Moreover, your ladyship gives me too much grace in supposing Soph Johnstone was not of my day. Well do I remember her jockey coat, masculine stride, strong voice, and, occasionally, round oath; I remember also many of her songs, for example—

> 'Eh! quo' the tod, it's a braw light night,
> The wind's i' the west, and the moon shines bright,' &c.

Moreover, did I not see her kick my poor sister's shins under the card-table at Mrs. Cockburn's, for moving her feet in some way inconvenient to the said Soph, who added at the same time to her pedestrian correction this exclamation, (how acceptable to a miss in teens your ladyship may believe)—'What is the lassie wabster—wabster—wabstering* that gate for?'—In short, I saw this extraordinary original both at home and at Mrs. Cockburn's, and am like to laugh even now whenever I think of her.

"It was not from Soph Johnstone, however, that I learned 'Auld Robin Gray,' but from my aunt Mrs. Russell, who used to sing very prettily, and had learned it, I think, in your ladyship's family, if not from yourself.

* Weaving.

"She only sung the first part, but, many years afterwards, I got from her sister, my much regretted relation, Miss Christian Rutherford, (the great friend of Mrs. Murray Keith,) about seven or eight verses of the continuation, but which only made a fragment. All these persons were perfectly convinced of your ladyship's right to this beautiful ballad, and spoke of it as a matter of which they never had a moment's doubt, and I, knowing their opportunities of information, never considered the matter as being at all questionable; indeed, I supposed that Mrs. Russell had learned the circumstance from your ladyship directly, and though that, from your ladyship's information, must have been a mistake, yet I am satisfied that, either from Soph Johnstone's being less absolutely faithful than your ladyship supposes, or very likely from some chain of circumstantial proof, added to her knowledge of Lady Anne's genius for the profitless and profane art of ballad-making, she had arrived at the true conclusion without the assistance of any direct testimony.* The Miss Hepburns, too, of Congalton, who belonged to the same society of friends, (and a very pleasant society they formed, till a strange and simultaneous fate swept most of them off within a few days of each other,) used always to speak of 'Auld Robin Gray' as being indubitably the composition of Lady Anne Barnard,—and many a wish have I formed to know Lady Anne in consequence of this conviction.

"It is within these few weeks that Lord Montagu, with whom I am in the habits of constant correspondence, wrote to me on this very subject, and mentioned that a clergyman arrogated to himself the merit of writing 'Auld Robin Gray.' I wrote in reply, mentioning a part of the facts on which I felt myself from good authority entitled to ascribe the praise to the lady I have now the honour to address,—odd enough, that his excellent aunt† should be the first to penetrate your mystery, and that he should be in danger of being mystified at this time of day.

"Now, I have a great mind to ask your ladyship's goodness to put a stop to these petty-larceny proceedings in the following manner. I belong to a society of literary folks in Edinburgh,

* This is elucidated by the information of the late venerable Mrs. Pringle of Whythank, cousin-german to Lady Anne Barnard, given in the Introduction to the Continuation of 'Auld Robin Gray,' as printed in the Appendix, No. XLVII.

† Lady Jane Scott. *Vide supra*, p. 332.

whose principal bond of union is the resolution to preserve as many floating records of Scottish history and antiquities as we can collect; each member prints what he pleases, not exceeding the number of copies necessary for the members, and a few more for particular friends,—for the object is, to preserve from the risk attending manuscripts, without intending any immediate publication. Will you allow me to put a complete copy of 'Auld Robin Gray' in this curious record, either with or without the name of the ingenious authoress, and with as much or as little of its history, as you think better?—I wish to Heaven I could obtain an equally authentic copy of 'Hardyknute,' and I think old Fife might cock her crest in honour of her two poetesses.*

"I think Dalzell's criticism rather hypercritical, but very characteristic; were I to reply to it in the manner of Shakspeare's commentators, trumping each other's nonsense, I would, in logical phrase, grant his premises and deny his conclusion. A crown, I would say, is no denomination of Scottish money, and therefore the pound to which it is to be augmented is not a Scottish pound.

* "I have sometimes wondered," says Sir Walter, in a subsequent letter, "how many of our best songs have been written by Scotchwomen of rank and condition. The Hon. Mrs. Murray (Miss Baillie of Jerviswood born) wrote the very pretty Scots song,

'An 't were not my heart's light I wad die,'—

Miss Elliot, of Minto, the verses to the 'Flowers of the Forest,' which begin

'I have heard a lilting,' &c.—

Mrs. Cockburn (whom your ladyship must have known well) composed other verses to the same tune,

'I have seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,' &c.

Lady Wardlaw wrote the glorious old ballad of 'Hardyknute:'—Place 'Auld Robin' at the head of this list, and I question if we masculine wretches can claim five or six songs equal in elegance and pathos out of the long list of Scottish minstrelsy."

"Auld Robin Gray," says Allan Cunningham, "has been fortunate in the admiration of the world and the abuse of Pinkerton."—It is singular enough that the highest praise ever bestowed on it should have been from the pen of Ritson, a critic on many occasions still more severe. "The elegant and accomplished authoress," says he, "has, in this beautiful production, to all that tenderness and simplicity for which the Scottish song has been so much celebrated, united a delicacy of expression which it never before attained. We may therefore conclude that this species of composition, which has been carried to the utmost perfection, must either cease or degenerate."—*Historical Essay on Scottish Song; Scottish Songs*, tom. i. p. lxxv.

If it were objected to my exposition, that it is unnatural that Jamie should speak of any other denomination of coin than the Scotch, I would produce you a dozen of old papers to prove that the coast of Fife in ancient times carried on a great trade with Holland and other countries, and of course French crowns and pounds sterling were current denominations among them.—Moreover, he shews himself so ready to gang to sea, that, for aught I can tell, or Dalzell either (if he were alive), Jamie may have gone a trial voyage to Campvere already, and speak rather as a mariner than in the usual style of 'poor Scotland's gear.'

"Dalzell's remark can only be matched by one made by Mr. Farquharson, an old Edinburgh accomptant,—one who executes pretty much the duty of a master in chancery, to whom the judges refer such complicated cases connected with figures as their own skill and Cocker's assistance do not enable their own wisdom to disentangle. He was with some difficulty prevailed on by his own family to read 'Cecilia,' which had just come out. On their asking how he liked it, he expressed himself much amused, but observed there was a gross error and inconsistency in the narrative,—a part of the distress or embarrassment of the heroine being, as your ladyship may remember, on the loss of her fortune.—'Now,' said my old friend, 'although Cecilia was cheated of her money in the funds, and lost her landed property by marrying Delville, who would not change his name, she must still have been a considerable heiress, for no account is given of the arrears of her rents, which, under Mr. Briggs' careful management, must at the end of nineteen or twerty years,' he said, 'be a very respectable sum. I have made a small schedule of it,' he added, drawing a balance-sheet from his pocket, 'in which it plainly appears that, even at simple interest, she must have been worth so many thousands.'—With such different views do people read works of fancy!

"I was in the neighbourhood of Balcarres for the first time in my life about a month ago; I never saw so many good houses of people of family and fortune nestled so close together as in that part of Fife; it is more like England than Scotland. I was only a member of a large party, without any independent means of conveyance, otherwise I should have paid my respects to Mr. Lindsay.

"But I begin to think I have rather abused the privilege which your ladyship's goodness has allowed me, and bestowed on you, with all Dogberry's generosity, a full allowance of my tediousness. I will only add, that I am not likely soon to profit by the very flattering invitation with which your ladyship honoured me; perhaps, before I come to town, some happy chance may determine your course to Scotland, and I need scarce say how happy I should be to receive the authoress of 'Robin Gray' and her companion,

"On well-sung Tweed's baronial stream,"

where I am just concluding a hobby-horsical sort of a mansion, with as little of Solomon's skill in the design, as there is of his silence in the execution, which makes even now a clatter about my ears, enough to stun any one who was bred in a writer's office like myself:—its best recommendation to you will be its near neighbourhood to Yair.

"But you will never get rid of me, if I start anew to old stories:—Believe me, dear Lady Anne,

"Most respectfully and sincerely,

"Your obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

Sir Walter's proposal was gratefully accepted, and the ballad was accordingly printed in a thin quarto volume, and circulated among the members of the Bannatyne Club, in 1824. The death of the authoress, in her seventy-fourth year, took place the following spring, shortly after that of her brother, Lord Balcarres.*

Nearly a quarter of a century has since elapsed, and three more of the venerable and beloved group, the elders of our race—that towered so long, like Alps, on the horizon between ourselves and the past—have departed, one after the other, prized whilst among

* In his seventy-third year.—The reader will find in the Appendix, No. XLIX., reprinted from the *Edinburgh Journal*, some extracts from an interesting 'Pilgrimage to Balcarres' by Mr. Robert Chambers, undertaken through his admiration of 'Auld Robin Gray.'

us, and deeply mourned for in departure. The eldest of the four survivors, Mr. Robert Lindsay, was summoned first,—he died in peace on the 10th of May, 1836, in his eighty-third year; the little birds sang and the blue sky bent over us as we committed his honoured remains to their kindred dust in the Chapel of Balcarres,—the Lindsays' friend of many generations, the venerable Bishop Low, performing the last offices. Mr. Hugh Lindsay—whose epitaph may be left to the testimony of the hundreds to whom, as Director and Chairman of the East India Company, and as man to man, he approved himself a father and a friend, and whose heart was in fact the seat of every kindly quality that can grace humanity—followed him, in April, 1844, in his eightieth year,*—and now the funeral toll from Ireland has scarcely died on the ear, that announced to us, not merely the knell of a dear and honoured patriarch, but of a bishopric of a thousand years. Charles Bishop of Kildare, says one who knew and loved him, "belonged to a class of minds that are fast disappearing,—and, with all his varied information, there was so much playfulness in his conversation, that he was equally delightful to young and old. I cannot fancy the matter-of-fact, calculating, cold-hearted men of the present generation having such an old age as his."—"Faithful," says a memorial drawn up by the Dean and Chapter of his Cathedral, "in the discharge of his duties, firm in his principles, sound in his understanding and doctrine, he retained all his energies to the end of his protracted career. His aspect was so benign and venerable in the devout discharge of his sacred functions, even to his eighty-sixth year, that all acknowledged his presence to be the best comment upon Leviticus, chap. xix. v. 24, 'Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear thy God!'"†—The Bishop died on the

* Mr. Hugh Lindsay was for many years Member of Parliament for the burghs of Forfar, Perth, Dundee, Cupar, and St. Andrews, and Marshal of the Admiralty.—Hugh Hamilton Lindsay, Esq., his only son, and long a resident in China, is the author of the extremely interesting 'Voyage of the Amherst,'—along two thousand miles of the coast of China,—published in 8vo. by a speculating bookseller, from his Report to the East India Company, which was printed by order of Parliament.

† "His charity was, we know, unbounded, although very unostentatious, chiefly flowing in private channels. The poor around Glasnevin always called him 'the darlin' Lord Bishop,'—and truly such he was." *Private Letter.*

8th of August, 1846, and was buried in the Cathedral of Christ-Church, Dublin.*

My task is now over,—the torch must be extinguished by which you have seen the shadow of your ancestors dimly gliding under the gloomy vault of past ages,—your more immediate forefathers have appeared with a distincter outline in the broader and familiar light of recent times:—I leave it to those who well remember, and love to descant upon, "the days of langsyne," to describe to you at greater length the fortunes of that venerable generation, of whose members all have now fallen asleep save one—one most loved, most cherished, and who, we trust and pray, may long be spared to bless us with her presence.

I now bid you farewell. Love, I entreat you, the country of your fathers, as they loved her; amidst the haunts of men and the bustle of the world, think often on the heathery hills and the ruined castles of Glenesk,—on

"Fair Balcarres' sunward-sloping farms,"

and on the ivied chapel where rest the ashes of our ancestors. Forget not the venerable usages, the heart-thrilling melodies, the ballads and traditions of your Fatherland:—love your clansmen, your kinsmen, your friends, your foes—let your whole lives be love; love to God in keeping His commandments, love to man for Christ's sake, who loved and gave Himself for us, that through His blood we might have peace. His eye is ever upon you; He watches you when your parents sleep; He hears you when you pray; He will give you His holy Spirit if you earnestly, perseveringly ask for it; He will make all things turn to your good, if you love Him, and do His will. Begin then at once—every minute is precious, and Time is ever on the wing. Cultivate the talents God has blessed you with, that you may turn them all to His glory and the good of your fellow-creatures,—there is no talent, no accomplishment, which may not thus be sanctified.—Knowledge wedded to charity is profitable, yet covet wisdom

* He is represented by his eldest son, the Venerable Charles Lindsay, Archdeacon of Kildare.

rather than knowledge,—that true wisdom, "the fear of the Lord," which the Giver of all good things bestows liberally on those who seek after it.

—That, through Adam's fall, we are born in sin, hereditary bondsmen—under a LAW, the very first transgression of which condemns us to eternal death,—yet, blessed be God, under a GOSPEL—which offers us pardon through the atoning blood of a Redeemer, who has fulfilled the law that we have broken, and endured the curse that we have deserved—but a Redeemer too, who has risen, that we may rise along with Him and soar upwards in His track to the gates of Heaven—believing THIS—your faith working in you by love, and evidenced by holiness—you will be wise indeed—"wise unto salvation." Chuse, then, oh! chuse that better part, which shall not be taken away from you!—Wisdom is a daughter of heaven, pure and holy, but, at the prayer of Faith, she glides down the rainbow of Christ's covenant, a willing messenger, lovelier than the fabled Iris, and fading not away, for, once yours, she will abide with you for ever. Love her, then, as your sister—follow her as your guide,—and you will find that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

One word more, ere I drop the pen—and I would here address all my dear relations, all who may have read these pages; humbly, earnestly, and most affectionately would I entreat them to watch diligently over their hearts and lives in these latter times. We live in days pregnant with good and evil—in the lull in the century that precedes the storm—a storm that will clear the moral atmosphere of a thousand noxious elements, but may shake society to its foundations first—on the eve, in short, of a season of tumult, trouble, and uncertainty—of mighty changes and bitter sorrows. "Watch!" is our Saviour's warning; is our armour ready? we know not what a day may bring forth. What is our duty as Christians? Openly to avow our faith, and prove it genuine by our lives; openly to rank ourselves under the banner of Christ against the foul spirits of Infidelity, Licence, and Revolution, that are stalking abroad over the earth,—we may have to resist unto blood—God grant that our faith fail not!

Many of you, I know, are Christians indeed,—yet be jealous of

your faith, lest it wax lukewarm, and God cross you out of the Book of Life! Let those among you who have children devote them to God's service with earnest teaching and many prayers,—that they may grow up patriots and Christians, and shew their country that God may be reverenced in the palace no less than in the cottage. The chiefs of the land—the Aristocracy, I say—and who are the aristocracy but the nobles and gentlemen of Britain?—have it as their allotted duty to lead the People—in the march of progress and improvement; to guard them from foes, domestic and foreign; and to protect them, when needed—I say it fearlessly—against themselves,—firm, though they rage—wakeful, though they sleep:—They are the hills that gird in a restless ocean, which blasts from above and fires from below are ever troubling; God hath fixed them as the boundary, and saith to the tide beneath, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall the pride of thy waves be stayed:"—But the hills must be green and fruitful, and the breeze that visits the waters must gather fragrance as it passes, or God in his anger will uproot the barrier, and let the waters loose.

1831—1836.

REVISED, 1847.*

* Since these 'Lives' were first printed, the two young relatives for whom they were written have attained maturity: the one has become my wife,—the other is an officer in the Guards, and the author of two dramas, entitled 'Alfred' and 'Edward the Black Prince,'—of which I venture to believe that a brief analysis may not be uninteresting. It will be found in the Appendix, No. L.

I may add, in conclusion, that more than one Memoir, by Lindsays of the present generation, has been written since these 'Lives' were originally circulated,—a pledge, I must hope, for the continued observance of the law bequeathed to the race by its patriarch and chief, Earl James.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. XXXIII.—Page 9.

*Specimens of the familiar "missive," or letter, of the early half of the seventeenth century, in Scotland.**

I.

Margaret Lindsay, daughter of Sir David Lindsay of Edzell, and wife of David Lord Carnegie of Kinnaird, afterwards Earl of Southesk, to her cousin-german, Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres, endorsed by the latter "Anent my sister Janet"—afterwards Lady Auchmuty.

"R^t^ hono^ll^ S^r^ and Brother,

"Gif it micht haif stand wi^t^ zour contentment to [have] differit (deferred) y^e^ sending for zour sister, I wald haif bein very glaid thairof, bot seing it pleisis no^t^ zow, it war reson y^t^ ze haid zour auin will in y^t^. I am certain y^t^ the Lady, zour beadfellow, will haif both contentment and confort of hir companie, as I haif ever haid since our acquaintance. I pray the gryt God of Heauin to send hir schortlie ane guid fortoun, quhairof, Sir, I knaw I neid no^t^ to remimber zow, and till it pleis God of his mercie to prouyd for hir, I will luik y^t^ ze will suffer hir at sumtym to wisit me, y^t^ we may keip y^t^ q^lk^ is begun betwix us, q^lk^ I sall euer think ane very gryt poynt of fauor.

"S^r^, as for fair wordis, it is no^t^ neidfull to be amongst ws, bot I wisch from my heart y^t^ it lay in my power to plesor zow. Swa, laifing to trubill zow forder, bot in remimbering my louing dewtie to zourself and zour beadfellow, q^m^ I sall vesit, God willing, als son as I cum to Fyff, sa restis

"Zour louing sister euer to be commandit,

"Ma. Lindesay.

"Kinnaird, Agust 10, 1612."

II.

John Earl of Perth to Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres, "anent his eldest son and delivery of his lady."

"Richt hono^ll^ and traist cousin,

"I ressaued zo^r^ lettre, and thanks zow heartlie both for zo^r^ kynd remembrance and cair which ze have of Haryis weilfair, who to all our appeirances becomes better and better, seing now with litill help he will walk vp

* I have printed them in the original orthography, that the specimens may be complete in all respects.

and doun, and meanes (complains of) no disease throughout all his bodie. Doctor Arnot wes of that same opinioun that watter-bathes wes no good for him, quhairfoir he hes had none this lang time,—so that we sall now see q^t God and nature will work befoir we use farther drogis or medicine. As to my bedfellow, scho is now daylie expecting the disease scho likes best,—for other seeknesses bringis efter them no contentment, bot of this small pane scho is curit be hearing the chyld weepe, according as, God willing, zo^r bedfellow sal be schortlie hearefter,—quhose weilfair we wil be all verie glaid to heare of; thairfoir requeists zow to send ws word of hir good estait, quhen hir small danger (albeit sumquhat apprehensive to that sexe) is past, according as we sall do the like to zow quhen my wife beis weill. I pray God to send prosperous both to zo^r bedfellow and hir, q^n there time comes. Zow will let the nixt occasioun send me word q^t zoong trees ze mister (need), that if it chance me to send to zow for anie sicklike wares, the man or horse sould no come emptie to zow. It is hard finding zoong aiks, wanting leaves, bot in the spring I will wndertake ze sall have anew. So, my heartlie s'rvice and my bedfellowis being rememberit to zo^{r}self and zo^r good lady, I rest

"Zo^r moist affectionat cousin

"to s'rue zow,

"PERTHE.

"Drummond, 17 Jan. 1621."

III.

Jane Drummond, Countess of Roxburgh (daughter of Patrick Lord Drummond and Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, daughter of David of Edzell, Earl of Crawford), to Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres.

"Cousing,

"I receaved your letter some fyue or sex dayes efter it was written. The Earles of Angus and Morton, and other company, being then with my Lord for his horse-race, I could not have lasure sooner to returne you answer. It is true this winter I have had verie ill health, but, God be praised, I am now better, and I should be sorie to refuse your first request, or bare myselfe the contentment in seing of you and your Lady, whome I have so seldome occasion to see, without gritter necessitie urge it then (I thank God) I think on at this present. Wherefore I resolve, by God's grace, to be with you about Fryday or Setterday come 8 dayes, the 17 or 18 of this instant. I dar not live it to one day, for croseing of the ferrie, for I have some feare to crose at Leith, because I never did it before; yet I intend, by God's grace, to try it at this tyme, hopeing to see your young daughter ane Christian vpon Sonday efter. I pray you commend my service to your Lady to I see her. I pray God grant you and her health and many happie dayes, and mak your young daughter a comfort to you, for tho I must wish all your children well, yet you must give me live, if I be her godmother, to wish her best.

"So, hopeing to see you shortlie, I will say no farther, but that I shall truelie be

"Your most affectionat cousing

"to do you service,

"JANE DRUMOND.

"Roxburt, Maij 4, 1622."

IV.

Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres to John Earl of Rothes, who was pressing him to grant a tack, or lease, to the Laird of St. Ford, on terms (as Sir David thought) unreasonable.

" My Lord, " Balcarres, Jul. 4, 1625.

" This day in the morning I receuett a letter from Achmoutie, desyring me, in zour L. name, to come to zou to Leslie anent St. Furd's erant (errand). I will humlie intreatt zour L. not to trubill zour L. farther with itt, and to tak me in also amangs the number of zour humill servants, in quhitch number I præsum I be long sence inrollet, and willinglie sall neuer doe that that may mak me be obliteratt.

" It is long sence I gaue sufficient proffe of my affectione to the hous of St. Furd, and sould be the less pressett nou. Zour L. patt me to the extremitie at our last mietting, q'in I offrett again all fauor. Benefits amangs men can not run infinitlie, nor be alwayes alyk greatt, speciallie if they flou bot from one pairtie. It appears the last is littill thocht of, that this is so mutch urgett. At least, if they refuiz thair wiell, I wisch they did itt with greatter quyetnes, and that zour L. wer nott too mutch importuned. As for zour L. desyr to mee, I knau itt is bot *Rogatus rogo*, and that I sall be the moir easelie excuisett. I knau nott if I sould sett onie tak at all if zour L. wald ly by. And q' pouer zour L. hes of me, I houp I nied nott (nather will I) vss niedles insinuations, reseruing my obedience to the quhitstone of a better tryell.

" Zour L. humill serwant,

" Sr D. Lyndesay of Balcarres."

V.

The same to the same—on the same subject.

" My Lord,

" Sence it hes pleaset zour L. to taik sutch impressione of St. Fuird's busines, and to think that my dealling with him does approach to the confyns of rigor (a thing far from me both by natur and custome), I will rather regraitt my misfortune to be so mistakin then be long discours ather seim to your L. tædious or adulatorie of myself. Raisone is the sunn that sould beatt wpon zour L. guid mynd and judgment, quhitch is nou walx to others and clay to me, for all that I can say is rejected and leaues no stampt. Hitherto it hes pleasett God Almichty to bliss me with comicall (pleasant) and guid euents of actions contryuet be myself. I expect the lyk in this, and that quhen the mist of your L. (now partiall) affectione sall be dispellet, zour L. sall in the miror of zour superior raisone sie and perceue ane other sicht. In houp q'of intreats zour L. to apoinct q^n I sall com wnto zou, for I cannot ansuer this punctuallie without mietting.

" Zour L. humill seruant,

" Sr D. Lyndesay of Balcarres.

" 15 Sept. 1625."

VI.

John Earl of Rothes to Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres, in reply to the preceding Letter.

" Richt honoll Sir,

" As to any impression I hau taken in Santfoord's busines, least my earnest desyr suld be mistaken, I do shaw yow the reason moued me. At my first speiking wt them, I did mow (move) them to an consent off much freindschip and fallouing, and when they found themselfs straitted wt that soom ye requyred, qlk they thocht so greit, on off Santfoord's aduysers obiected they uold not counsell him to be bound to thos promises for all the fauor uas requyred, except itt come uery willingly,—this mad me earnest to have itt satilled. As to that I alledged your deilling aproched touards the confins of rigor, indeid I uas in admiration to se on so douce and weill disposed naturally, and perfaicted be philosophy and the knawledg off God, produc so hard an ofer to on quho so submisly uold giu himself ouer to your seruic. Think not that the sunn of reson hath had contrary effects in mowing an aptnes to receau the impression of others, and hath hardned my mynd as itt cannot admitt your resons; think rather that sunn which ilichtens (y-lightens) you frequently so aboundantly, as your reflex, hath much illichtned me,—that licht is so far now absented be reson off particular comodity, qlk is as the earth interiected betuix the licht of reson and your mynd, that no glimps hath shyned fauorably on Santfoord,—bot as the sunn returns when she * hath bein a-quhyll absent, so I expect as yit that comicall end to this busines qlk all the rest of yours hath had. And think that no so much the band of blood betuix yourself, your other half, and me, as your trew worth and hir kyndnes, sall mow me be so far from partiality wt any against yow, as I sall be as a part off yourself to partak wt yow in any caus which may testify me to be

" Your louing cousing and seruant,

" Rothes."

VII.

Colin Earl of Seaforth to Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres, " anent his son."

" Rt honble and loweing brother,

" In regard I know that both ze and my sister desyris to vnderstand of the esteat of my bedfellow in the tyme of her delyvery, therfoir I haue thot good to acquent zow that on ye 26 of yis instant of December, thankis to God, sche vas delyuerit saiflie of ane sone,—her esteat and her chyld's also being at the vreiting heirof as it acht (ought). Since I aseure myself that it vald be contentment unto zow and my sister to vnderstand that there is ane freind brot furth both to zow and zor, yrfoir I vald not pretermit ye occasioune, bot acquent zow of the same. Subiect of vreating offeris seldome with me fra thir pairtis; thairfoir, broyr, since ye occasiounis and occurrancis doeth both concurr to mak zow to be moir myndfull of zor freinds, lat me intreat zow that I may heir oftner fra zow, not only of ye esteat of the tyme, but also of yt qlk

* The sun is here feminine, as in the German.

wil be maist veilcum to me to heir, that zo'self, my sister, and z^r children ar weill, q^lk being as I vald visch, sal be no moir acceptable to oiny yen (than) to me, q^a is

" Z^r maist loweing brother to do zow s'uice,

" SEAFORT.

" Channonry,* 28 Dec. 1625."

VIII.

John Earl of Lauderdale to his sister-in-law, Sophia Lady Balcarres, in behalf of her butler, who had left his place apparently to her and her husband's displeasure.

" Deir suiett, sueit deir, deir sueitt sister!

" W^t manie sueitt wordes a soott should begin, and so doeth this of mine, w^ch befoir I propon, giwe me leive, be waye of preamble, to tell yow that w^ch ye knew before (for heir your ignorance must not cum in), that rew and time (thyme) are tua good herbes, and, since of the first of them your auld S. Peter, who so manie years hath borne the keyes, good Mr. Persone, hath plukt so muche att tua severall tymes, viz., first in his intentione to marie, wherew^t, when his heart stood, he rewed in tyme; but secundlie, in giving yow your leive, or raither taking his of you, in contemplatione of that his now repented marriage, w^ch he now rewes farr sairer, but out of tyme,—I am heirby in a good tyme (and in a good tyme mott (may) it be to good Mr. Persone!), to entreatt yow again and again, good sueitt sister, lett Mr. Persone return to his former charge, and als familiarlie as befoir:—searche what is lost of the collatione stoupes, and I shall promeis in his name that befoir this yeir of God end w^ch is now begun, he shall aftentymes befoir your eyes be weill racked (stretched?), sett the stoup to his head, and drink to your healthe and my happines. Itt is not my commission to make a cauldryfe (lukewarm) requeist for him, for manie a good hott fyre hathe he maid on to me in Balcarres, and manie I houp shall he make on again, if by granting this my desire ye suffer your ire to grow cauld to him, and your kynd heart warm to

" Your most louing brother to serve you,

" LAUDERDAILL."

IX.

Sophia Lady Balcarres to her husband.

" My hairt,

" The berer, Mr. Here (Harry) well schave you beter nor I can of the prosiding of our gentellmen sens ze went away. I hir they in Carnbe hes not wronged youe muche. I think were long to hir from you, quherfor, giv ze be not to coom hem were schortly, send over Rob Maclachen to me (and I schall best hem again to youe) weth werd hou ze ar, and of your dyet. For God's saik, my ♡, be not rach in non of your prosiding, for ze knaue ze have mane iuell welleres, and this is can weri wicked tym, for y^r is feue or non to troust in or y^t may be bilivet. I pray God send beter, and gyd you in all your adoues. I hir Mr. Hare † is chairget to com to y^e toun to prich; he

* The Cannonry of Ross, Church property acquired by the Seaforth family.

† Mr. Harry Rollok.

sayes he is wiriet of ye' and onwilling of y' I walld wes, and I knau so wald ze—neuer to hau another, for ze knaue that from the beginning we have ever med chooys of hem mor for the will of our saulls nor bodies. Housoever, I think give he could he wald for both, and—yes, I think I am sour y' at lest he well never wrong ous by did. I knaue ze hav moyen in y' toun, and I intret youe to ous it, for I tell you again, I desyr not to chaing. Remember me to his faither, to quhom I wes mane hape dayes. God be weth you.

" Zour aun

" In hist, this Sunday [2 June, 1627.]" " SOPHIA SETOUNE."

X.

Alexander Lindsay, eldest son of Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres, to his father, ætatis 10 *ann.*

" Right Honorable,

" I am in good health, and I am fred from the cold, praised be to God. Sir, I requeist you to send me ane gramer at the nixt occasion, for I had never on new gramer sins I com to this toun. Master David sayeth if I get the little book of questions on the Byble perqueir,* I will get from zou, when I com to Balcarres, ane litle kist (chest), with som bonie litle books, as my Lord Maitland hath,—whilk I houp to wine.

" My service being remembrit to the Lady my mother, my brethren, and my sisters, I rest

" Your humble son and servant to be commandet,

" ALEXANDER LINDESAY.

" Hadingtoune, Feb. 18, 1628."

XI.

John Earl of Perth to Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres.

" Right hono" Cousin,

" Zour lettre has givein me to understand the fauorable censure wich zour accustumed good inclinatione uses to maik of zour freinds' behauiour, wissing that zour zoung cousins mey in sum measure deserue the same, and that zow wold rether in homlines teich them their dutie, and informe them when occasione offered, then thorow too much lowe or faueur approue what otherweys mey justlie be reprouett. And this I wold esteim trew kyndnes both on zour pairt and zour worthie Ladyis also, iff she wold do y' lyk, albeit otherweys onkynd except in hir awin hous, as at meitting I sall tell hir. In the meintym zow do weill to challenge my promeis conditionallie maid long since, as if this last vacans zow had no engaged zourself to me, and no performance, putting me, as they sey, to the lang sands, bidding me registrat zour obligatione wrettin and signed be zourself. Iff this be fair pley, I remit to zo' aune discretione,—zitt I intend no to stand on theas ceremonies w' zow, hopeing to sie zow and zour good Ladye as I go to Ed'. Ewer preying God alweys to prosper zow, I rest

" Zour most affectionat cousin

" to serue zow,

" Drumond, ye 6 Ap. 1633." " PERTHE.

* *Par cœur*, by heart.

XII.

The Rev. Thomas Wood to David Lord Balcarres, "anent Thomas Persone" —the butler referred to in Lord Lauderdale's letter, No. VIII.

"Ry^t^ hono^ll^,

"My humble dewetie and service being remembrit to zo^r^ honoure maist gratious Lord and my most kynd and constant freind! Forsameikle as zo^r^ L. servant Thomas Peiresoun borrowit fra me ane dolo^r^ for the space of aucht dayis and promised faithfullie to haue payit the samyne to me againe within that tyme and space, quha hes maist wrongouslie and shamfullie abusit me, and hes reteinit the samyne now be the space of aucht or nyne zeirs, for the quhilk cause my neir freind and bedfellow letis me never get peace night nor day that I suffer myselffe to be abusit with such ane fellow, and scho will not suffer me to get peace, quietnesse, nor rest will (till) scho sie it peyit and redeliuerit:—Therfor I will beseech zow, most gratious Lord! to send the said dolo^r^ with the bearer,* that my bedfellow may sie the samyne payit and redeliuerit, for othairwayis I will never haue peace, rest, nor quietnesse for me night nor day. Swa, maist gratious Lord! my humble deutie and service to zow, most kynd and constant freind! I comit zow and all zo^r^ gud societie to the protectioun of the Almightie God.

"From Largo, the 2 day

"of Januar, 1634.

"Zo^r^ maist humble and obedient servant,

"Mr. Thomas Wood."

XIII.

Colonel Ludovic Fouler to David Lord Balcarres.

"Most honorable,

"By my last from Diep I did show your Lo: in breif the treacherous and false dealing of the French with me; but if your Lordship's curiosity led you on further to know of my affaires, I doubt not but my noble patron, th' Earle of Lauderdaille, will lett your honor know them at lenth, for onlie I writt to his Lo: concerning them. By the same occasion I had the opportunitie of on John Lindsaie, attendant on Lieutenant Collonel Lyell, to deliuer to your honor some bookes I iudged you had not as yett in your librarie; though not worthie, yet they wer sent as witneses of a thankfull and rememoratiue mynd I haue and euer shall of your Lordship's and most noble Ladie's extraordinaire kindness, extended not onlie to me vnworthie, but to my poore orphants who hath felt your natural bountie, caire, and kindnes, and tasted of your benefits to the full—yea, in ther and hir (I mean litill Sophia) great extreamitie,—thus I am bould to affirme, and doth with an most obliged and thankful heart acknowledge,—and heir my greif stops my expression for to render yow the dew thanks for the extraordinaire paines, caire, and diligence vsed to hir; but, alas! if it had pleased God to haue prolonged hir daies, I should questionles haue reaped that satisfaction to have sein [hir] by hir best

* "Done." *Marginal Note by Lord B.*

endeuors striven (striving) to have showen hirselfe a humble seruent to your honor,—in parte of requitall hir sister must succeed hir aire, as well [as] in that obligation shee owed you as to hir small portion I gaue hir,—and me, so long as I breath for your extraordinarie charity will acknowledge myselfe to be

"Your Lordship's
"Most dewtifull, debtfull, and
thankfull seruant,
"Lo: Fouler.

"Rotterdame, this $\frac{8}{18}$ of Julij, 1635, stilo novo."

XIV.

John Earl of Wemyss to David Lord Balcarres, with the present of a horse.

"My honorabill Lord,

"I wois informd zour L. waintit anc coiche hoirs; therfoire I hawe sent wnto zour L. this hoirs, howiping that he sall serwe zour wse, and intraits zour L. to do me that fawoir to taik him, and I sall do the lyk to zour L. quhan occatione sall offer. Swa nocht farder, bot intraits thir lynes may remember my serwice to zour L. and to zour L. ladie, and remens

"Zour L. affectionat
"frind and serwant,
"Wemyss.

"Wemys, 4 Aguist, 1636."

XV.

John Lord Maitland, afterwards Duke of Lauderdale, æt. 26, to Alexander Lord Balcarres, æt. 24.

"My Lord,

"If Fife wer on this side of y^e^ water, yee should be oftner troubled w^t^ me nor yow are, and my mislike of y^e^ ferrie is one of y^e^ reasons I doe not waite on you at this time, yet yee will have so much good company now, that I will no be missed. And I am in good hope yo^r^ Lo. will come over w^t^ yo^r^ Lady when my father comes back againe.

"We shall not end our booke bargane at this time, bot when yee come over (w^e^ I am very confident wil be nixt week), I hope this studie shal be fitter for making coses (exchanging thoughts) nor (than) Balcarres; and if yee will bring over 'Novus Orbis' and the booke y^t^ is dedicate to God, yo^r^ Lo. shall not be troubled w^t^ y^e^ Italian Bible, w^e^ I so oft offered to yow, and we shall end y^e^ rest of our bargane heir, neiy^r^ need yow fear y^t^ I seeke 'Bibliotheca Mundi,' for I will send for it to Paris tomorrow. Their is nobodie comd as yet from my Lord Chancellor, nor any certaintie of news since we parted. Be pleasd to remember my service to yo^r^ Ladie and yo^r^ sisters, and ever to esteem me,

"My Lord,
"Yo^r^ Lo. kindest cosing,
"and humble servant,
"Jo: Maitland.

"G. Merton, y^e^ 13 of March, 1643."

No. XXXIV.*—Page 84.

Observations by Mr. Hallam on the surrender of King Charles I. to the English, 1646.

"Perhaps if we place ourselves in the situation" of the Scots, "it will not appear deserving of quite such indignant censure. It would have shewn more generosity to have offered the King an alternative of retiring to Holland; and from what we now know, he probably would not have neglected the opportunity. But the consequence might have been his solemn deposition from the English throne; and however we may think such banishment more honourable than the acceptance of degrading conditions, the Scots, we should remember, saw nothing in the King's taking the covenant, and sweeping away prelatic superstition, but the bounden duty of a Christian sovereign, which only the most perverse self-will induced him to set at nought. They had a right also to consider the interests of his family, which the threatened establishment of a republic in England would defeat. To carry him back with their army into Scotland, besides being equally ruinous to the English monarchy, would have exposed their nation to the most serious dangers. To undertake his defence by arms against England, as the ardent royalists desired, and doubtless the determined republicans no less, would have been, as was proved afterwards, a mad and culpable renewal of the miseries of both kingdoms. He had voluntarily come to their camp; no faith was pledged to him; their very right to retain his person, though they had argued for it with the English Parliament, seemed open to much doubt. The circumstance, unquestionably, which has always given a character of apparent baseness to this transaction, is the payment of 100,000*l.* made to them so nearly at the same time that it has passed for the price of the King's person. This sum was part of a larger demand on the score of arrears of pay, and had been agreed upon long before we have any proof or reasonable suspicion of a stipulation to deliver up the King. That the Parliament would never have actually paid it on any other consideration, there can be, I presume, no kind of doubt; and of this the Scots must have been fully aware. But whether there were any such secret bargain as has been supposed, or whether they would have delivered him up if there had been no pecuniary expectation in the case, is what I cannot perceive sufficient grounds to pronounce with confidence; though I am much inclined to believe the affirmative of the latter question. And it is deserving of particular observation, that the party in the House of Commons which sought most earnestly to obtain possession of the King's person, and carried all the votes for payment of money to the Scots, was that which had no further aim than an accommodation with him, and a settlement of the government on the basis of its fundamental laws, though doubtless on terms very derogatory to his prerogative; while those who opposed each part of the negotiation were the zealous enemies of the King, and, in some instances at least, of the monarchy."

* Erroneously referred to at p. 84 as No. IX.

No. XXXV.*—Page 87.

Extracts from Lord Balcarres' Account of his Accession to the Engagement, 1648.

Anxious as Lord Balcarres was that the attempt should be made, when he found that the friends he had always acted in concert with, and in whose integrity he had reposed implicit confidence, withheld their approbation from it, and that the party adverse to, or at least indifferent to the interests of, the Kirk, were its chief promoters, "most of whom," he says, "I knew did not mean what they pretended, the King's restitution or ruin, whether ye will, being their only design, without regard to religion and the work of reformation"—he felt that he could not conscientiously join in it.

The circumstances of the case, and the principles that swayed his conduct at this painful moment, are thus described in the paper alluded to in the text:—"I saw blasphemies," says he, "tolerated,—all the old condemned heresies ripped out of their graves and avowed openly, and a world of new ones hatched, the extirpation of all which every one who had taken the Covenant was sworn to endeavour:—I saw the richts and privileges of the Parliament of England invaded and overthrown, and I knew by the Covenant we were bound to protect them:—I saw the Union betwixt the kingdoms endeavoured to be broken by offering propositions to the King without us, and denying us that interest in the agreement of peace which the Covenant and treaties did clearly allow us:—I saw the King violently seized on, and cheated into a close prison, contrair to the expectation of this kingdom, and the many assurances were given when we pairted with him at Newcastle:—Yea, I saw of those who had been most faithful to the Covenant, even for their affection to it, and their desire to establish it, and promove the ends of it, some banished, and many imprisoned; I knew they were groaning for our assistance, and it will not be denied that we were obliged to defend them:—I saw the Covenant itself thrown aside with contumely, and I found the work of reformation quite obstructed, and a design, instead of a lawful Government, to introduce confusion and anarchy, both in Church and State, for the destruction of King and Monarchy; levelling and toleration were the only thing spoke of by that army of Sectaries, to whose power and prevalence, next to the pleasure of Divine Providence, I attributed all those dangers and evils, and whose proceedings since are strong confirmations to me that a well-qualified engagement was not only lawful but necessary, both in regard of this kingdom's interest, and of the oath of God upon us in the Covenant, which contains our duties in relation to all these dangers."—"Now, from the conscience of my duty, and as the only remedy of these evils, I shall never deny but I thocht an undertaking in war against the Sectaries both lawful and necessary, and I could have been content, so far as God has given me courage, freely to hazard my life in this cause; but, when I saw the Church and the honest men of the kingdom, with whom I had always been engaged, begin to be against it, and the malignants

* Erroneously referred to at p. 87 as No. XXXVI.

the promovers of it, I resolved to be a looker on,—for, in good nor ill, as I have oft said, could I ever join with those had been enemies to the common cause, and who, I knew, still were but seeking themselves; yet I always wished the well-affected pairty micht undertake the business."

He did all in his power to induce Argyle and his other friends to countenance the Engagement, but they were deaf to his entreaties, and, finding the Chancellor [Loudoun] also, "of whose integrity," says he, "I had a great opinion, cooled in his zeal for it, I took a resolution to leave the House and retire mysqlf home, being extremely divided between my friends, whom I was loath to leave, on the one hand, and my judgment on the other."—The Parliament named him a colonel in the new levies within Fife; he intended to decline the honour, but was pressed by the gentlemen of the county, even those who were most averse to the measure, to retain the name of the regiment till the men were raised. "I did it," says he, "out of my respect to them, and, I may say, if I had not, many of them had not found so much ease from any other to whom that charge would have been given, for none, I dare confidently aver, was either quartered on, or plundered, for deficiency. Neither, to my knowledge, was there any penalty exacted or taken, though by some it was offered. Yea, some, whose consciences would not allow them to be in any measure accessory to that levy, have not to this day been troubled with the least expense, either for horse or man. And when I had thus, and for so good an end, suffered that regiment to be raised under my name, and when they were marched out of this shire, and that my carrying the name of them could be of no more use to any honest man, I did by a letter to the Committee of Estates resign both the name and the thing."

No. XXXVI.—Page 96.

Extract from the "Declaration of the Inhabitants of the Hill Countries, or Highlands, sent to King Charles II., 1653."

"The sum of what hath been touched, and our present condition, is this:—Under pretence of zeal to piety and reformation, of loyalty and maintenance of just liberty, there hath been carried on a design to destroy religion, King, laws, and government in England, Scotland, and Ireland,—all covenants, holy vows, and other ties, are broken, and duty to God and man cast off,—the blood of thousands of our nation shed by those for whom many others of us have lost our lives,—our country unjustly invaded and spoiled,—damnable heresies and opinions propagated and maintained amongst us,—the authors of schisms, and subverters of the government, discipline, and very being of our Church, countenanced, protected, and encouraged, and all religion cast loose,—rules set to Church judicatories and schools of learning,—and all such ways laid down as may introduce Independency, and so all errors of impiety. Our late King was killed,—our present lawful King is dethroned, exiled, and exposed to all inconveniences,—all his Majesty's just rights cut off, and ignominies

heaped upon his royal person and family,—our laws and liberties are annulled, our ancient monarchical government laboured to be abolished, many free and faithful subjects of this kingdom kept in hopeless prison, many men's estates already forfeit, sequestered, and given away, and all in danger of like usage,—all the moneys of this kingdom exhausted,—all towns and corporations oppressed and undone,—trade and commerce spoiled, by involving this nation in quarrels that are not their own,—all vassalages, dependencies, and followings of noblemen and gentlemen resolved to be taken away,—men's estates consumed by cesses and exactions,—the country molested and grievously spoiled, with quarterings and garrisons, and all of us, joined in the band of union against them, vowed to extirpation,—and all this by the party and army of Independents, who, in one word, are the destroyers of our religion, our Church, and the ordinances of our God, our Kings, our ancient government, our peace, our laws, our liberties, our wealth, our country, our friends, our families, our followers, our honours, our persons, and our estates. And if all these be not sufficient ground for us to oppose them, and sell these and our lives to them at as dear a rate as we can, the earth cannot afford it. And in these we clearly find ourselves obliged to it by all the bonds, divine, civil, and natural, that are or can be laid on mortal men.

"Our ends briefly are,—To maintain and defend the true religion in doctrine, worship, discipline, and government, as they are established and practised in the Church of Scotland; the royal person, dignity, authority, and rights of our present lawful Sovereign Lord King Charles; the ancient kingly government, laws, liberties, and honour of the Scots nation; and faithfully and constantly to observe in all points all the other ties that lie upon us by our National Covenant, the Solemn League and Covenant, and all other religious and civil obligations:—

"To disabuse those that our enemies would have believe they are absolute and peaceable masters of all Scotland, so to slacken their intention of owning our King's business:—

"To encourage our King's Majesty to be earnest with the King of Saints, for mercy and a blessing upon his endeavours, and to go vigorously about what he owes to God, his kingdoms, and all his own concernments:—

"To excite all the true-hearted subjects in these three kingdoms, (whose hearts are straight in the matters of God, and groan before him for the indignation [that] hath gone forth from him against us,) not to give over importuning the throne of his grace till he make his face to shine upon us and save us, and to employ all their power reasonably to help the Lord against his mighty enemies and ours; and to have no peace with those our enemies, but to employ our lives and means in maintaining all we are bound to die rather than part with,—shewing that he that would save his life shall lose it, and he who loses his life for Christ and the Gospel's sake shall live with Him for ever; and, relying upon Him who can easily restore to us all our good things, and subdue all our enemies under us, to follow our duty and wait for the blessing of beholding Sion yet a praise in our land,—our King reestablished upon his throne, enjoying all his own,—his true subjects repossessed of their liberties and rights,—his laws revived, and, under his Majesty's pious and righteous government, truth and peace to flourish in his kingdoms.

"Now it remains [for us] to declare that it is not any vain confidence in our union, number, and strength, (for which we desire to bless God in humility,) nor the advantages the Lord hath given us in the situation of our country, of hardly accessible hills, rivers, mosses, bogs, and our not being disarmed, nor the means we have to subsist plentifully without being beholden to our neighbours in the Lowlands, that carry us on to what we have resolved; neither is it the remembrance that the Lord hath formerly made use of our mountainous country and loyal progenitors for a retreat to our Kings and restoring the kingdom's liberties; nor is it the present encouragement we have from abroad, nor our adversaries being at war with some of their potent neighbours,—but the true and deep sense we have of our condition and our duty; though we cannot but look upon these things as the language wherein Divine Providence clearly speaks forth to us the adhering to our duty, and furnishes us such helps to satisfy prudential objections of difficulties as may free us from being justly charged with tempting of Providence, and going desperately and blindly about our business.

"Nor do we intend, by the assistance of Divine favour, to molest any of our neighbours in the Lowlands, either to spoil them for desire to have anything that is theirs, or for not taking the same course as we do. Not doubting but there shall not be any inhabitant of our hill countries who will join with our enemies, were there nothing else to divert them but their not being ignorant that, if by their concurrence the English should prevail against those of us that stand out against them, all the benefit they might expect would be to be last destroyed by them, seeing it is manifestly their interest and intention to extirpate us, and it is their doctrine and practice never to observe promises, capitulations, treaties, or covenants, further than they are subservient to their ends.

"Finally, we do humbly acknowledge we have no reason at all to look for any good at the hands of God for any righteousness of our own, for our iniquities testify against us, and our manifold backslidings and our sins against the Lord have highly provoked the eyes of his glory; but our God is full of mercy and tender compassion, and we look that he will save us, out of his free love for the glory of his own great name. And who knows but whilst we are about our duty, though with much frailty and weakness, the Lord of Hosts will appear for us against our enemies, who judge of his love or hatred by what is before them, as if his favour followed outward prosperity and success, and were inconsistent with his chastisements? And if the Lord see it good to make us glad with the joy of his people, he will pour out, even upon us, his spirit from on high, and will make our wilderness a fruitful field, where judgment and righteousness shall dwell,—and the work of righteousness, peace,—and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever."

No. XXXVII.—Page 151.

Extracts from the Diary of Lady Henrietta Lindsay, wife of Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck, 1685–1689.

ARGYLE'S INVASION.

"At this time my desirable and dear mother had come to me in my sickness, (at Carnasory,* being the last time we were there,) who at my recovery prevailed in taking us both to reside with her some time that summer at Stirling; in which season the tragical scene of a more universal calamity was acted in the year 1685, which put out of sight lesser troubles which at another time possibly had borne more bulk.

"Tidings coming there of the late Earl of Argyle's being landed, my dear mother was, by order of council, immediately seized prisoner and carried to Stirling Castle, and from thence on a Sabbath morning to the castle of Edinburgh. My dear sister also made prisoner with her, and many of the most substantial of our name, all seized and made close prisoners in the Canongate Tolbooth. Some days after this, when notice was given of the Earl's coming from Campbelltown and the need he had of aid, Auchinbreck, being no less forward to give in his mite of assistance and to hazard his all for what appeared to be the design of this undertaking, went, through manifold hazards of his life and difficulties, to get to him with a considerable number of his men,† who continued not long together when the Lord was pleased to overrule, for holy and wise ends, their being scattered, to the unaccountable grief and sadness of many that were breathing for a deliverance.

"A time not to be forgotten was this, and what this parting was when he left me at Stirling; and, though it became me not to be so selfish as to stand in the way of a more public concern when so much seemed to be at the stake, yet I was far from encouraging him in it, because I had not that clearness in it that could have been wished. The seen danger he was exposed to at this time was as the bereaving me of my life, so much was it bound up in him, that kythed (appeared) not a little in this depth. . . Yet O! the condescension of God, that strangely sweetened loneliest times; particularly, the day before the fatal account [reached us] of our dear friends being broken and scattered was made a memorable time, wherein that blessed word was greatly shined on, Isai. xliv. 21, 'Thou shalt not be forgotten of me.' 'Thou shalt know that I am the Lord; they shall not be ashamed that wait on me.'

"The following day we had the unaccountable, sad, and dismal notice of the ruin of that undertaking, wherein the expectations of many were sadly defeat (but the Lord's time was not come for our deliverance); and that which did greatly aggravate the terribleness of that stroke was the dreadful aspect those circumstances appeared to have,—not possible to relate what sufferings of various kinds was from all airts (quarters) expected, and the increase of our thraldom greatly dreaded. It is not to be expressed what this time was to many, and to some with grief on all hands; and particularly on the following day at St. Ninian's, [I] having gone through several guards in deep disguise

* Sir Duncan's castle.

† "About eight hundred." *Wodrow.*

to have a more certain knowledge of nearest friends, and when knowing of their hazard, it was deeply distressing; but the Lord was pleased under those perplexing fears strangely to support.

"Having watched mostly that night, [I] did return at four in the morning to Stirling again, where the certain notice of my dearest and nearest friend being on the road did heighten my fears about him; and, when thus tossed in mind and among a barbarous crew, this providence seemed strangely dark and non-plussing. But when thus in a depth of distress, that word was borne in with liveliness and power, as spoken Ps. xlii. 11, 'Hope thou in God, for I shall praise him yet,'—which, as a star, did shine all along this whole day through this cloud of overwhelming circumstances, where enemies were raging like destroyers seeking their prey.

"Taking leave this day of my dear Jamie, (who was left very destitute, but the Lord provided friends to care for him,) and being some miles on foot on this journey to Edinburgh till near Falkirk, it was no small surprise to rencounter the dear Earl, being brought that length prisoner in his way to Edinburgh, as was a mournful sight to one who bore him so great affection; but, being in deep disguise, [I] got no nearer him than to hold up in the rear most part of the way till our horse failed. It being also more than probable to expect Auchinbreck's being taken, (who by severals was told me was known by the way,) this was unaccountably terrible to apprehend, but that this blessed word did feed with recruited strength and expectation of relief, which evidently was graciously made out in his miraculous escape out of the hands of his merciless enemies that in several places were in search of him, but was graciously hidden; which on many accounts is desired to be remembered with great thankfulness and praise.

"But this night, seeing much consternation in many faces, and others under strange infatuation of delusion, that would not credit this fatal blow that appeared to be given to the public interest, and not without difficulty to get lodging,—being greatly fatigued and under great heaviness and pressure of mind, both with respect to personal concerns and the approaching stroke and present calamities, that seemed to abide many, of various kinds,—and not knowing of Sir Duncan's preservation, which was inexpressibly racking to a mind greatly in agitation about him, although not without some hid hope of his relief, yet greatly distressed. . . But oh! the condescension of the Lord under the same, who made this among the sweetest nights that ever some had or durst have expected, as sleep was neither missed nor sought after. 'In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul!' . . . What was found this night was greatly supporting in time of need, and even under renewed trouble and fears which the Lord in his holy sovereignty saw meetest to tryst me with,—and blessings to Him that can sweeten any condition or circumstances whatsoever!

"Next morning, coming early to Edinburgh at the opening of the ports, the afflicting notice was had of the barbarous treatment the dear Earl had met with in his being brought to the castle; together with the dismal rumours anent several of my nearest relations, which again did plunge [me] in distress, but so as the Lord did support [me] under it. When thoughtful where to go, the Lord directed to a dear sympathising friend (Mr. Robert Muir)'s lodging,

where was found much favour and kind reception, whose company on this afflicting sabbath was no small blessing,—and what was I that the Lord should thus regard, that in most of my greatest troubles he hath been pleased to favour me with his people's society and company? but he is great and his compassions fail not.

"Next day notice was had of Sir Duncan's safety and marvellous preservation, which greatly relieved a burdened mind about him, the circumstances whereof having been so noticeable as cannot be remembered but with praise and thanksgiving, so much being to be seen in it of a sovereign hand as did much encourage and revive under what was after to be sweltered through. Being then more enabled to make enquiry after my dear afflicted mother, who was harshly treated, and seeing her under so great affliction by the approaching suffering of such an endeared husband, (and had no access to him till eight days after this fatal stroke,) this did again renew a very mournful prospect of matters, which at this time had a very strange aspect,—so that, if the Lord of life had not supported, we had sunk under the trouble.

"The day being appointed for his suffering, she had access to him, and, though under deep distress, was encouraged by seeing the bounty and graciousness of the Lord to him in enabling him, with great courage and patience, to undergo what he was to meet with, the Lord helping him to much fervency in supplication and nearness in pouring out his heart with enlargedness of affection, contrition, and resignation, which did strangely fortify and embolden him to maintain his integrity before his merciless enemies; and by this he was helped at times to great cheerfulness, and fortified under his trial and the testimony he was to give of his zeal and fervour to that righteous cause he was honoured to suffer for.

"In that morning that his dear life was to be surrendered to the God that gave it, he uttered great evidences of joy that the Lord had blessed him with the time he had in Holland as the sweetest time of his life, and the mercifulness of his escape to that end. But rejoiced more in that complete escape he was to have that day from sin and sorrow. Yet in a little fell into some damp, and in parting with my mother was observed to have more concern than in any circumstance formerly,—which to her was a bitter parting, to be taken from him whom she loved so dearly; but in a little time after he recovered a little, and as the time of his death drew near, which was some hours after, the Lord was pleased wonderfully to shine on him, to the dispelling of clouds and fears, and to the admitting him to a more clear and evident persuasion of His blessed favour, and the certainty of his being so soon happy,—of which he expressed his sense in his last letter to my dear mother, which could not but sweeten her lot in her greatest sorrow, and was ground of greatest thankfulness that the Lord helped him to the last to carry with such magnanimity, resolution, contentment of mind, and true valour, under this dark-like providence, to endless blessedness.—And though the loss of so great a protestant was grief of mind to any that had any tender heart, and which to friends was an universal, inexpressible, breaking-like dispensation, yet in so far as he was enabled under cruel suffering to such tranquillity, peace, and comfort, this was to them ground of praises and an answer to their request,—but to others, that were enemies, was shame and confusion, as appeared after to many that had

the least hand in his first sentence.—He laid down his dear life, June 30, 1685. This morning liberty at length was obtained for my seeing him, but not till he was brought to the Council-house, where I was enabled to go to him, where he had a composed, edifying carriage, and, after endearing expressions, said, 'We must not part like those not to meet again;' and he went from thence with the greatest assurance.

"At this melancholy time account came of many of our folks that were taken and brought in like slaves, so as many prisons were filled,—other spoiled of all they had, who had been in gaol all this time and no-way in arms,—their houses rifled and young ones put to shift; many were harassed, and twenty-three, in one day, of gentlemen and feuars, execute by that bloody person who gave orders for it. My dear sister was close prisoner, so as none of us had access to her; our whole bounds and interest laid waste, many put to flight, our house burned, and many put to great hardships as were unaccountable to relate. (Sir Duncan's uncle, Strandour, slain at our gate, and Dunardrie execute in a bondraught.)* Yet O! the graciousness of the Lord, who gave a back for the burden, as is wondered at on looking back on it, as also the bounty and goodness of the Lord in the safety of many in the same circumstances who were designed to be a sacrifice, but were miraculously preserved, as many that were left of the sword found grace in the wilderness; for which O! to be helped to shew forth His praise, that to some in a particular manner was a blessed hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, and as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a rock in a weary land!"

MEDITATIONS WHILE AT WINDSOR, ETC., AND IN HOLLAND.

"Among some sweet hours then, though in a very troublesome attendance (at Windsor), where great ones of the world were solicited and waited on with no little painfulness and charge, how did it give occasion to commend the preferableness of *His* matchless service, who is King of kings and Lord of lords! who does not scarr at petitioners because of their blemishes and importunity, there being no want of leisure at his blessed throne; no destitute case is slighted by Him, no wilderness condition in a solitary way doth make petitions burdensome to Him, but He satisfies the longing soul and filleth the hungry with good things; no distress, peril, or sword, doth separate from his love, nor doth He break the bruised reed or grind the smoking flax. With Him the weary and heavy-laden find acceptance, no difficulty being too great for Him who saveth to the uttermost all that come to God through Him."

"When thoughtful and burdened—(Windsor on a sabbath evening)—with various considerations, very racking, this meditation was made sweet. O! when shall the day come, or shall it ever be, my soul! that thou shalt get leave to love and to serve Him that is the Lord of lords, the desire of nations, the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God? O desirable time and place! where there will be no interruption to intermix and cloud thy

* I cannot explain this word.

comfort, no spiritual pride to darken and blot thy evidences, no misbelief, mistakes, or misrepresentations of the object of worship, no grieving or choking the motions of his Spirit, no losing of golden seasons, no misimproving or misguidings of mercies received, no disturbing temptation or staggering insinuations from Satan or his instruments. . . There will be no discouraging fears, no distress of nations, no mourning for the solemn assemblies, no persecution or nakedness, no peril or sword, no feeble-mindedness or fainting, no captivity or exile, no missing of dear friends or separation from them, no sinful tears, no perplexing doubting of God's love and favour there. . . The daughter of Zion will not be left as a cottage in the wilderness, or as a lodge in the garden of cucumbers, or as a besieged city ;—no violation of his sacred truths, no misspending of precious time, no difficulty in access to Him, no jealousies of his loving-kindness, no marring of his presence, no want of true peace and pardon, no burden or restless care, no short-coming will be uneasy there ; no hunger, thirst, sickness, or death ; no repining or fretting, or taking offence at the cross of Christ ; no hiding of his blessed face either in his word or providence ; no want of his approbation, no defect in love to Him or his praises, no alteration or separation from his love for ever, no encroachment on that Sabbath of rest, but ever to be with the Lord until the day break and the shadows fly away ! "

" Soon after this, (London, at King's Court,) having occasion to see the outward splendour of the Court, and bravery of such as sit at ease in the world and have all that their heart could wish, and in the height of their enjoyment, all appeared to be according to the Lord's reckoning, and was esteemed to be but as shadows and dreams that do evanish and bear little bulk when put in competition with the least moment or degree of enjoying of God in Jesus Christ.—O ! incomparably matchless choice, that can never be suitably esteemed, or enough valued, loved, or delighted in ! it being found that there is no true tranquillity nor sure peace or comfort, but in God, once mine and for ever mine, there being no change nor alteration in his love. And at this time it was made matter of praise that ever he had discovered the preferableness of chusing affliction with the people of God to enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season. The blessing of them that were ready to perish be for ever upon Him that has discovered and taught the meaning of that blessed promise a thousandfold, which is seen not only full of compensation but wonderfully beyond any temporal enjoyment ever was enjoyed elsewhere,—*his* fellowship, *his* sympathy, *his* tender mercy, *his* matchless love, O ! incomparable felicity and portion !—O ! to give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever ! "

" Oct. 31. What had been heard the day before was yet made more comfortable than was in the time of hearing ; in which sweet season, (if without presuming it may be said,) his light and truth were sent together, to the raising of admiration and wonder at the bounty and condescension of the Lord to dust and ashes, according to what is said, Ps. viii., ' What is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him ' even with mercy where wrath and indignation is so deserved ?—that He visits with discoveries

of the vileness and loathsomeness of guiltiness and sin, with the mercy of shewing the necessity and momentary need of Christ and his alone righteousness, with the mercy of his unspeakable graciousness that is beyond words to utter, in noticing the particular exigencies and breathings of any one soul. O wonderful sight, marvellous in our eyes; O alluring, attractive, ravishing sight! that the Son of God, this marvellous one, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, this incomprehensible boundless Being, wonderful in counsel and excellent in working—that He, that knoweth the manifold provocations of sons and daughters, and contradiction of sinners in its various effects—that, instead of contending, He should take knowledge of such, not only to notice their burdens, but to search after them in order to their relief and comfort! O wonderful ground of adoration and transport, that though in sovereignty he rebukes and sifts the house of Israel among all nations like corn, yet that not the least grain will be let fall on the earth, not one will be forgotten at all by him! . . . Isaiah xliv. 21, 'Thou shalt not be forgotten of me,' was, in time of great distress, made sweetly satisfying as in hand, and now no less to find the gracious verifying of it; and how would not this allure and satisfy, though in a wilderness and labyrinth of thorny difficulties, since He doth bear the charge, and graciously doth shew that there is no lot but what He can sweeten, no burden but what He can ease, and no difficulty but what He can find out the way of escape, or afford strength under, so as the weakest and worthlessest are made able to bear it.—What can He not do? . . . What disease is too hard for Him? what affliction does He despise? what smoking flax does He not cherish? what guiltiness does He not blot out? what enlarged desire can He not satisfy? what remote corner can He not countenance and bless, and what heart can He not constrain, captivate, and make willing in the day of his power? What bowed-down soul can He not raise? what weary and sorrowful soul can He not replenish and satiate? what objections can He not answer to the refutation of all manner of disputings about his own work? what tender compassion doth He not exercc, and what beautifulness of creature-comforts does He not blacken!—Oh beautifulest of objects to be so little sought after, so little known, and so unsuitably served, loved, and delighted in! and yet that He should regard and thus mind!—'What shall be rendered to the Lord for all his benefits, who humbleth himself to behold the things that are on the earth, who raiseth the poor out of the dust and the needy out of the dunghill?' O! to be helped to praise and bless the name of the Lord, merciful and gracious, from this time forth and for ever!"

"Dec. 24. . . . . Which day may be minded (remembered) in this respect, as not daring ever after this, my soul! to pretend to the comfort of pardon or the effects of it, without a full and free forgiving of others, without which there can be no true peace or acceptance; and, as it's one of the great tried truths of God, that 'without Him we can do nothing,' so it's in this found that subduedness of mind as to personal injuries is a piece of victory which could never by our own conquest be attained; and therefore where in any measure helped unto, to Him allanerly (solely) be the praise, who is the God of all his people's mercies."

DEPARTURE OF KING WILLIAM FOR ENGLAND.

"About this time all the fleet were in readiness to sail, and jointly met to attend King William in this great expedition to Britain, multitudes being gathered together on steeples to see this splendid sight,—who, in rank and file, went out this evening, as was esteemed a beautiful sight for grandeur, order, and comely fortitude in this so great a design,—that though there were whose hearts were trembling within them, yet mostly many were rejoicing, as if the arm of man could have accomplished this marvellous achievement, which ere the next morning was seen to be ascribed to a higher hand; this night there being raised so formidable a storm as did wholly scatter all this fleet, as generally there was few this night who had any concern but were put to their prompters and sad conclusions, fearing them to be wholly lost, (the dear princess and several besides sitting up the most of this night,) as many were running to the coasts to observe what shipwreck could be discerned. It was a most terrible night, both by sea and land, to conclude so frightful an event. But O! the wonderful condescension of the Lord, who knew better than we did how to deliver and how to forward his own work, that made this the mean of carrying it on; for had they gone forward to their intended landing, they had met with a great army intended to have routed them. But besides several of those vessels being fallen short of provisions by long attendance, and also they not having landing-boats along, all this made it seen after a marvellous providence that they were made by this storm to return without the loss of one man save one, and some horses that were thrown overboard.* The ship that King William was in was among the first that in safety returned, to the joy and rejoicing of all Holland, and particularly those of us who had our nearest and dearest relations embarked with him, all returning in safety to Helvoetsluys, where their abode was more than twelve days till nobly recruited again, as was made ground of thanksgiving and praises for this marvellous delivery.—Not to be forgotten time, that, when near overwhelmed with fear about this dark-like providence, my dear was among the first that arrived and gave account of their safety,—the seeing of whom so unexpectedly made some

* "Mr. John Anderson tells me," says Wodrow, "that he hath this from Lady Henrietta Campbell, who was in Holland at the time, that there were great measures of a spirit of prayer in Holland at the time of the Prince of Orange's coming off. That it was a very remarkable mercy to his design that he was put back the first time, for the French squadron was at sea, and would certainly have attacked him; and through some mistake, their boats, and several other things necessary for landing, were left behind them, without which they could have done little, though they had gone forward.—This same person, that is my author's informer, tells him she went with her husband to the shore-side, when he embarked with the Prince, and after she came back she sleeped but little that night,—that in the morning after she fell to a slumber, and had this remarkable dream, which she communicate to the Countess of Sutherland [Sunderland] and the Princess of Orange, who were much taken with it. She thought she was at the fleet, and they came safe to the coast of England, and at the place where they landed there was a great high brazen wall before them. She thought they resolved to land, and, when they were endeavouring to get over it, it fell all down before them in Bibles. She could not but reflect afterwards, upon the success of the expedition, upon this, as some emblem of that clear knowledge and the settlement of the Gospel, and the use-making of the Scripture in opposition to Popery, that followed the happy Revolution. This person is a lady of great piety and good sense, and no visionary." *Analecta*, tom. i. p. 281.

of us at the fainting with the surprise, which was a pleasant disappointment and ground of thankfulness that the Lord had been so gracious in disappointing the hopes of enemies and fears of friends.

"This same evening we went together, with some other friends, travelling all night by water, to Helvoetsluys, where many of us continued together in the yacht for three or four days, the place being so crowded that we abode in that harbour till we found out a country village near by, in a Dutch minister's house, where we had accommodation and the liberty of our own entertainment, which we esteemed no small favour and kindness. This village we were in contained many of the Scots and English, as was computed several hundreds, where we had the satisfaction of attending till we should see our friends go to sea again. . .

"Helvoetsluys, Oct. 27 (Sunday). . . . After this, when all was ready, we were allowed to attend our friends to their ships, which was a beautiful sight to see, such a number gathered together for the protestant interest in a time when so great an invasion was made upon it and our properties, that the Lord thus appeared to raise up this great instrument of our relief. If He had not done so, what might we not have expected of ruin and destruction from a popish power?

"Helvoetsluys, Thursday, Nov. 1, 1688. . . The day following, we, who were left behind, journeyed to our respective homes, some of us on foot and some in waggons, with more cheerfulness and hope as to the matters in hand, so as the former pressure of mind and anxiety was strangely removed."

No. XXXVIII.—Page 172.

Letter from William eighteenth Earl of Crawford to two Ministers, consulting them on the question of Emigration.

"Reverend and worthy Sir, "Struthers, 8 Sept. 1685.

"The long acquaintance I have had of the bearer gives me such an entire confidence in his faithfulness and secrecy, as well as affection to me and that interest which I chiefly own, upon which I am encouraged to write upon a subject that is somewhat tender, and to use a plainness about it which might warrantably be concluded rashness, if I could be understood in the straits with which I am pinched on either side without an entire freedom in those matters that reason or conscience, upon serious deliberation, suggests upon the subject in hand.* The truth of it is, the more I have thought on the thing, I am the more in the mist; and am come to that opinion that the wisest of men, Solomon himself, if alive and in my case, if the guidance by the Spirit of God were but for a time suspended, might be difficulted what resolution to take.—Upon which I have willingly laid aside all thoughts of consulting with worldly wisdom, and as I am able, though in much weakness, have laid the matter before God, with an entire resignation to what He, in his wisdom and goodness,

* Parts of this letter are almost unintelligible, apparently from repeated transcription.

shall clear up to me as duty, after I have yet more fully by myself applied to the throne of grace for that effect; and for further confirmation in what is real duty, without the least regard to ease or shifting of suffering, have consulted Mr. Moncreiff and you, (whom I only apply to in this affair,) who I know bear such respect both to my soul and family as that ye will employ some time upon this single occasion, either apairt or jointly, that you may find out the mind of God in the matter,—to which, without the least hesitation, in His grace I intend pleasantly to acquiesce. You need draw no consequence from the order of my arguments, upon their being first or last, and as little from the force of them, since I design not to be determined by reason but by conscience,—nor do I write them as thereby prescribing in any fashion to either Mr. Moncreiff or you, or to preoccupy your opinions; but singly that you may understand matters of fact, with all their concomitant circumstances, which sometimes will difference a thing, even in point of duty.

"But not to detain you longer in the entry, I come to the point. It has been of a long while in debate with me, whether it was fit for me to retire out of the nation, from the fear of what temptations may do to an ill heart, if the storm shall arise to that height that it be like the blast of a terrible one against the wall,—on the other hand, the difficulties in my retreat, and the consequents of it, have had their own weight. Before I touch on these particularly there is nothing in my case, either by hearing, speaking, or acting in hazardous matters, that can give me the least bias to either side,—yea, I have been equally fortunate ever since the Indemnity, 1679, in having at no time seen any person that was badly circumstantiate; nor do I know anything of myself, further than my practice of nonconformity, and my purpose, in God's strength, not to yield in less or more in things relating to that principle, that can difference me from other firm Protestants.

"The things that prompt me to go are, *First*,—a passionate desire in a most dutiful, most affectionate, and singularly good wife, who is really disquieted with apprehensions of sad things that are coming on Scotland:—now, when I consider the composedness of her temper for ordinary, I have sometimes looked on this restlessness in her spirit to be gone as a warning from God that I should retire. *Secondly*,—the many prognostics of some eminently godly, both in former ages and of late, of dreadful things that were to befall Scotland; some, from the deepness of our apostacy, concluding that God in his justice would remove his candlestick out of these lands; others apprehending cutting of throats, burning at stakes,—and few without fears that close imprisonment and forfaulture of estates will be the easiest censure that such may meet with who do not in less or more comply. Besides, the punishment of such as shall refuse the test is made arbitrary, and how far this may be extended to sound recusants, for example to others, is doubtful,—then, my conspicuousness beyond others, and singularity of practice in some things, may readily bring me first in mind, and, for terror to others, first on the stage, and make me more briskly dealt with. *Thirdly*,—I know it is projected by some of our chief managers of affairs, and exceedingly urged by the dignified clergy, that my censure should amount unto the stripping of my honours, and the bestowing these on Edzell, and the evicting of that alimentary pairt of my wife's jointure which was not disponed to her son, but to a trustee, without all

backband or verbal insinuation of a return to her of the least pairt of it, whom yet they conclude, and that truly, gives for [her?] a yearly proportion of it, and this they can find out by referring it to his oath,—whether my absence out of the nation may put a stop to either of these procedures may be under consideration. *Fourthly*,—the dreadful apprehensions that the experience of an ill heart, which hath often played the jade to me under lesser temptations, gives me of fainting when the trial shall come, and may extend unto life upon continuing honest to my principle, does often, instead of prompting me to duties, so disquiet me, as I am frequently put from them. *Fifthly*,—the infrequency of my hearing the Gospel preached from clearly persons at whom I have no rooted scruple; and the imminent danger that does attend ministers who from faithfulness do yet take their venture,—and the difficulty I have to purge my family of all such as I cannot answer will bide a stress upon that head for secrecy and closeness—is no small disturbance unto me. *Sixthly*,—it deeply weighs with me that my children, such as are at schools, have not the benefit of such an education as I could wish; nor can I cure that, without I took them from schools, and were satisfied that they did not aim at being scholars, for I can possibly have none rightly principled tolerate in my family for teaching of them; much less, that I should have somewhat of inspection over them, can I think of having a conformist in my family, who would either be a spy in it, or, through fear, might tempt me to a sinful superplus of wainesse [wariness?].

"The impediments I have are these:—*First*,—the dangers in going. Let us consider them severally. I have long laboured with rulers, and such as have interest with them, for a cleanly pass, without sinful terms on my pairt, or at least conditions that are doubtful; and have been still rebutted, sometimes from one reason, and sometimes from another. The preparative of my case as a leading example was one answer from them,—the differences betwixt our two great men were another let. They did conceive, at another occasion, that my earnestness to go did proceed from some very dangerous circumstances I was under,—and lest I should have confirmed them in this, I found myself obliged to desist. The chief of my endeavours for a pass was in our late King's time, when matters were not come to this height,—besides, I judge, if application were now made, the market would be rather higher than it was, and the conditions more narrow, and a refusal would readily have that effect to increase their displeasure unspeakably, if afterwards upon a pinch I went without licence. Yea, from fear that the same humour which rendered me earnest for a pass should move me to run away without it, I most probably might be secured in a prison,—but suppose I were not, how could I be prepared for such a voyage without indication to a few that I was to go?—and what hazard were there that some of those few might trust others with it, and so the thing go abroad!—But though nothing of this should follow, but that I were just ready to go to the ship, without any persons suspecting such a thing, I were no nearer my purposes, masters of ships and skippers are so straitly sworn to give up the names of all such as go with them; and when there is any venturing on the ordinary boatmen for concealed persons, they are either put in the bottom amongst coals or other burthens they take along with them; yea, this is not all,—the inquisitors do search all cabins, and make trial with spears, and

such-like, if there are any persons hid in the cargo; yea, though persons were willing to venture on all these inconveniences, which would be great to women and children, there were no master of a ship or skipper that could be again a Scotsman, if he without licence should transport me and my family out of the nation,—and, considering my circumstances, it were not possible for me to gratify him in any fashion that could compense such a loss. Besides the danger of rencountering on the seas with any of our King's ships, and the strict scrutiny that they make when they meet with any ships belonging to these three nations, to what place of the world could I retire to for more safety? It is informed (I know not how warrantably) that our King has signed a league defensive with Holland, Denmark, and some other states, upon this express condition, that they shall deliver up, without a call, all declared rebels belonging to either nation, and upon demand shall give up all such, however free of public censure, as he shall nominate to them. If this be truth, it would break all my measures if I were to go, or at least exceedingly straiten me; for neither my wife nor I has inclination for long voyages by sea, or a retreat far off from Scotland. *Secondly*,—if I did retire to a place even where I might expect safety, and were out of the fears of being delivered up, yet I might be charged to appear, and, if I did it not, declared rebel, and my friends, without venturing on the same fate, put out of a capacity of corresponding with me and supplying me, and any little means of my wife's by that course [be] absolutely lost to me. *Thirdly*,—suppose none of the preceding inconveniences fell out, the means of my subsistence, even in my own country, are so inconsiderable, that I have in the midst of my friends hardly any redundancy above the meanest of food and raiment,—when supply is either withdrawn, or rendered more inconsiderable by the distance of the place, and possibly dearness in living there, my wife, children, and I may be under the hazard of downright want. *Fourthly*,—I am uncertain what benefit I can have of the Gospel, or what education my children can have, where I retire. It is true, I want not offers of supply both ways from a person that is willing to take their venture in that journey; but how far this may be tolerate on the place, however secretly conveyed, is my doubt. *Fifthly*,—those that have a mind to divest me of my honours would desire no better occasion to give a face to their procedure than that I went out of the way by stealth, and was consequently under some heavy guilt, and deserved suitable punishment, which may make some conclude that for a little of ease to myself, or putting a stop to groundless fears, I have prostituted such a badge of honour belonging to my family. *Sixthly*,—I may be yet under another inconvenience of having clamour for leaving of the nation, until both the Scots and English interest disponed to my creditors be made effectual for their payment; and particularly these is in the English interest, that though I have made over a complete right, according to the law of Scotland, yet there is a necessity of doing a new deed for their further security according to the law of England, which my creditors were not informed of till of late, and will take some longer time than is convenient for my abode here (if I go before winter) ere it can be expeded. *Seventhly*,—upon my disposal of all estate I had, real or personal, in this nation or elsewhere, without the least reserve, and without any clause of redemption, there was an acceptation of that deed subscribed by all my creditors (three excepted),

in which they discharge me of all personal execution or real execution against any estate I shall acquire hereafter. Now, lest those three should exclaim that I fly from the nation to evite a personal distress from them, I do hesitate upon the journey upon this very account. *Eighthly*,—I leave it to you to determine if, upon the fear of suffering, it be duty to leave my mother Church, to forsake my younger children without all inspection over them, though under the trust of religious and kind relations, who by death may be removed from them, or by a prison rendered more incapable of educating of them. You see I have kept no reserve in all this affair, but have plainly unbosomed myself, and expects, after your serious deliberation and minding my case before the Lord, I may have your and your brother's sense of the whole affair, without any regard to the gratifying of my temper, but singly eying what is duty to me under the present circumstances,—which with very much readiness shall be obeyed by,

" Reverend and worthy Sir,
" Your affectionate friend
" and humble servant,
" CRAFURD."

No. XXXIX.—PAGE 174.

Extracts from the Letters of William eighteenth Earl of Crawford to Lord Melville, Secretary of State for Scotland, 1689.

(*Leven Papers*, p. 221.)

" Edinburgh, 1 August, 1689.

. . . " I am daily more confirmed that our King has no steady friends in this nation but such as are of the Presbyterian persuasion, and, on the contrary, every Episcopal man of the clergy, and for the most part even the laics, are using their utmost artifices to continue, if not to increase, the disgust that [they] may have conceived at the present government; and that all the acts of favour that the King is capable of conferring on us shall not so strengthen his interest, and thoroughly engage the hearts of his friends, as a present settlement of Presbyterian government, a reducing of forfeitures, and a refunding of fines; which, if the Commissioner would concur heartily in, would very quickly be found the general inclinations of this Parliament,—his Majesty's friends would frankly give him their money, would readily venture their lives; and his enemies, if that course were taken, would quickly stoop to the present establishment. Since I have not access to attend the Council, I judge it duty to express my true thoughts in another method."

(*Leven Papers*, p. 236.)

" August 6th, 1689.

. . . " I am very sensible of the honour done me by the King, and trust reposed in me in that he would allow me to go to Court. But as my chief

aim in worldly matters is how I can advance his interest most, so, I am convinced, I can be more serviceable to him in this place than by making that journey. Besides I am somewhat of Uriah's [mind], that while the ark of God and Judah doth abide in tents, and the servants of the King are encamped in the open fields, it should not be my part to leave the place of danger either in judicatories or battle, as I shall be called to it; and it were to consult my ease too much, and the interest of the nation less, to be solacing myself with the pleasures of a court, while the posture of that great and worthy Prince's affairs does crave the utmost endeavours of his best friends."

(*Leven Papers*, p. 248.)

"10 Aug. 1689.

. . . "The bulk of the conformists are everywhere praying for the late King; for though some of them may be more reserved in their way than others, all of them are of the same inclinations, and have disserved our King's interest more than the army that hath been in the fields in opposition to us; and it is in vain to expect peace in this nation until the Presbyterian government be settled, and these disturbers of our quiet be laid aside, and such as countenances them be divested of power."

(*Leven Papers*, p. 259.)

"20 Aug. 1689.

"I had yours last night as I was going to bed, and may with great truth aver that the difficulties which you suggest the government of the Church in this nation may meet with did occasion a waking night to me and a very perplexed mind; for, though I dare not question but that God hath begun to put his feet on our waters, and that he will not draw in his arm which he hath bared until he make his enemies his footstool, and that he is an overmatch for them all—that he will find out carpenters to fray all these horns which push at his ark, and that in due time he will level all those mountains that are in Zerubbabel's way—yet I have my fainting fits, and my distrustful heart does often dictate harsh things to me. My concern in this doth not only put my thoughts off other matters, but in a manner does sometimes unman me, that I can scarce frame a distinct meditation. Yet I am convinced that it is the liker to be the Lord's work that it meets with opposition, and, the more difficulties are found in it, it will infinitely the rather tend to the glory of his great name. I have not leisure by this occasion to write so particularly to you of public matters as I design by the next, and shall only thank you for your kind offer of friendship to me and my family, and wish it were in my power to do that service to you that were suited to such an obligation. As I never had a sixpence from my father besides what was employed on my education, so I divested myself of all that I had upon any other title for the payment of his debt, that the memory of so good a man and so kind a father might not suffer by the neglect of a son that owed all things to him, in gratitude as well as duty; so, on the other hand, being that his debt did more than exhaust what either he or I had of estate, I pretend to nothing upon any former claim of his, I being never served heir to him, and denying altogether the passive titles. There are so many

that are lukewarm in the present government, and will not serve without hire, and expect presently to be gratified, that I plead his Majesty or you may not be concerned about rewards for my pitiful mints (attempts) at duty. Though my case were such as I were put to seek my next meal, as has been the fortune of a better man than I am, and is not very far from my present lot, yet I will serve his Majesty as affectionately and venture as deep for him, without the least of his countenance or acknowledgments of any sort, as if he clothed me with the greatest power in the nation or loaded me with the highest rewards he could bestow on me. I am under the vow of God to his interest, and hopes never to forfeit that by omissions, where I have occasions to witness by duty, much less by committing of things truly prejudicial to him; and though I were under no such ties, I am bound by those of gratitude to him for the liberty and peace I have in my conscience, in the enjoyment of the Protestant religion, and from Presbyterian hands, suited to my education and real principle." . . .

(*Leven Papers*, p. 300.)

" Edinburgh, 12 Oct. 1689.

. . . " In relation to the other particular in your lordship's letter, anent the procedure against the conforming clergy, you shall have an ingenuous and full account. Upon the happy change of the civil government, it was thought necessary that all ranks of people should, some way or other, acknowledge their sense of it; and since the influence of ministers, as well as their number, was great, so those of both persuasions, by an act of the Meeting of the Estates, were, in testimony of their loyalty, at different diets, according to their distance from Edinburgh, appointed to read a proclamation certifying the lieges that none should presume to own or acknowledge the late King, James VII., or upon their highest peril, by word, writing, in sermons, or any manner of way, impugn or disown the royal authority of William and Mary, King and Queen of Scotland, but should render to them their dutiful obedience; and that none should misconstrue the proceeding of the Estates, or create jealousies or misapprehensions of the actings of the government; and that all the ministers of the Gospel within the kingdom publicly pray for King William and Queen Mary, as King and Queen of Scotland, and read that proclamation from their pulpits, upon the respective days therein appointed, under the pain of being deprived and losing their benefices. This act was revived on the 6th of August in a full Council, while the Duke of Hamilton was here, and all parishioners and hearers of such ministers as had neglected and slighted the reading of that proclamation, or omitted to pray for King William and Queen Mary, were not only allowed, but invited, to cite such ministers before the Privy Council, and warrants granted for adducing witnesses to prove the same, that such as had disobeyed might, by a legal sentence, be deprived of their benefices. By a second act of Council, on the 22nd of August, this matter was again revived, those ministers having, for the most part, continued obstinate. On the 24th of August, by a third act of Council, a proclamation was issued out for keeping of a solemn fast for the safety and preservation of the Protestant religion, and the blessed success of that great and glorious work

of this nation, its being delivered from popery and slavery, so seasonably begun,—certifying all those who shall contemn or neglect such a religious and necessary duty, that they shall be proceeded against and punished as contemners of his Majesty's authority, neglecters of religious services, and as persons disaffected to the Protestant religion, as well as to their Majesties' royal persons and government. Your lordship has here the law in its full extent. I shall now, as ingenuously, represent matter of fact. *Primo*:—There is not one single instance of a minister's being deprived for not keeping of that fast, even where the paper was delivered to them, and they owned the receipt of it, and sometimes with contemptuous expressions refused obedience to it. *Secundo*:—None were deprived where there was express praying for our King and Queen, even though there had been a neglect in reading of that proclamation, so peremptorily enjoined by the Meeting of the Estates, providing they had not contemptuously refused to read it, which some did, (who otherways prayed for our King and Queen,) as being unfree to approve the laying aside of King James. *Tertio*:—Where that proclamation was really read, either by ministers or precentors, by their order and authority, so far countenanced, we did not deprive such, though they had only prayed in indirect terms for King and Queen, notwithstanding of the tenor of the proclamation that appoints them to be named and prayed for as our King and Queen. But the truth is, there were few before us but had transgressed in all respects in omitting to read the proclamation, had forborne to pray for King and Queen, neglected to observe the fast,—yea, the instances are manifold where, to the boot of all those contempts of authority, they likewise prayed for the late King James; and, in testimony of the certainty of these things, there are none of those we have deprived, and [who] do now preach occasionally in other churches than their own, but do yet continue in their former way, without the least compliance. Then for warrant of the Council's procedure, though there had been less caution than I have truly represented, the act of the Meeting of the Estates anent ministers' behaviour was so express, and the certification for their disobedience so plain, that we did not think ourselves in safety to alter or mince the terms of it, being an Assembly we judged superior to us. Besides, we found the most of those men either corresponders with the late Viscount of Dundee, or instigators of their people to join him; and that the disaffection to the civil government, which is observable in many places, as it had its rise from them, so [it] is still industriously kept up by them; and, in further token of our tenderness in this matter, above twenty of those who have been before us (even when in some respects they were found faulty, if the evidences were not notorious or the guilt deep) were assoilzied (acquitted) by us, without the least regard to their ignorance, scandalousness of their lives, or dislike of their people to them. And, to conclude this matter, though I am convinced that his Majesty not only has not one well-wisher amongst them all, and that there are few who have not, in some fashion or other, combined against the government, so in no instance came ever the matter to my vote, nor have I in discourse been among the number of those who have been most forward against them, and seldom straitening them in questions at the bar where there was not deep prevarication to elude justice. . .

"That I might be plain with your lordship in these particulars, I am

afraid I have exceeded in the length of this letter the bounds of discretion that is due to your lordship from,

" My dear Lord,

" Your lordship's most faithful

" and affectionate humble servant,

" CRAWFURD."

(*Leven Papers*, p. 308.)

" My Lord, " Edinburgh, 24 Oct. 1689.

" I had notice, by a line to your son Leven, that there is a continuing clamour anent our procedure against the Episcopal clergy; and that, in particular, there are many complaints of me. I gave so full and exact account of that matter in a line to your lordship about ten days ago, that I can add little now. This month past and upwards we have had few ministers before us,—sometimes two in a week, at other times one, and at some occasions none at all; nor has there any narrow case been tabled before us of a long time,—yea, for my own part, I have been so far from hounding out to seek any of them, that I never did in any instance but one, and have advised to forbear it in fifty; nor did I ever give my vote to deprive any, and by my discourse, when the case was debateable, have saved severals; but that harvest is over, people evidently seeing that we are wearied of further meddling, though those we have laid aside are not yet above the fourth part of the number of such as have been transgressors; so that, except there be particular prejudice designed at me, which is pretty notorious to the greatest part of Scotland, the talk on that subject will quickly cease. Though I had never sat in the Council, nor in any other public judicatory, either of meeting of Estates or Parliament, and so had never done a public deed, I had been represented no less criminal by some to his Majesty, if it were but for the alone reason that I am not in a party with them, and am more fortunate in the favourable thoughts his Majesty is pleased to conceive of me, and have abstracted plainly in matters where some have dipped too far. This is the real ground of quarrel, whatever the pretences may be, for, let my words be gospel and my actions squared by that rule, I should yet be an eyesore to some whom I never injured—and am more a gentleman than to name. Besides, it is no little aggravation of my guilt, the friendship I bear your lordship, and the countenance and protection I have from you,—but, to answer all objections, before his Majesty lose the meanest of them, to whom I am not grateful, and [who] are solicitous to be in the rule, I shall very willingly return to my old employment of diverting myself in my garden,—a thing I am indeed much fitter for than the honourable trust I have been in, either by his Majesty's favour or the people's choice, and in all respects more suited to the inclinations of,

" My dear Lord,

" Your lordship's ever faithful, frequently obliged,

" and affectionate humble servant,

" CRAWFURD."

(*Leven Papers*, p. 318.)

" Edinburgh, 7 Nov. 1689.

. . . " I shall be sorry if Presbyterian ministers, who all of them, without exception, do affectionately pray for his Majesty and the flourishing of his throne, shall be ranked in the same bottom with such of the Conformists as pray cross to his interest, and set up for another's, and who never will give him their heart, let him act to them what he pleases; and that his sincerest friends shall be discouraged, and possess no more than they did in the end of the late King's reign. This I speak with all the sense of duty I am capable of to his present Majesty, who, I know, is not to blame that our Church is not already settled, and to the full liking of his people; but, my Lord, if there is a need of circumspection in the Council's procedure, lest the clergy of England take offence, I must be bold to say, we should use no less caution here, that the Presbyterians (who are his chief, if not his only friends) be [not] discouraged, and that he lose [not] this nation entirely, for stilling of a few tempers in England, who will not thank [him] for any lenity extended to Conformists here, if he does not directly restore prelacy, which I trust he does not in the least design. I am acted to use this plainness, that I may exoner my own conscience and be faithful to my prince; for I should betray his interest, as well as that party with whom I desire to sink and swim, if I were silent at a time when all seems to be at stake,—and I would reckon Scotland as effectually lost as Ireland once seemed to be, if measures cross to this suggession were followed. Use it as you think fit." . . .

(*Leven Papers*, p. 324.)

" My Lord, " Edinburgh, 14 Nov. 1689.

" You have by this post the Council's whole procedure against the Episcopal clergy, and a little paper narrating the circumstances of three of them, not so particularly expressed in the large account. It is done candidly, without the least change of any one expression, either in the charges, probations, or confessions, and sentences, and so I have acted a true part in offering to your lordship's view 'nihil non verum et nihil verum non,'—nothing but truth, and all the truth. I pray God your lordship may use it, as I hope you will, to the advantage of that interest in whose hands piety hath ever in this nation most flourished, and by whom our King will be most sincerely served. . .

" If, after all that has been done, it be truth, what the Conformists do now openly boast of, that they shall be yet reponed to their former charges, I blush at the affront done to the Meeting of the Estates and Council, and tremble at the consequences of it. The people's affections to his Majesty will certainly grow colder; that same party which he countenances will yet jealouse him; England will not thank for anything less than the restoration of the Bishops; and the late King shall have fewer zealous opposers than he now has. And, to be ingenuous with your lordship, upon this whisper, I find a great murmuring among the people, an universal complaining, a general dejection in their countenances, and an insulting of papists and such protestants as are the late King's almost declared friends. For the Lord's sake, advert to these matters, and use such methods as may retain the affections of the people, in which our

King's great strength can only lie; and let us not, from a design to preserve either party, lose effectually both; for the one is safe, upon taking of right measures, and the other will be at best uncertain and not to be relied on in a day of trouble."

(*Leven Papers*, p. 359.)

" 31 Dec. 1689.

. . . . " I am much concerned at the continuing opposition to the Presbyterian interest, and strong endeavours for restoring the other, and deeply weighted at the storm arisen against your lordship. If you quit your post, I desire a liberty likewise from the King to retire; for the same motives which render you uneasy will lay me aside; and I incline to have no share in the civil government, though I should be put to beg my livelihood, where I cannot serve the interests of Christ, his Church and people, to any advantage, and without resiling in some measure from my principle, the adhering to which has given me peace, yea comfort, in my greatest straits. I hope, in all the capacities I shall ever be trysted with, to serve his Majesty faithfully and affectionately, not only out of duty to him as my King, but from a peculiar respect and love to his person; yet, if he judges it his concern that Presbytery be not established in this nation, I expect that favour of him, that he conclude not my retiring a wearying of his service. . . I am still of the same opinion as I was at first, anent your lordship's management, that it is your truest policy to act for Presbytery with all the zeal that is consistent with knowledge; for, though your lordship should be remiss, you will never be agreeable to the opposite party, and your appearing for God frankly will bring his blessing on your person and family, and a yielding to or complying in part with adversaries may provoke Him to pour out his wrath. It was Elijah's great commendation, that he had been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts,—O that this may be the motto of my family, though our condition should be among the meanest in the nation; and that we may be helped to follow God fully, avowedly, and without all reserve!—for I am convinced none will be losers at his hand at long run, and those who venture for Him seldom want (go without) their reward here."

(*Leven Papers*, p. 376.)

. . . " I shall once more repeat, what I have oft said on this subject, that no Episcopal man, since the late happy revolution, whether laic or of the clergy, hath suffered by the Council upon the account of his opinion in Church matters, but allenarly (solely) for their disowning the civil authority, and setting up for a cross interest. If I make not this good, I shall willingly forfeit my credit with his Majesty and all good men."

No. XL.—Page 252.

The "Country" of the Lindsays of the Byres.

(*From 'A Letter from Fife,' by Mr. Ebenezer Anderson, 'Edinburgh Magazine,'* 1823.)

"A few mornings ago, when the frost was keen and the air elastic, and the snow scarcely admitted of an impression from the foot, I sallied out to visit Struthers, the old family residence of the House of Lindsay and Crawford, a name which, next perhaps to that of Stuart, has left the most indelible remembrance of former sway and magnificence within the bosom of this 'kingdom.' As I stood upon the eminence which looks down upon the 'Urbs Tricollis,' (Cupar-Fife,) from the South, and cast my eye abroad over the Strath of Eden, the estuary of the Tay, the Braes of Angus, and the still more remote range of Grampian magnificence by which the horizon towards the North is bounded, I felt a corresponding expansion and amplification within me; I breathed freer and more assured, assimilating as it were to the character of that immensity which it was my delight to contemplate.

"In narrowing and circumscribing the field of my vision, my eye came at last to rest upon 'The Mount,' immediately before me, and lying at about a mile's distance towards the North-West from Cupar. This could not fail to suggest to my mind the image and the character of the father of Scottish song and the champion of Scottish independence, that famous and worthy knight, Sir David Lindsay, Lord Lyon King at Arms, 'cujus,' according to the expressive motto to his works, 'vivit etiam post funera virtus.'

'Into that park I saw appear
An aged man, that drew me near,
Whase beard was near three quarter lang;
His hair down o'er his shoulders hang,
The whilk as ony snaw was white,—
Whom to behold I thought delight.'

—And truly it was indeed delightful to image out this venerable 'aged man' in those very habiliments in which the genius of the author had so imperishably invested him! And as I pursued in my musings the purposings which have so long been carried into effect, I could not forbear from repeating those lines which seem now to partake of the nature of prophecy,—

'Howbeit that divers cunning clerks
In Latin tongue have written sundry books,
The unlearnit knows little of their warks
Mair than they do the croaking of the rooks;
Wherefore to calliates, carriers, and to cooks—
To Jock and Tam my rhyme shall be directit!'

And hence, in consequence of this popular and accommodating resolution, every old woman in Scotland, who never heard in all likelihood of Bede or Duns Scotus, is yet quite familiar with 'Davie Lindsay.'

"In the middle of the valley, immediately beneath me, and embosomed in an extensive and suitable plantation of pines, the magnificent modern mansion

of the present representative of the family of Lindsay and Crawford" (the late Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford) "arises. . .

"Towards the East, and in the centre of a table-land, or elevated plain, about half a mile distant from the village of Ceres, the mansion-house, now altogether obliterated, of the famous Lindsay of Pitscottie was formerly situated. It was here that this historian of his native land lived, whilst he was employed in composing that work which is well calculated to transmit his name to the latest ages.—And last of all, in this enumeration of 'Lindsay worthies,' turn we, as originally proposed, towards the South, and there we shall perceive, betwixt us and the declining sun, the ragged and irregular outline of the ruins of Struthers. Here, however, there is nothing either of decayed grandeur or scarcely obliterated magnificence to reward our investigation. Upon approaching this venerable ruin from the North, I found the vestiges of a very princely avenue, and had the gratification, whilst scrambling over dilapidated walls and under damp and low arches, to see a hen-wife feeding poultry, and an unseemly goat munching at kail-blades where 'the most noble of all the land' had been accustomed to call forth their merry men for the chase, or to caparison and marshal out their retainers for defence or attack."

Mr. Anderson proceeds to describe the family burial-place at Ceres, and to sketch the history of John, the Gallant Earl of Crawford,—but I prefer giving the following extracts from an interesting paper entitled, 'A Day in the West of Fife,' in Chambers' *Edinburgh Journal*:—

"A few miles brought us to the rural village of Ceres, a pleasantly situated place, with a neatly-kept rivulet-bordered green, such as every village ought to have, though in our northern land this is the good fortune of very few. I had often heard of the burial-vault of the noble family of Crawford Lindsay, as being a sight worth seeing at this village, and to this object we lost no time in directing our steps. Close beside a large modern church of homely appearance, situated on the top of a high bank, is a small tile-covered building, which the grave-digger tells you is the tomb of the Lindsays! It was once a wing of the church, with a gallery for the use of the living family above, but is now disjoined; and it is accordingly to something like a potato-house that the pilgrim is directed as the last home of a family which has filled Scottish history with its greatness and its deeds, from the time when the 'Lindsays light and gay' fought at Otterbourne, and two centuries before that time to boot, down to Dettingen and Fontenoy. We entered this poor earth-floored shed—for it was nothing better—and there found a few objects which I shall describe in order. Beside the wall, on the left, lay a full-sized stone figure of a gentleman in armour, being a distinguished member of the family who lived in the fourteenth century. Excepting in being broken through at the waist, it was in good condition, and a faithful memorial, no doubt, of the accoutrements of a warrior of that period. It formerly lay in the church, from which it was removed hither nearly forty years ago. The only other objects of a conspicuous nature were two frames or cases raised above the ground on skids, and which contained the remains of John Earl of

Crawford, a famous general of George II., and his wife. The lid of the larger case being raised, disclosed the top of a coffin covered with crimson velvet, and presenting a brass plate with the following inscription:—'John Earl of Crawford, born 4th October, 1702; died 25th December, 1749, in the 48th year of his age.' The lid of the coffin itself being raised, showed a close coffin of lead, in which it is believed the embalmed body remains entire. It was with feelings which I should vainly attempt to describe that I felt myself in the bodily presence of the gallant and accomplished soldier, who, in the service of Russia, astonished even the Cossacks by his horsemanship—who, commanding the life-guards at Dettingen, cried out, 'My dear lads, trust to your swords, and never mind your pistols,' and charged to the tune of *Britons strike home*—who kept the passes into the Lowlands while poor Charles was staking all his hopes at Culloden; and on many other occasions acted a conspicuous part in an age of which hardly any living specimen can now exist. And his countess, the elegant Lady Jean Murray, who left him after only six months of wedded happiness, and before she had completed her twentieth year, and whom his affection caused to be embalmed, and sent from Aix-la-Chapelle, where she died, to this place—what of her? A dusky, battered, metal cover, bearing the letters L. J. M., with a coronet, being lifted up from the case beside his lordship's coffin, we beheld beneath a quantity of mere rubbish, a mixture of decayed wood and bones, constituting all that now remains of 'what once had beauty, honours, wealth, and fame,' and was, besides, an object of the fondest solicitude to the best and bravest of men.

> 'How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
> To whom related, or by whom begot;
> A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
> 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.'

"Of all the other members of this ancient family buried here, no memorial remains, excepting three slab tombstones placed at the end of the vault on the outside, and which we found deeply covered with rubbish. Having got them cleared, I easily read upon one, 'HIC JACET JOANNES LINDSAY DOMINUS DE BYRES,' with the date of his death, 1562. The person referred to was John, fifth Lord Lindsay of the Byres, who commanded the Scottish army at the battle of Ancrum Moor, and was the father of that fierce reforming lord whom Scott describes in such lively terms in 'The Abbot,' as forcing Queen Mary at Loch Leven to resign her kingdom by sternly griping her arm. On the only other stone containing anything intelligible, I read the words EUPHAM DUGLIS. It was the monument of the wife of that savage lord, a daughter of the knight of Loch Leven, Queen Mary's jailor, and sister of the Regent Moray. Probably the other stone, as they were all of a size and similar in style, was the monument of Lord Patrick himself. These monumental slabs had once formed part of the floor of the church, but had been removed when that edifice was renewed in 1806; to such contingencies are the memorials of greatness exposed when a few ages have passed away. The line of these Lords Lindsay terminated in the great general above mentioned, who was fourth Earl of Lindsay, and twentieth Earl of Crawford. Now that great family has no acknowledged male representatives, their lands are in the

possession of others, and of their house of the Struthers, near Ceres, where they once lived in splendour, only a gable wall or two remains; the site of the garden being occupied by a modern farm-house." *

No. XLI.—Page 252.

'*Epitome of the Crawford Peerage Case: with the Opinion of Counsel thereon, &c.'—their Report (that is to say) on abandoning the Claim of John (Lindsay) Crawfurd and his Family to the Earldoms of Crawford and Lindsay in* 1839. *Reprinted.*

In the year 1810 Mr. John Lindsay Crawfurd preferred a claim to the titles and estates of Crawfurd and Lindsay, as the nearest heir to the deceased George Earl of Crawfurd, and lineal descendant of James third son of John first Viscount Garnock. He produced much feasible parole proof in support of his allegations, but, unfortunately for his expectations, two schoolmasters he had employed to collect evidence anticipated the object of their commission, by supplying proofs from the resources of their own invention, and vitiating and otherwise altering genuine documents to suit their own theories.† They then made an exorbitant demand upon the claimant for the services they had rendered him, which he refused to sustain; whereupon they made overtures to the responding party, into whose hands they transferred their papers. A trial on a charge of forgery was commenced, which ended in the conviction and transportation of the claimant in 1812, along with one of the forgers, the other having been admitted an approver.

It was all but universally believed at the time that the claimant had fallen a victim to an overwhelming influence, abetted by the purchased services of these unprincipled persons, who had violated truth and conscience to promote a nefarious object. The public sympathy was roused in his favour, and many statements sent abroad bearing the names of magistrates—of clergymen—of professional and other equally respectable individuals, tending strongly to strengthen the popular impression that he was not only an innocent and much-injured man, but that he had been disposed of by "a side wind," although the rightful heir to the titles and estates he claimed.

In 1820 the claimant returned from New South Wales, and immediately renewed proceedings to have himself served heir. Many noblemen and eminent professional men encouraged and patronized him, and many thousand pounds were expended in collecting evidence, and otherwise preparing his Case for the Lords' Committee of Privileges, where it had been referred by

* "Struthers is described by Sibbald as 'a large old house, with gardens, great orchards, and vast enclosures and plantations.' Little of the house, with its towers and battlements, now remains, the greater portion of the buildings having been taken down, nor has the wood been spared." Swan's *Hist. of Fife*, tom. ii. p. 251.

† That this was on the instigation of John Crawfurd himself appears from his letters to the confederates, printed in Mr. Dobie's 'Examination' of his claim, pp. 94 sqq.—L.

the King. Lord Brougham was leading counsel in the cause, and he pronounced *the claim exceedingly well founded*, in a speech in the House of Commons (see 'Morning Post,' July 10th, 1823); and in a private opinion upon the merits of the evidence he says, "the greater part of the Case, if not the whole, *is proved.*"

Mr. H. Nugent Bell, attorney-at-law, and an eminent genealogist, was agent, and had charge of the funds which were raised on the faith of the claim, for the purpose of prosecuting it; and he having died suddenly, in a state of insolvency, the proceedings were interrupted, and the papers subsequently put into the hands of W. Kaye, Esq., a well-known barrister of the Inner Temple, who gave an opinion to the effect, that "*no doubt whatever* could exist as to the ultimate success of the claimant, provided the facts narrated in the evidence were sustained." Sir Fred. Pollock, late Solicitor-General of England, as well as many other equally eminent legal authorities, corroborated these opinions and prognosticated similar results.

The claimant, thus supported, assumed the title of Earl of Crawfurd; and the proper documents having been lodged to qualify him to vote as a peer, he attended at Holyrood Palace on two occasions of the general election, when the Scottish peers had met to elect their representatives. He occupied the place, and voted as Earl of Crawfurd, and was addressed verbally and by letter as the Earl of Crawfurd by several noblemen then present, which letters are still extant.

The claimant having got a memorial prepared, embodying the facts of his Case, it, along with the whole proofs and papers connected with the previous proceedings in the claim, were submitted to T. H. Miller, Esq., advocate, for his opinion and advice. Mr. Miller returned the memorial with the following opinion:—

Answer to Query First.—"I am of opinion that the memorialist will succeed in establishing his claim to the titles of Earl of Crawfurd and Lindsay, Viscount Garnock, &c.; and this opinion I have been led to form after the most deliberate consideration both of the facts and law of the Case," &c.

At the suggestion of Lord Brougham and others, the papers in the Register Office, for the vitiation and forgery of which the claimant had been found guilty in 1812, as well as the papers in the Crown agent's hands, were examined by talented literary and professional men, who were of opinion that many of them were genuine and unaltered. Mr. Miller, having examined them also, refers to them and the claimant's conviction in his opinion as follows:

Answer to Query Second.—"All the writings enumerated in this query can, in my opinion, be proven genuine," &c.

Answer to Query Third.—"Notwithstanding the conviction here mentioned, the documents may, in my opinion, be adduced as evidence; and I am farther of opinion, the conviction may still be shown to have been erroneous in reference to the memorialist," &c.

In this state of matters the claimant, through the influence of a kind friend, succeeded in securing the confidence and patronage of one or two benevolent individuals, who also believed implicitly in the truth of his pretensions, not so much from reading and hearing his own statements, as that they were so well

supported by public appearances and the professional opinions of so many eminent lawyers.

Mr. Miller's opinion, together with the simple and summary nature of the proceedings which it advised, left no room for doubt or hesitation; and a thousand pounds being thought more than adequate to establish what was conscientiously and all but universally believed to be the claimant's indubitable right, that sum was, in 1835, procured. The measures suggested by Mr. Miller were commenced, and a more searching course of investigation entered upon. Ireland, England, Argyleshire, Ayrshire, Edinburgh, &c., were severally canvassed, so that no source from which evidence could be obtained was left unexplored. The first counsel at the bar were retained (four in number), and agents employed in every part of the empire where their services were likely to be required. Successive commissions from the Court of Session for taking proof in all the aforementioned parts were obtained, and nothing that money or lawyers were thought capable of effecting, with the view of securing justice, was wanting; but unfortunately, while the proceedings were in active progress, the claimant died. This suspended all legal measures until a mandate could be procured from his son John, in India, after receipt of which they were again resumed, and a brieve taken out of Chancery for having him served heir as the oldest living son of his late father, and another commission was obtained in his name for taking additional proof and securing to him the benefit of that which was already taken. Shortly afterwards, however, it was discovered that a son, Robert, existed in New South Wales, who was older than John, upon which the proceedings were again hung up until a power of attorney and factory could be procured from him. These repeated and necessarily lengthened interruptions protracted the suit, and increased the expense far beyond anything the supporters of the claim had heretofore contemplated.* It therefore became necessary to extend the applications for pecuniary assistance beyond the few who had hitherto so generously afforded it, and to offer such terms to parties wishing to speculate upon small cash advances as would induce them to come forward with a rational prospect of being benefited by the speculation. By this means considerable sums have been from time to time procured, *but nothing equal in amount to the necessary disbursements*, as may be seen from the vouchers in the hands of the gentlemen who took the active management of the litigation; and there are many claims yet unsettled, and many accounts yet unpaid, for which it is feared these gentlemen, in addition to their previous losses, may still be held in some degree personally responsible.

The Case for the claim may be briefly stated as follows:

When the late claimant first appeared, he alleged that he was the son of Robert Crawfurd, who was the son of Hugh Crawfurd, who was the son of James Crawfurd, who between the years 1719 and 1765 to 1770, when he died, acted as land-steward or overseer for Joshua Dawson and Baron Arthur Dawson, of Castledawson in Ireland, and held lands on lease from the said Baron Dawson, in the district called Broagh, in that neighbourhood.

* The claimant's aliment money up to his death, and that of his widow and family since, forms a considerable item in the disbursements for five years back.

Many witnesses swore that they knew this James Crawfurd, and that it was reported he had killed a man in a duel, or committed some crime for which he had to fly from Scotland, from which country he had originally come; and farther, that they heard him say Lord Crawfurd of Kilbirney, in Ayrshire, was his father, and that he was the only righteous heir to the estates of that family.

In a letter from the Right Hon. G. R. Dawson, of Castledawson, in answer to certain queries relative to the settlement of a member of the Scotch family of Crawfurd on the Dawson estate, he states, that *he heard at an early age from his father that such a person had taken refuge there, to save himself from the effects of some indiscretion committed in Scotland.* Mrs. Dawson, his mother, now deceased, wrote him in answer to similar queries, "*All I can say is, that I have heard your father say that a person such as you describe had settled at Castledawson, and was married and had a family.*" And in addition to this Mr. Dawson, in his subsequent examination as a witness, says, *he heard his father mention that there was an intimacy and interchange of visits between the families of this person at Castledawson and Lord Crawfurd's family in Scotland.*

It was also deponed to in like manner by several other witnesses, that James Crawfurd's son Hugh, and his daughter Margaret, visited and received presents from their noble relatives at Kilbirney in Scotland; and witnesses in Ayrshire, who knew the members of the Kilbirney family, deponed that they heard it reported that James, the son of Viscount Garnock, had fled to Ireland for killing a man, or some such grave crime; and some of them swore that they had seen and read letters from him, dated at Castledawson in Ireland, and that they knew of him visiting his friends in Scotland in disguise, and under a fictitious name, and that when his sister, Mrs. Margaret M'Neal, of Ugadale in Argyleshire, died about 1780, two of his family were there at the time, and got clothes and other presents.

Among the documents produced by the late claimant in support of his pretensions, and which are stated to have been found in the repositories of a descendant of the Homes of Kello, one of whom was married to Patrick second Viscount Garnock, there is a letter dated at Castledawson in 1757, from Hugh,* the son of James Crawfurd, to David Home of Kello, in which the writer speaks of his cousin Lord Crawfurd, and of his father as being "his lordship's uncle." Another letter, written by the aforesaid David Home to his wife, speaks of "a cousin of Lord Crawfurd's from Ireland, who was on a visit to him." There are other letters purporting to be written by a Margaret Forsyth to Mrs. Home, the wife of David Home, which frequently allude to James Crawfurd, the "old uncle of Lord Crawfurd," as being resident with his family in the year 1769 at Castledawson in Ireland, and where it appears, from the evidence of these letters, as well as the testimony of witnesses who were at his funeral, that he died about 1770, and was buried there. It will thus be seen that it was upon no slight grounds the supporters of the claim were induced to afford their aid and lend their influence to the claimant.

* The two last figures in the year of the date of this letter, and the Christian name of the writer, are now obliterated by ink.

Up to November last, little if any doubt existed on the side of the prosecution as to its favourable result, and at that time the Court met for the trial of the cause. It was however found advisable, on the suggestion of the Lord Ordinary, to delay impanelling the jury, although present, until advantage could be taken of an act of Sederunt then in progress before the Lords of Session for the better regulation of the forms of process, and for giving greater effect, and rendering more valid, the judgment of the Court in service cases. But in consideration that old and infirm witnesses had been brought together from distant parts at great expense and trouble, it was ordained by the presiding judge that a commissioner be appointed to receive the depositions of witnesses, and documentary proof *in causa*, and otherwise to proceed with the preparation of the cause, previous to the reassembling and impanelling of the jury in open court.

This measure being consented to by the Dean of Faculty and the Solicitor-General, the leading counsel for the parties, Alexander Wood, Esq., advocate, was appointed Commissioner. From this period a totally different character was given to the claimant's Case by the new facts which were unexpectedly brought out. So much was this the case, that the counsel who conducted the examination advised that these facts should be rigidly investigated, and the result laid before *all* the counsel engaged in conducting the prosecution, for their united consideration and advice. An outline of the matter referred to in this additional memorial is included in what follows.

The point in the Case to which the doubts of counsel chiefly referred was not so much the deficiency of traditionary and parole proof regarding James Crawfurd's settlement in Ireland, as that the ancestor of the claimant lived until between the years 1765-70, when he died and was buried in Ireland. This is the claimant's statement, and is sworn to by Eliz. Gibson, who was present at the funeral, and Joshua Dale, in whose house he died, and by Samuel Evans and many others; it is also the date fixed by the written evidence.

Lord Glasgow, on the other hand, maintains that the Hon. James Crawfurd died in London in March, 1744-5, and was buried there in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. On the truth of these respective averments the question between the parties may be said to depend.

A commission having been appointed for taking evidence in London in reference to this question, the report of that commission was laid before counsel. Various parties both in England and Scotland had examined the register of burials in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields at various periods; and the advice uniformly given was, that the books were so irregular as to be altogether inadmissible as evidence.* Since the proof was taken, Mr. Richards, Queen's

* The present counsel and agent in the case never saw this registry before the date of this commission, but counsel and agents previously employed had examined it, and were uniform in deciding that it was inadmissible as evidence.

[An attempt had been made, though clumsily, to alter the syllable *furd* into *ley*, thus creating an "Hon. James Crawley," a name unknown among the aristocracy. But the entry in the Sexton's Book, of the same locality, unexamined till recently, certifies the burial of the "Hon. James Craufurd," with the consequent fees, &c., in an indisputable manner. Other evidence, clenching the point, may be seen in the Crawford Case, pp. 113, 117.—L.]

counsel, has given a decided opinion that the register and relative books are admissible, and clearly prove the burial of a person called the Hon. James Crawfurd of the date the register bears. The same advice, it is understood, has been given to Lord Glasgow by Mr. Barstow, Mr. Starkey, and Mr. James Campbell, eminent English counsel.

Lord Glasgow connects this entry with the death of the Hon. James Crawfurd—*First*, by documents and letters written by the Hon. James Crawfurd himself while in London, which were produced. These documents run in date from 11th December, 1740, to 20th December, 1743, and extend to upwards of twenty in number.—*Secondly*, by letters from St. Andrews, written by his nephew, Viscount Garnock, in March and April, 1745, and by his niece Miss C. G. Crawfurd, and others, which refer to his death at this period, and also by letters of general charge, decreet of adjudication, &c. &c., all referred to in a former memorial laid before counsel.—*Thirdly*, Lord Glasgow has now announced that he has recovered upwards of one hundred additional documents in proof of his several averments, consisting of Acts of Parliament, registered deeds, legal processes, family accounts, bills and receipts, and letters from various sources, among which is one from Mrs. M'Neal, sister of the Hon. James Crawfurd, in 1745, to her cousin, in which she speaks of "the surprising and melancholy news of my brother James' death, which happened in London some weeks since; the disorder he had was consumption." Also a letter from Mrs. M'Neal to Lord Bute, dated 19th February, 1751, in which, speaking of the family, she says, "I have two other boys; these, with an unmarried sister, Lord Crawfurd, and one nephew, are now all that are in life of your aunt's descendants, though she had eight children that lived till they were men and women." Also a letter from the same to the Right Hon. James Stewart Mackenzie, dated 29th July, 1758, in which she says, of the numerous family your aunt, my Lady Garnock, left behind, "there's none of her descendants alive but me and my three sons, and Lord Crawfurd and his sons and daughters, and one nephew by his sister." These letters Lord Glasgow produced, and they clearly shew that Mrs. M'Neal, Lord Garnock, his sister, and other contemporaries, believed James Crawfurd had died without issue at the time Lord Glasgow alleges.

It must also be conceded that, after 1745, no *admittedly* genuine writing under the Hon. James Crawfurd's hand can now be found, nor do any of his numerous letters extant justify the conclusion that he ever was in Ireland, or had been married.

In reference to this head Lord Glasgow offers to prove that James Crawfurd was in Scotland from the time of his birth in 1700 to 1740, and that he then went to England, and remained there till his death in March 1744-5 in London.

During the period from 1720 to 1727, the evidence recovered formerly shewed there was little or nothing to preclude the Hon. James Crawfurd's being in Ireland during that time. Now, however, Lord Glasgow has produced about forty documents from those referred to above, dated during the years 1719-20-21-22-23-24-25-26 and 27, to shew that James Crawfurd was in Scotland living publicly with the family, while the claimant alleges he was living in Ireland in a concealed manner. This is the period, according to all

the claimant's witnesses, during which James Crawfurd must have been married, and his children born in Ireland.

The written evidence founded on by the claimant consisted of the documents obtained from the repositories of the Home family, as stated at page 3 of this epitome. [See p. 444 *supra*.]

Mr. Gavin Riddet, of London, was brought down to prove that he saw these letters in Mrs. Home Buchan's house in 1812. His evidence, and that of John Adie, Esq., R.N., the representative of D. H. Buchan, establishes the fact beyond question.

From the tenor of Lord Glasgow's cross-examination, it appeared that it is a part of his Case to establish that the claimant is descended from James Crawfurd, who was lessee of certain lands called Black Park and Lint Park, in the district called Broagh, on the Dawson estate. In support of this theory the Right Hon. G. R. Dawson, of Castledawson, produced from the family repositories leases bearing date from 1700 downwards, and also a map of the district on his estate, called Broagh, from which it appears that only one James Crawfurd held lands on this part of the estate during the periods referred to by the witnesses. The leases, which are dated in 1727 and 1730, bear that the James Crawfurd who occupied the land in Broagh pointed out on the map by the witnesses as that which had been occupied by the claimant's ancestor was, in 1727, fifty years of age, and his youngest son, Henry, who is a life in the first of these leases, is stated to have been fifteen years of age at the time. But it is not deemed necessary to burden this epitome with the whole evidence which refers to this head, nor is it meant to prefer any charge against the late claimant, or considered necessary to enter upon the details of the intimacy which is now clearly traced to have existed between him and David Home Buchan. Let it suffice, that the latter was interested in the procurement of the claimant's pardon in 1812, and that he was exerting himself with this view, in conjunction with one Peter Montgomerie, who held a power of attorney from the claimant, when the documents referred to were first produced. Neither will it answer any useful purpose here to condescend upon discreditable facts brought out in examining the private correspondence of parties now "gone to their account." The result of all the examinations which have been made from 1810 until now, and of the whole evidence and bearings of the Case as it presently stands, is comprised in the answers of the parties whose names are subjoined, and to whom the following queries were submitted:—

Queries submitted by the Trustees in the Crawfurd Claims to Andrew Rutherfurd, Esq., *Solicitor-General for Scotland, and* Duncan M'Neill, Geo. Graham Bell, *and* John Wilson, Esqrs., *Advocates, in reference to the preceding Case.*

1*st*. Looking at the facts which have now come to the memorialists' knowledge, both as regards the parole and written evidence, what in counsel's opinion is the conclusion which must be come to as to the claimant's descent from the Hon. James Crawfurd, and as to the authenticity of the Home and Forsyth papers, and of the documents in the Justiciary Office, and in the Crown agent's hands?

2nd. Taking the whole Case as now before counsel, can they suggest any plan by which any farther evidence may be obtained in support of the claimant's Case, or any of the difficulties be removed, or the facts be more favourably or forcibly brought out?

3rd. What measures ought the memorialists to adopt in reference to the trial and final settlement of the claim, considering the position in which they stand and the object they have in view?

OPINION.

I. Looking at the evidence, written and parole, as now communicated to us, we have no doubt that the claimant, R. L. Crawfurd, must fail in making out his case. *Indeed, the case appears to us to be now hopeless.* The points which were formerly most relied upon by the claimant, and which appeared to us most favourable to his claim, were—*First*, The supposed defects in the evidence to instruct the burial of the Hon. James Crawfurd in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields;—and, *Secondly*, The supposed authenticity of the Home and Forsyth correspondence. *Both these points are now gone.* The evidence to instruct the burial of the Hon. James Crawfurd in London in 1744-5 *is complete and irresistible*; and the Home and Forsyth correspondence is not only of very questionable authenticity, but *appears to us to be actually fabricated.* Our opinion on this point is so strong, that we think it proper to say that the claimant should be warned against any attempt to use that correspondence, as the consequences of doing so might be serious.* This opinion is altogether independent of the documents in the Justiciary Office, and in the hands of the Crown agent, which we all along resolved not to use on behalf of the claimant, *being satisfied that they were not genuine*, and that any attempt to use them would not only be improper in itself, but would be injurious to the case of the claimant.

II. We cannot suggest any course by which farther evidence can be obtained in support of the claim, or suggest any plan for removing the difficulties which now attach to the Case. We are of opinion, from the facts now before us, that *any farther inquiry is perfectly hopeless and unnecessary.*

III. The memorialists, having thus before them our opinion on the merits of the claim, must judge for themselves as to the course which they are to follow. They can only deal as regards their own interest as promoters of the suit.

The opinion of

(Signed) AND. RUTHERFURD.
DUN. M'NEILL.
GEO. GRAHAM BELL.
JOHN WILSON.

Edinburgh, 21st March, 1839.

* The opinion expressed by counsel as to the forgery of the documentary proof has been fully verified by the gentlemen appointed to examine and to compare it with the writing of suspected parties. Alexander Macdonald, Esq., Principal Keeper of the Register of Deeds, &c. &c., in the General Register House, and Mr. Francis Street, engraver, not only pronounce the documents forged, but actually point out the party by whom they were forged.

Those who are at all conversant with the details of this protracted and complicated Case, and even the present claimant himself, must now be perfectly convinced that, whoever his ancestor may have been, he is not descended from the Hon. James Crawfurd, third son of John first Viscount of Garnock, who unquestionably died unmarried in London in March, 1744-5; and although it is to be regretted that the partizans of the late claimant, during the early period of the proceedings in the claim, should have resorted to surreptitious methods of procuring documentary evidence in support of the allegation that he was so descended, yet it cannot but be conceded that his ancestor, who was called James Crawfurd, and resided at Castledawson, stated himself to be the son of Lord John Crawfurd, and that HIS family visited their relatives in Scotland.

These facts are clearly brought out by the strongest possible parole evidence, viz. the united testimony of disinterested and highly credible witnesses, residing in different parts of different kingdoms, who had no communication with, or knowledge of, one another, and many of them totally unacquainted with the claimant, and even ignorant of the object of their evidence. Whether James Crawfurd had been the original name of this individual, or that he had subsequently changed it to elude justice, or whether he was legitimate or otherwise, must, it is feared, remain for ever a mystery.

Edinburgh, March 1839.

No. XLII.—PAGE 283.

Papers relating to Mr. James B. Lindsay, of Dundee.

I.

From Martin Lindsay, Esq., of Dundee, to the Author.

" My dear Lord, " Dundee, 18 Sept. 1845.

" I have delayed replying to your note of the 10th instant, only from a desire to procure more certain information about our interesting namesake than my usual acquaintance with him enabled me to give, for which purpose I applied to Dr. Moon of this place, who I learned was very intimate with Mr. J. B. Lindsay, and I have this morning been favoured with the note, in reply, which I now enclose. Dr. Moon has kindly added an equally satisfactory testimony to Lindsay's worth, from Mr. Roy, himself an estimable and interesting man, one of the teachers at the Dundee Seminary.

" I have only to add to these documents that the almost only means J. B. Lindsay has for the supply of his bodily and mental wants is 50*l.* a-year, which he receives for teaching in the Bridewell,—an occupation which Dr. Moon informs me is as injurious to his health as it must be irksome to his mind. Dr. Moon thinks at the same time that any pecuniary assistance would not add much to his personal comforts, as he would be more likely to lay any money he had out on books, &c., than on food and raiment. Some years ago a

situation might have been got for him at the British Institution, London, but he was unwilling to leave his aged mother, his only relative then alive, but now dead.

"I shall only add that I am, with much regard,

"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"MARTIN LINDSAY."

II.

From Dr. Moon, of Dundee, to Martin Lindsay, Esq.

"Dear Sir, "Dundee, 17 Sept. 1845.

"It affords me great pleasure to state that I have been intimately acquainted with Mr. J. B. Lindsay for many years, and that there are few within the sphere of my acquaintance whom I can speak of with less reservation. When at the college of St. Andrews, some twenty years ago, he greatly distinguished himself in the different classes which he attended, but more particularly in the Mathematical and Natural Philosophy classes. The late Dr. Jackson, Professor of Natural Philosophy in that University, was wont to speak of him as possessing an extraordinary genius for mathematical investigations. From the time he finished his studies at college he has been chiefly engaged in compiling a Dictionary embracing fifty languages, the design of which, he says, is to determine the origin and history of man.* I am not able to give any opinion upon the merits of this work, but it appears to me remarkable for the labour bestowed upon it. Mr. Lindsay is allowed, by all who know him, to possess talents of a very high order, conjoined with a great desire for knowledge, and untiring powers of application in the pursuit of it. He is one of the most modest men I ever knew, of great integrity of disposition, and of the kindest and most affectionate feelings. Indeed, from what I know of Mr. Lindsay, there are few, if any, I could more confidently recommend for the same solidity of talent, indefatigable powers of application, or excellence of character and disposition. He is most abstemious in his habits, and the sources of his enjoyments are altogether of a literary nature.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"ADAM MOON.

"P.S. I requested my friend Mr. Roy, who has known Mr. Lindsay long and intimately, to state to me his opinion of him. I have just received his answer, which I beg to enclose for your perusal."

III.

From Andrew Roy, Esq., to Dr. Moon.

"My dear Sir, "Fryan, 15 Sept. 1845.

"I write you, agreeably to your request, to state that I have been intimately acquainted with Mr. J. B. Lindsay ever since we entered St.

* As an introduction to this work, Mr. Lindsay has lately published a 'Penteconta-glossal Paternoster; or, the Lord's Prayer in Fifty Languages,' &c., "accompanied with verbal translations, and with glossological and historical notes, with dissertations on the time and place of the origin of man," &c. Dundee, 8vo. 1846.

Andrew's College together in 1821. At that time, and for seven or eight years thereafter, he was chiefly devoted to Mathematics and Mathematical Philosophy, which he cultivated with distinguished success, following Lagrange, Laplace, and the other great masters of the French school. Since then, however, he has been almost entirely occupied with the subject of language and the compilation of what he calls his Universal Dictionary, but with what progress to the completion of such a vast undertaking I am unable to say, because I have never given myself systematically and exclusively to the study of Philology, and I am not qualified to form an estimate of any person's attainments in that department of learning. I know, however, that at all times when I call on Mr. Lindsay, he is occupied with his Dictionary, his table covered with vocabularies, grammars, &c. &c., in all the languages on the face of the earth,—that his days and even his nights are spent in his favourite pursuit, often to the injury of his health. I knew him in fact make a journey of fifty miles, on foot, to the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, for the purpose of getting the sound and meaning of a single Chinese character. So devoted is he to his Dictionary, that I do not think anything will have the power to divert him from it. He is an ardent admirer of truth and fond of all knowledge, but the *Dictionary* is everlastingly uppermost.

"Like most men of books, Mr. Lindsay is almost childlike in the simplicity of his character, with a bluntness and apparent abstractedness in his manner, which, to a stranger, might be taken for weakness. Nevertheless I know that he is a man of very acute intellect and great ingenuity, of the greatest honesty and integrity of character, without the smallest taint of guile or deception. He is in every respect a good man.

"I am, my dear Sir,
"Yours very truly,
"ANDREW ROY."

IV.

Extracts from a Letter of Mr. Lindsay to the Author, 26 *Jan.* 1847.

"About fifteen years ago I made a great variety of experiments in Electricity, and constructed an apparatus for procuring electric light to be used for illumination instead of gas. About ten or twelve years ago I gave two public lectures on this subject, illustrated by experiments, in Dundee. About fifteen years ago I also perceived the applicability of Electricity as a telegraph, and mentioned it to many persons, but such an idea was generally ridiculed as Utopian. This was long before such an application was hinted at in the public prints, and before Electric Telegraphs were in existence. I also made many experiments on the application of the same science for power instead of steam, but do not claim the merit of being the first that did so. About nine or ten months ago I proposed and described a submarine Telegraph, and, am convinced, was the first that made such a proposal. In reference to this, I made many experiments, and telegraphed through ponds in Dundee. An account of this was then given in the local newspapers. The Lexicon *alone* has kept me from turning my whole attention to Electricity, but, were it finished, I would once more be free.

"The Electric Light I have obtained, being from a model, is necessarily small, the plates being only one inch square; but, by enlarging them, a light could be got far surpassing gas in brilliancy.

"Such being my intentions, I have not made any application for a situation during the last ten years. About that time I applied for the Rectorship of the Montrose Academy, but the application was unsuccessful. Since then I have lived almost as retired as a hermit of the middle ages, and no motive was likely to drag me from my cell till the Lexicon was finished."

"P.S. Should your lordship wish for further information about my literary history, a direct communication could be made to Mr. Alexander, Professor of Greek, and to Mr. Duncan, Professor of Mathematics, in the University of St. Andrews. These two gentlemen are perfectly acquainted with me, and I reckon them as friends."

V.

Letter from Mr. Lindsay to the Author.

"5, S. Union Street, Dundee,
Jan. 27, 1847.

"My Lord,

"This letter is occasioned by a mistake in the last one. It is there stated that I proposed a submarine Telegraph nine or ten months ago; now I find that it was nineteen months ago. The first notice I made was in the 'Northern Warder,' a Dundee newspaper, occasioned by what had the appearance of a joke in a previous number of the same newspaper. I shall here give the statement as I find it in No. 230 of the 'Northern Warder,' being the number for June 26th, 1845.

"'ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH TO AMERICA.

"'Sir,

"'The few lines I now send you have been occasioned by a notice in your last in reference to an Electric Telegraph to America. Should the plan be carried into effect, the following hints should be attended to. The wire should be of pure copper, as otherwise it would be injured by the electro-chemical action of the water. The wire must not be composed of parts joined by soldering, but welded together; this welding can be performed by electricity. In order to prevent the action of water on the wire, a button of a more oxidable metal should be welded to it at short distances,—the best metal, I think, for this purpose would be lead. If soldered to the wire, it must be soldered by lead alone. No third metal must be used. If welded, it may be done by electricity. In this way the wire, resting in the bottom of the sea, might last a long time. The one end of the wire is then to be soldered or welded to a plate of zinc, immersed in the ocean on the continent of Britain, and the other end similarly joined to a plate of copper, deposited in the same ocean on the coast of America.

"'In reference to the expense, suppose the wire be a ninth or tenth of an inch diameter; then the length of one hundred inches would contain a cubic inch of copper, and three miles of wire would contain a cubic foot, weighing nine thousand inches, of the value [of] £36 sterling. Owing to irregularities in the bottom of the ocean, the distance to America might be three thousand miles, and the expense £36,000,—a trifle when compared to the resulting benefit. The only injury that the wire is likely to undergo is from submarine eruptions. It may be broken by these. The two ends, however, being accessible, the greater part of the wire may be drawn up, and the necessary length of wire welded to it. It should be remembered that this welding must be done by electricity.

"'To Calcutta, by the Cape of Good Hope, the expense would be £200,000. The wire from Calcutta to Canton would cost £70,000,—to New Zealand, £120,000,—to Tahiti, nearly £200,000.

"'A wire might be placed round the coast of Britain, and another along the coast of

America. There might be stations at different towns, and electric clocks agreeing with each other to a second of time. Each town might have a specific time for intelligence. Suppose Dundee to have the hour from nine to ten. From nine to ten minutes past nine messages are sent and answers received between Dundee and New York. From ten minutes to twenty minutes past nine, communication is made between Dundee and Quebec. The rest of the hour is for intercourse between Dundee and other towns. The same is done with Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, &c., each town having an hour for itself.

" ' Dundee, 21st June, 1845.'

" About this time, my health having suffered from sedentary habits, I resolved for a time to leave my Dictionary and make experiments on a Submarine Telegraph. After a few weeks I made to another of our papers the following statement. It is contained in the ' Dundee Courier ' for July 15th, 1845, No. 1506.

" ' TELEGRAPHIC DICTIONARY.

" ' *To the Editor of the Dundee Courier.*

" ' Sir,

" ' I have given a communication on the Electric Telegraph to each of the other local papers, and, as science is confined to no party, I offer this to you.. I have devoted the last two or three weeks to investigating the transmission of intelligence by means of only one wire. The instruments I have made are rude, but are capable of giving six simple signals. By binary combination, these produce thirty-six signals, comprising the letters of the alphabet and the ten numerals. By ternary combination 216 signals could be got; and by quaternary combination the number of signals would be 1296. These instruments, however, being carefully made, could easily give twenty-four simple signals. This combination would give 331,776 signals, comprising more than all the words in the Dictionaries. By this plan four simple signals would be required for each word. Each of these signals might at first require two or three seconds, but ultimately one second would be sufficient. The transmission of each word thus requires four seconds. An octavo page, containing 700 words, would then take forty-seven minutes, but contractions could be made and the time reduced to half an hour. These combinations could be easily attached to any Dictionary, a copy of which must be in the hands of both the giver and receiver of the intelligence. The twenty-four simple signals would suffice to spell the word without combinations, but the time required would be double. For great distances, such as America or Hindostan, one wire would be preferable to many; and if the instruments are made with care, the transmission would be accurate. The above statements are the result of experiments. I am, &c.

" ' Dundee, July 11, 1845.' " ' J. B. LINDSAY.

" About this time I made several experiments through mill-ponds, and found equal success when the wire was in water as when out of it. Several gentlemen were along with me. This was a considerable time before any mention was made of Submarine Telegraphs.

" I apologize for this trespass on your lordship's patience, and remain,

" My Lord,

" Your much obliged and obedient servant,

" JAMES B. LINDSAY."

No. XLIII.—Page 291.

'*Auld Dunrod.*'

" Auld Dunrod was a goustie * carle,
As ever ye micht see;
And gin he was na a warlock wicht,
There was nane in the haill countrie.

Auld Dunrod stack in a pin
(A bourtree pin) † in the wa',
And when he wanted his neighbour's milk,
He just gied the pin a thraw.

He milkit the Laird o' Kellie's ‡ kye,
And a' the kye in Dunoon;
And Auld Dunrod gat far mair milk
Than wad mak a gabbart soum.§

The cheese he made were numerous,
And wonerous ‖ to descry;
For they kyth't as gin they had been grule,¶
Or peats set up to dry.

And there was nae cumerwald ** man about,
Wha cam to him for skill,
That gif he didna do him good,
He didna do him ill.

But the Session gat word o' Dunrod's tricks,
And they tuik him in han',
And there was naething to do but Auld Dunrod
Forsooth maun leave the lan'.

Sae Auld Dunrod he muntit †† his stick,
His broomstick muntit he;
And he flychterit ‡‡ twa three times about,
Syne through the air did flee.

And he flew by auld Greenock tower,
And by the Newark haw,—
Ye wadna kenn'd him in his flicht
Be a huddock §§ or a craw.

And he flew to the Rest and be Thankfu' Stane—
A merry auld carle was he;
He stottit and fluffer't as he had been wud,‖‖
Or drucken wi' the barley bree.¶¶

* Ghostly, unearthly. † Of the elder-tree.
‡ Bannatyne, Laird of Kellie, in the parish of Innerkip. § Make a lighter swim.
‖ Wondrous. ¶ Appeared as if they had been like moss baked in the sun.
** Henpecked? †† Mounted. ‡‡ Fluttered. §§ From a carrion-crow.
‖‖ Bounded and whisked about. ¶¶ Drunken with ale.

But a rountree * grew at the stane—
It is there unto this day,
And gin ye dinna find it still,
Set doun that it's away.

And he ne'er wist o' the rountree
Till he cam dunt † thereon;
His magic broomstick tint its spell,
And he daudit ‡ on the stone.

His heid was hard, and the Stane was sae,
And whan they met ane anither,
It was hard to say what wad be the weird
Of either the tane or the tither.

But the Stane was muilt § like a lampet shell,
And sae was Auld Dunrod;
When ye munt a broomstick to tak a flicht,
Ye had best tak anither road.

The neighbours gatherit to see the sicht,
The Stane's remains they saw;
But as for Auld Dunrod himsel';
He was carriet clean awa'.

And monie noy't, ‖ as weill they micht,
The Rest and be Thankfu' Stane;
And ilk ane said it had been better far,
Gin Dunrod had staid at hame.

And what becam o' Auld Dunrod
Was doubtfu' for to say,
Some said he wasna there ava, ¶
But flew anither way."

No. XLIV.—Page 297.

Memorial of Services by the late General Effingham Lindsay, addressed to the Duke of Wellington,—previous to his appointment to the Colonelcy of the 2nd West India Regiment in 1843.

"Château du Hard, Ermatingen, Switzerland,
June 30th, 1843.

"My Lord Duke,

"The well-known consideration of your Grace for old officers will, I trust, plead in my behalf for the irregularity of a step which a service of nearly fifty-five years has given me the presumption to commit. Should your

* Mountain-ash.
§ Crushed.
† With a thump.
‖ Blamed.
‡ Fell violently down.
¶ At all.

Grace deign to take cognizance of the statement which I venture to lay before you, I trust it will not appear unworthy of your consideration, or of that reward to which my ambition has been ever aspiring, the colonelcy of one of her Majesty's regiments.

"I entered the army in the 54th regiment in August 1788, and in the following year was removed to the 22nd regiment, in which my father served thirty years, and in which I had been born,—and am proud to state that in that regiment (not much less distinguished in its former Indian services, commenced under the late Lord Lake, than in its recent exploits under Sir Charles Napier) I remained from ensign to field officer, never having served in any other.

"With it, I embarked for St. Domingo in 1793, and in the course of the following year, from the satisfactory manner in which I performed my duty in a flag of truce with which I was entrusted, I was placed on the staff. In 1795 I was appointed by the Governor-General, Sir Adam Williamson, Major of Brigade to Cape Nichola Mole. On the arrival of reinforcements from England, I accompanied General Forbes (who had succeeded to the command) to the siege of Leogane, after having been most actively employed for many months in the windward part of the island.

"In 1801 I was at the Cape of Good Hope, where General Dundas, finding it necessary to send a force into the interior against the Boors and Caffres, selected me, then Captain of Light Infantry, to command a corps formed of mounted and dismounted marksmen from the 8th Royal Irish Dragoons and the Light Infantry companies of the several regiments in garrison,—a campaign most fatiguing and harassing, which continued till the evacuation of the colony in 1803.

"In November of that year, having gone on with my regiment to Calcutta, I was ordered, in command of the two flank companies, to march up and join the army under Lord Lake, a distance of more than 1100 miles, which I performed in something less than as many weeks; with the satisfaction of parading before his lordship on the following day every officer and the 210 men with which I had left Fort William. Here I was again honoured with the command of a battalion of 600 men, having added to my own 210 the Grenadiers and Light Infantry companies of the Honourable Company's European regiments, and 200 dismounted British dragoons. In December 1804 I led the storming party that captured by assault the Fort of Dieg. In crossing the ditch I received two spear-wounds, but which did not prevent my pursuing the enemy up the breach and into the gateway of the town, where, in single combat with two chiefs, whom I overcame, I received several cuts in the head, and had my left arm nearly cut off,—notwithstanding which, I did not quit the fort till everything was completely over, and for which I received the thanks of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief. On the 21st of January following, with my arm still in a sling, I led the column of Europeans to the storming of Bhurtpore, where I had the misfortune to be again, and much more seriously, wounded. After halting the column, and going forward to examine the ditch, I was waving my sword as a signal for the instant advance, when I received a shot from a wall-piece in my right knee, from which I lost my leg above that joint. The two flank companies of the 22nd

regiment lost 63 men, killed and wounded, out of 80, to which by previous casualties in this service they had been reduced, and five officers out of six.

"On my leaving India, from the amputation of my leg, I was honoured by a letter from his Excellency Lord Lake, to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, in which I have reason to believe these facts are stated in the most flattering terms. I delivered it in July 1806,—in consequence thereof, his Royal Highness was most graciously pleased not only to sanction my remaining in the service, but permitted my becoming a student at the senior department of the Royal Military College, and promoted me to the majority of my own regiment on its becoming vacant in 1807, and which I lost no time in rejoining. In 1809, on a prospect of a war with the Sikh Rajah, Runjeet Singh, I was pitched upon by the Commander-in-Chief, General Hewitt, to command the reserve of the army about to be formed on the Sutledge; circumstances prevented its taking place, but in the following year, at his Excellency's recommendation, Lord Minto appointed me Assistant Adjutant-General, head of the department to the Bengal division (of which the 22nd regiment formed a part) of the expedition against the Mauritius. On its surrender, General Abercromby, without any solicitation on my part, nominated me Deputy Adjutant-General to the Force destined to garrison it; this appointment was subsequently confirmed by his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief,—and in which I continued for eleven years; having thus, notwithstanding my wounds and severe loss in early life, pursued and persevered in an almost uninterrupted active service, in all climates, for more than thirty-three years.

"As a soldier, I have only one regret to attach to them, namely, that my destiny was to perform them at a distance from the scene of your Grace's great exploits. If other officers can look back on their share of the Peninsular War, and at Waterloo, with a pride that I am not allowed to feel, still I hope I may be allowed the satisfaction to think, that, wherever anything was to be done in the hemisphere in which the 22nd regiment was placed (and there only could I be), I had the honour amply to bear my part, and that I have risen only by an interest which my own exertions have made for me.

"I did myself the honour of waiting on his Excellency the late Commander-in-Chief, at the Horse Guards, in the course of last year, when his lordship was pleased most graciously to receive a recapitulation of these my services; and if I have not again proceeded to England to lay them in person before your Grace, I beg your Grace to believe that I adopted the course I am now pursuing in preference, from an intimation conveyed to me of its being more in conformity with your Grace's desire.

"I have, &c.

"Effingham Lindsay,

"Lieut.-General."

No. XLV.—Page 320.

Extract from 'Probation,' by Mrs. Smyth of Gibliston.

". . . I was let in by a respectable aged domestic, who, throwing open the door of a snug cheerful parlour, profusely adorned with family pictures, and placing a chair for me with cordial old-fashioned civility, hastened to apprize her mistress of my visit. I had leisure, ere she arrived, to cast a glance around the apartment, unlike, in its mingled comfort and elegance, any with which I was familiar. On the hearth reposed, to my surprise, neither dog nor cat; no parrot or other bird claimed the noisy privilege of a pet to disturb the quiet fireside. Books, of that unpretending aspect which bespoke them there for use, not show, loaded the tables. The place of honour, though not of ostentation, was assigned to a Bible and Common Prayer, of that venerable antiquity which never fails to command involuntary respect. Next to them, the best bound and best thumbed volume was a Shakspeare, the small print of whose close double columns spoke well for the eyesight of its aged mistress. English divines, substantial and orthodox, reposed in contact with playful French memoir-writers and poets read for enjoyment, not quotation. A copy of Dryden's Fables (which opened of itself at 'The Flower and the Leaf') bore especially this privileged character.

"Politics and history lay side by side, as if accustomed to reflect light on each other. La Fontaine's Fables had their *naïveté* and simplicity finely relieved by the gravity and sententiousness of a huge Télémaque, adorned with sprawling cuts of the true French school; while last, not least, the airy volumes of the delightful Sévigné might have found a counterpart in the unfinished letters lying on a little writing-table, evidently the prolific parent of a voluminous correspondence, and whose file of papers would have done honour to a secretary of state. It was distinguished, however, from vulgar *escritoires*, by the presence of such a delicately enamelled gold snuff-box as could only administer its enlivening incense to a female brain—while a bag for knitting completed the keeping of this picture, whose Gerard Dowlike minuteness, it is needless to add, was not the fruit of one hasty moment of idle impatience, but of long and familiar subsequent acquaintance. The conclusions I then drew from the survey are only worthy of recall for the purpose of self-abasement. I gathered from a supercilious glance at the *tout ensemble*, that Mrs. Sydney Hume was a bigot and a pedant—wrote long prosy letters—and took snuff!

"The door was at length slowly and deliberately opened, and admitted—instead of the tall, slender, pinched-looking personage, such as Hogarth has pictured going to church in a winter morning, with a starved footboy behind her—a lady of a benign and motherly aspect, whom want of height could not rob of dignity, though it was tempered with a benevolence and cordiality quite calculated to put a stranger at once at his ease. But as a stranger she evidently did not intend to regard me—she walked up with an air of the most winning frankness, and, with the loveliest smile that ever graced the lip of age, held out her hand to me.

"I was so struck by her serene and benevolent aspect, and the maternal

kindness of her reception, that I could almost have revived the fashion of her day, and kissed the hand I held, I believe, a moment longer than courtesy demanded. I looked, I am sure, with more than civil earnestness in her face, and with more than ordinary admiration on the beautiful curls of the finest *ivory* (not silver) white, which were ranged in an order younger locks might have studied with advantage, round her open commanding brow—under a cap whose mingled taste and simplicity rendered it the meetest covering ever ancient lady's head was crowned withal.

"The upper part of the face beneath it—the lofty brow, and a nose which must in youth have been somewhat too strong for feminine beauty—spoke an intellect of no common order—and certainly inspired, when vice or folly came athwart her path, a good deal of uncomfortable awe. But the large mild blue eye—the most intelligent I ever remember seeing of so peculiarly light a shade—and a mouth around which smiles of good-humour and genuine enjoyment usually mantled—softened the manlier conformation of the other features; and, joined to the pale, though not sickly hue of the once delicately fair skin, gave altogether an aspect at once feminine and interesting to Mrs. Sydney Hume."

No. XLVI.—Page 320.

Letter from the late Sir Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, Bart., to Sir James Steuart, Bart., of Coltness, on the genuine history of the 'Bride of Lammermuir.'

"My dear Sir James, "Logie Elphinstone, Sept. 5, 1823.

"Various circumstances have occurred which have unavoidably prevented my returning an earlier answer to your queries regarding our unfortunate relative—'The Bride of Lammermuir.' I shall now have much pleasure in complying with your wishes, in as far as an indifferent memory will enable me to do so.

"'The Bride of *Baldoon*' (for such has always been her designation in our family) was the Honourable Janet Dalrymple, eldest daughter of our great-great-grandfather, James *Viscount* of *Stair*, Lord President of the Court of Session in the reign of William and Mary; sister to the first Earl of *that name*, and to our great-grandfather, the Lord President Sir Hugh Dalrymple of North Berwick; and consequently our *great grand-aunt*.

"She was secretly attached, and had plighted her faith, to the Lord Rutherford, when, under the auspices of her mother, a less amiable but much more opulent suitor appeared, in the person of David Dunbar, eldest son of Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon (an ancestor of the Selkirk family), whose addresses were, as may be supposed, submitted to with the greatest aversion, from their being ungenerously persisted in after his being informed of her early attachment and solemn engagement. To this man, however, she was ultimately *forced* to give her hand.

"The result of this cruel and unnatural sacrifice was nearly, if not exactly,

as related by Sir Walter Scott. On the marriage night, soon after the young couple were left alone, violent and continued screams were heard to proceed from the bridal chamber, and on the door (which was found locked) being forced open, the bridegroom was found extended on the floor, stabbed and weltering in his blood, while the bride sat in the corner of the large fireplace, in a state of the most deplorable frenzy, which continued without any lucid interval until the period of her death. She survived but a short time, during which (with the exception of the few words mentioned by Sir Walter Scott—'Ye hae taen up your bonny bridegroom') she never spoke, and refused all sustenance.

"The conclusion drawn from these extraordinary circumstances, and which seems to have been assumed by Sir Walter as the fact, was, that the forlorn and distracted victim, seeing no other means of escaping from a fate which she beheld with disgust and abhorrence, had in a fit of desperation inflicted the fatal wound upon her selfish and unfeeling husband. But in justice to the memory of our unhappy relative, we may be permitted to regret Sir Walter's not having been made acquainted with a tradition long current in the part of the country where the tragical event took place,—namely, that, from the window having been found open, it was conjectured that the lover had, during the bustle and confusion occasioned by the preparations for the marriage feast, and perhaps by the connivance of some servant of the family, contrived to gain admission and to secrete himself in the bridal chamber, from whence he had made his escape into the garden after having fought with and severely wounded his successful rival—a conclusion strengthened by other concurring circumstances, and rendered more probable by the fact of young Baldoon having, to his latest breath, obstinately refused to give any explanation on the subject, and which might well justify a belief that he was actuated by a desire of concealing the particulars of a rencontre, the causes and consequences of which he might justly consider as equally discreditable to himself. The unfortunate lover was said to have disappeared immediately after the catastrophe in a manner somewhat mysterious; but this part of the story has escaped my recollection.

"While on the subject of this calamitous event, I cannot help offering some observations on the principal personages introduced in Sir Walter Scott's narrative, all of whom are more or less interesting both to you and me.

"The character of Sir William Ashton certainly cannot be considered as a fair representation of our eminent and respectable ancestor, Lord Stair, to whom he bears little resemblance, either as a *politician* or a *gentleman*; and Sir Walter would seem wishful to avoid the application, when he says that, on acquiring the ancient seat of the Lords of Ravenswood, Sir William had removed certain old family portraits and replaced them by 'those of King William and Queen Mary, and of Sir Thomas Hope and Lord Stair, two distinguished Scotch lawyers;' but on this point some less ambiguous intimation would have been very desirable; and having in the character of *Lucy Ashton* stuck so closely to the character of *the daughter*, the author should, in fairness, have been at more pains to prevent that of the Lord Keeper from being considered as an equally fair representation of *the father*; an omission of which the descendants of Lord Stair have, I think, some reason to complain.

"In Lady Ashton the character of our great-great-grandmother seems in many respects more faithfully delineated, or at least less misrepresented. She was an ambitious and interested woman of a masculine character and understanding, and the transaction regarding her daughter's marriage was believed to have been hers and not her husband's, who, from his numerous important avocations, as Lord President, Privy Councillor, and active assistant in the management of Scottish affairs, had probably neither time nor inclination to take much personal concern in family arrangements.

"The situation of young Ravenswood bears a sufficiently strong resemblance to that of the Lord Rutherford, who was an amiable and high-spirited young man, nobly born and destitute of fortune, and who, if the above account is to be credited, as to the manner and *place* in which he thought proper to chastise his successful rival, seems to have been not ill cut out for a hero of romance. And as to young Baldoon, of whom little is known beyond what has been related above, he seems to have a more respectable representation than deserved in the person of *Bucklaw*.

"The story was, I have understood, communicated to Sir Walter Scott by our worthy friend the late Mrs. Anne Murray Keith, who seems to have been well acquainted with all the particulars, excepting those to which I have more especially alluded, which, as a friend and connexion of the family, had she known, she would not have failed to mention; and in as far as his information went (with the exception of his having changed the scene of action from the *west coast to the east*), Sir Walter seems to have adhered to facts as closely as could well be expected in a work bearing the general stamp of fiction. But, if the memory of so disastrous and distressing a family anecdote was to be preserved and handed down to posterity in a story so singularly affecting, and by an author the most popular of our own or any other age, while it was surely of importance to avoid any such offensive misrepresentation of character as that to which I have alluded, it was at the same time much to be lamented that the author of the 'Bride of Lammermuir' should have been ignorant of a tradition so truly worthy of credit, throwing so much satisfactory light on an event equally tragical and mysterious, and which, while a judicious management of the circumstances might have increased rather than diminished the interest of the narrative, would have left a less painful impression regarding our unhappy and unfortunate relative, 'the Bride of Baldoon.'

"With best regards from all here to you and Lady Steuart, I remain, my dear Sir James, ever most truly yours,

(Signed) "Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone."

No. XLVII.—Page 333.

'Auld Robin Gray.'

By Lady Anne Lindsay, by marriage Barnard.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's come hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving ae crown-piece he had naething beside;
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound—they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father brake his arm and the cow was stown away;
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea,
And Auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father couldna wark—my mither couldna spin—
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win,—
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said "Jeanie, O for their sakes will ye no marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack,
His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie die,
Or why am I spared to cry wae is me?

My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he
Till he said "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee!"

Oh sair sair did we greet, and mickle say of a',
I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa',—
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
For, though my heart is broken, I'm but young, wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin,
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For, O! Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

VARIOUS READINGS.

Various copies of 'Auld Robin Gray' have been sanctioned by the authoress at different periods of her life, each more or less varying from its predecessor. Believing, myself, that the simpler the expression, the deeper the pathos and the truer to nature—and knowing in the present instance that most of those expletives which occur in the later versions of the ballad originated in the artless and irregular air to which it was written being abandoned for the more elaborate one which has since obtained by prescription the character of its legitimate spouse—I have taken the liberty of selecting the above text from the different authentic copies now before me—at the same time subjoining here the most important of the "various readings" consequent on so many transcriptions, in order to put it in the power of every one to arrange the text of the ballad to his own liking.

2. When a' . . . quiet rest . . 4. . . wha soundly . . 6. . . naething else . . 8. Oh! they were baith . . 9. Before he had been gane . . 10. My father brake his arm—our cow . . and our cow . . 12. And Auld Robin Gray he came . . Oh! he came . . 14. . . night—their bread . . 16. . will ye marry me? . . 18. But the wind it blew hard . .

19. In the copy sent to Sir W. Scott this line appeared differently, which occasioned the following remonstrance:—"I observe an alteration in 'Auld Robin,' in an important passage—

"The ship it was a wreck, why did not Jeanie die?"

"I have usually heard or read it,

"Why didna Jamie die?
Or why do I live," &c.

"I am not quite sure whether, in their mutual distress, the wish that Jamie had not survived, beloved as he was, is not more deeply pathetic than that which she utters for her own death. Besides, Jamie's death is immediately connected with the shipwreck, and her own more remotely so,—'It had been better for either of us to have died, than to be as we are now.' I speak all this under great correction, because, when one's mind and ear become accustomed to a reading, as mine to this one, it frequently happens that they are impatient even of the substitution of something decidedly better in its place."

"Your query," replied Lady Anne, "is a very natural one. When I wrote it first, it was, 'Why didna Jamie die?'—'Would he not have been happier dead than seeing my wretchedness and feeling his own?'—But the pens of others have changed this to their own fancy, and I suppose my young transcriber has put the word Jeanie instead of Jamie in the copy you got. I feel the justness of your criticism, and from the first meant it to be as you recommend it."

21. My father argued sair—my . . . sair, though my . . 23. They gied him my hand, while . . . hand, but . . 24. And so Auld Robin Gray . . . 27. . . ghaist—I could not . . 28. . . my love . . 29. Oh sair did we greet and mickle did we say . . 30. Ae kiss we took, nae mair . . I gied him ae sad kiss . . 32. For oh! I am but young to cry out wae's me!—The line in

the text is the original. 33. I wander like a ghaist . . 35. . . a good wife aye to be . . 36. For oh! Auld Robin Gray he's sae kind to me . . For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me.

SECOND PART, OR CONTINUATION.

Version I.

The following fragment I owe to the kindness of my dear and excellent friend the late Mrs. Pringle of Whytbank, who learnt it from Lady Anne's mother, Lady Balcarres, and whose recollection of it was awakened by perusal of the 'Lives of the Lindsays' in the original edition. I prefix a few sentences from the letter which accompanied it:—"At the time of my sister's marriage," she says, "in 1788, I enjoyed much of her society. . . About that time a ballad entitled a Continuation, &c., was sung in the streets, and published in magazines and newspapers, which greatly annoyed the family, and was very trying to the sweet temper of Lady Anne, but which was not considered worthy of being disclaimed; however, in order to prove its spurious origin, Lady Anne retired to her room, and in a short time produced the fragment from which Sir Walter Scott quoted a verse in 'The Pirate,' which induced Lady Anne to open a correspondence with him. . . What I enclose is the reminiscence of my venerable friend's frequent repetitions of what her daughter entrusted to her memory. Although it was not committed to me in confidence, I considered it a kind of trust,—it was therefore only to my friend Mrs. Colonel Russell that I put it on paper; she having been one of Lady Anne's early friends, I thought it no sin to comply with her request. Mrs. Russell died soon after, and I suppose it must have been from amongst her repositories that her sister, Miss Rutherford, supplied her nephew, Sir Walter, with the eight verses of the 'Fragment' alluded to in his letter to Lady Anne."

"Since writing the foregoing," adds my revered friend, "my son David tells me that his brother William, who went to Bengal as a writer in 1811, and who was the songster of the family, having learned from a child to sing and admire the little fragment, it became a fashionable lilt among his countrymen, and much was he annoyed when the spurious edition found its way to Calcutta; and so scandalised did my poor boy feel at the abuse of his favourite ballad that he got his own edition printed, with a little memoir of its history, which, David tells me, was delicately and well expressed, and answered the purpose he hoped for."

The winter was come, 't was simmer nae mair,
And trembling the leaves were fleeing thro' the air;
"Oh! winter," says Jeanie, "we kindly agree,
For the sun he looks wae when he shines upon me!"

Nae langer she mourn'd, her tears were a' spent,
Despair it was come, and she took it for content,—
She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she bent like a snawdrop broke down by the hail.

Her father and mother observed her decay,
"What ails ye, my bairn?" they ofttimes would say;
"Ye turn round your wheel, but you come little speed,
For feeble's your hand and silly's your thread."

She smiled when she heard them, to banish their fear,
But wae looks the smile that is seen through a tear;
And bitter 's the tear that is forced by a love
Which honour and virtue can never approve.

Her father was vexed and her mother was wae,
But pensive and silent was Auld Robin Gray;
He wandered his lane, and his face it grew lean
Like the side of a brae where the torrent has been.

Nae questions he spier'd her concerning her health,
He look'd at her often, but aye 't was by stealth,
When his heart it grew grit, and sichin' he feign'd
To gang to the door to see if it rain'd.

He took to his bed,—nae physic he sought,
But ordered his friends all around to be brought;
While Jeanie supported his head in its place,
Her tears trickled down, and fell on his face.

"Oh! kill me not, Jeanie! wi' kindness this day,—
That I 've not deserved, but I 've something to say;
I knew not of Jamie, I never heard your vow—
In mercy forgi'e me, 't was I stealt the cow!

"I cared not for Crummie, I thought but of thee,
I thought it was her stood between you and me,—
While she fed your parents, Oh! didna you say
You never would marry wi' Auld Robin Gray?"

* * * * * * *

VERSION II.

At a later period probably, but still during her youth, Lady Anne completed the Fragment which I have just given in its original form. It had been better left as a fragment,—but as it is alluded to in its completed state in the correspondence between Sir Walter Scott and Lady Anne, I subjoin it here:—

The spring had passed over, 't was summer nae mair,
And trembling were scattered the leaves in the air;
"O winter," cried Jeanie, "we kindly agree,
For wae looks the sun when he shines upon me."

Nae langer she wept, her tears were a' spent—
Despair it was come and she thought it content,
She thought it content, but her cheek was grown pale,
And she drooped like a snowdrop broke down by the hail.

Her father was sad and her mother was wae,
But silent and thoughtfu' was Auld Robin Gray;
He wandered his lane, and his face was as lean
As the side of a brae where the torrents have been.

He gaed to his bed, but nae physic would take,
And often he said, "It is best for her sake!"
While Jeanie supported his head as he lay,
The tears trickled down upon Auld Robin Gray.

"Oh greet nae mair, Jeanie," said he wi' a groan,
"I'm no worth your sorrow—the truth maun be known!
Send round for your neighbours—my hour it draws near,
And I've that to tell that it's fit a' should hear.

"I've wrong'd her," he said, "but I kent it o'er late,
I've wrong'd her, and sorrow is speeding my date,
But a's for the best, since my death will soon free
A faithfu' young heart that was ill matched wi' me.

"I lo'ed and I courted her mony a day,
The auld folks were for me, but still she said nay—
I kentna o' Jamie, nor yet of her vow—
In mercy forgi'e me, 't was I stole the cow!

"I cared not for Crummie, I thought but o' thee!
I thought it was Crummie stood 'twixt you and me;
While she fed your parents, O did you not say,
You never would marry wi' Auld Robin Gray?

"But sickness at hame and want at the door—
You gi'ed me your hand, while your heart it was sore;
I saw it was sore, why took I her hand?
O that was a deed to cry shame o'er the land!

"How truth soon or late comes to open daylight!
For Jamie came back, and your cheek it grew white;
White, white grew your cheek, but aye true unto me!
O Jeanie, I'm thankfu'—I'm thankfu' to die!

"Is Jamie come here yet?" and Jamie they saw—
"I've injured you sair, lad, so leave me you my a',
Be kind to my Jeanie, and soon may it be!
Waste no time, my dauties, in mourning for me."

They kissed his cauld hands, and a smile o'er his face
Seemed hopefu' of being accepted by grace;
"Oh doubt na," said Jamie, "forgi'en he will be,
Wha wouldna be tempted, my love, to win thee?"

* * * * * * *

The first days were dowie, while time slipt awa',
But saddest and sairest to Jeanie of a'
Was thinking she couldna be honest and right
Wi' tears in her e'e, while her heart was sae light.

But nae guile had she, and her sorrow away,
The wife of her Jamie, the tear couldna stay—
A bonnie wee bairn—the auld folks by the fire,
Oh now she has a' that her heart can desire.

VARIOUS READINGS.

8. . . like a lily . . 16. Her tears . . 37. But truth, soon or late, it comes ever to light. 51. Was fearing . .

The following version of 'Auld Robin Gray' is a curiosity in its way—both as an illustration of the diversity of national character, and as being from the hand of Florian:—

"LE VIEUX ROBIN GRAY.

ROMANCE.

Quand les moutons sont dans la bergerie,
Que le sommeil aux humains est si doux,
Je pleure, hélas! les chagrins de ma vie,
Et près de moi dort mon bon vieux époux.

Jame m'aimait,—pour prix de sa constance
Il eut mon cœur; mais Jame n'avait rien;
Il s'embarqua dans la seule espérance
A tant d'amour de joindre un peu de bien.

Après un an notre vache est volée,—
Le bras cassé mon père rentre un jour,—
Ma mère était malade et désolée,
Et Robin Gray vint me faire la cour.

Le pain manquait dans ma pauvre retraite,
Robin nourrit mes parens malheureux;
La larme à l'œil, il me disait, 'Jeannette,
Epouse moi, du moins pour l'amour d'eux!'

Je disais, 'Non—pour Jame je respire,'—
Mais son vaisseau sur mer vint à périr;
Et j'ai vécu! je vis encore, pour dire—
'Malheur à moi de n'avoir pu mourir!'

Mon père alors parla du mariage,—
Sans en parler ma mère l'ordonna;
Mon pauvre cœur était mort du naufrage,
Ma main restait—mon père la donna.

Un mois après, devant ma porte assise,
Je revois Jame, et je crus m'abuser,
'C'est moi,' dit-il, 'pourquoi tant de surprise?
Ma chère amour, je reviens t'épouser!'

Ah! que de pleurs ensemble nous versâmes!
Un seul baiser, suivi d'un long soupir,
Fut notre adieu—tous deux nous répétâmes,
'Malheur à moi de n'avoir pu mourir!'

Je ne vis plus, j'écarte de mon ame
Le souvenir d'un amant si chéri;
Je veux tâcher d'être une bonne femme,
Le vieux Robin est un si bon mari."

No. XLVIII.—Page 334.

Versions from the German, by Lady Margaret Lindsay, by marriage Fordyce.

I.

ELEONORA.

(By Bürger.)

Red glow'd the morn, when, sprung from bed,
Ellen, with heavy dreams affrighted,
Cried, "William! William! art thou dead?
Or is my love forgot or slighted?"
—Now William, with King Frederick's might,
Was gone against the foe to fight,
Ne word had sent, ne line had written,
To say if he were well or smitten!

Frederick, and eke the Empress Queen,
Vex'd with long wars and failing strength,
Scant both of treasure and of men,
Agreed on gentle peace at length.
From camp to camp the cling and clang
Of bells, drums, fifes, and trumpets rang;
Dress'd in green boughs, each merry man
To his own home full lightly ran.

To meet them o'er each dale or hill,
O'er highway, path, or ferry,
Ran old and young, with voices shrill
Of glee, that could not tarry.
"Praise God!" cried mother, wife, and child,
"Welcome!" said many a blushing bride;
But, woe is me! for Eleonora,
Ne kiss, ne bliss, but dole and sorrow!

As up and down the lines she flew,
Breathless and cold, she ask'd each one
If any aught of William knew?
But word or tidings gat she none.
When all were pass'd, all hush'd and still,
Her shrieks the welkin round did fill;
She tore her hair, she beat her breast,
And in the dust her body cast.

Her mother, at the mournful noise,
Ran forth and clasp'd her in her arms;
"Now God forfend! my Ellen's voice?
What is it that my child alarms?"

"Oh mother! mother! all is gone!
My life, my love, my world in one!
And now for me with God Almighty
There's neither grace, nor hope, nor pity."

—"Help, gracious Lord of power and might!
Let's kneel, my child, and say a prayer;
What God has done must still be right,
'Tis for our good He sends us care."
—"Mother, such prejudice is vain—
God neither heeds nor spares my pain!
I've wept—I've pray'd—I'll pray no more;
My love lies weltering in his gore."

—"Help, Jesus! thou the cup of woe
Drank'st freely; at the Father's will
Thy sacramental blood did flow,
And flows for us in pity still!"
—"Oh mother, what I now endure
No sacrament, alas! can cure;
Nor can the blood of Jesus give
The dead again to breathe and live!"

—"Yet listen, child! for men are light,
They make and break full many a vow;
And, out of mind when out of sight,
Their hearts a newer love allow!
Should he thy plighted faith deceive,
He shall have heavy cause to grieve!
Child! let him go; leave him to God,—
Guilt never 'scaped his chastening rod!"

—"Oh, mother! what is gone is gone,
And what is lost is lost for ever;
Death, death for me I crave alone—
Oh mother, had ye borne me never!
Go out, go out, life's weary light!
Go out in black and dismal night!
For me, for me, with God Almighty
There's neither grace, nor hope, nor pity!"

—"Mercy, kind Heaven! nor sin in aught
Impute, oh God! to this thy child!
Her tongue would be far better taught,
Were not her heart with sorrow wild!
Forget, my child, thy earthly grief,
Think of the Lord of bliss in heaven;
The holy Bridegroom's kind relief
Shall to thy fainting soul be given."

—"Mother, heaven's bliss is but a sound,
Hell's torments but an empty name;
Where William is, there bliss is found,
In heaven, or earth, or hell the same.
Go out, go out, this weary light—
Go out in black and dismal night!
Oh! what have I on earth to do,
Or heaven, my William, wanting you?"

All wild with grief's intemperance,
Her brain ybrent, her blood inflamed,
'Gainst Heaven and Heaven's high providence
She madly strove, and God blasphemed.
She wrung her hands, her bosom beating,
Till low the western sun was setting,
And till the night her mantle gray
With glittering stars made sheen and gay.

When hark! without—tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!
Like horse's iron hoofs harsh sounding,
Like rider's jingle—horse's champ,
All o'er the balustrade resounding;
And hark, and hark, the door-bell's ring—
Quite slow and low—cling! cling! cling! cling!
And ere that any one appear'd,
Through the keyhole these words she heard:—

"Holla! holla! ope, ope the door!
Wake ye, my love, or do ye sleep?
Think ye of me as heretofore?
Or do ye laugh, or do ye weep?"
—"My love! my love! my William! you?
Oh! I have watch'd and wept till now!
Suffer'd—God knows! but now, all's well;
Yet why so late, sweet William, tell?"

—"We saddle still! i' th' dead of night
From far Bohemia I be rode;
Late I gat up, and ere 'tis light
I'll carry you to my abode."
—"First, oh, my love! from horse descend;
Bleak through the hawthorn blows the wind;
Come to my arms—there nought shall harm thee,
And in my bosom rest and warm thee!"

—"Let the bleak wind blow through the haws,
Let it blow, darling—let it blow;
My black horse champs his bit, and paws—
From hence with speed I needs must go.

Spring up behind—come, come, despatch!
There must we be ere morning watch;
A hundred miles I have to ride
Before my bed receives my bride!"

"What! ere the morn a hundred miles,
Ere yet we reach our bridal bed?
And hark! the clock in yonder aisles
Tells us eleven's already sped."—
—"Look there! look here! the moon shines clear!
We and the dead ride fast, sweet dear!
I'll wager, long ere dawn of morn,
Thou to the bridal bed art borne!"

—"Oh, say, where are thy bridesmen all,
And where's our bridal bed to be?"
—"Far, far from hence—still, cool, and small,
Six feet of lissom beech by three!"
—"Hast room for me?"—"For me and thee!
Quick, quick, spring up and cling to me,—
Too long the bridal guests have tarried;
The door stands open till we're married!"

The lovely damsel lightly sprung,
And lighted on the horse behind him,
Clasping her true love as she flung
Her lily arms around to bind him.
Then on and onward—trot, trot, trot,
Swung the black horse and halted not,—
Snorting full loud, as on he bicker'd,
While from his hoofs red sparkles flicker'd.

Far to the left hand and the right,
Flew woods and lawns, and dykes and ditches;
Too quick almost for thought or sight,
They thunder'd o'er the roads and bridges.
"Shudders my love? the moon shines clear—
Hurrah! the dead ride fast! dost fear
To bide with the dead, my lovely one?"
—"Why ask ye? let the dead alone!"

What tolling bells, what deadly knells!
How quick and thick the night-birds hover!
Yon noise—yon voice—the reason tells,—
"Let earth to earth, the body cover!"
And nearer come the mourners all,
With plumes and hearse and velvet pall;
The sound of hissing snakes the brake in
Was like the tongue of woe they spake in!

—" Till twelve be laid the corpse aside,
Give o'er your ringing, singing, wailing ;
For now," he cried, " I bring my bride,
And marriage guests must not be failing!
Come with your choir, come, sexton, come!
Chant forth the Epithalamium!
Come, speak the blessing, holy friar!
Ere to the bride's bed we retire.

" Peace—peace and cease! bier, disappear!
Vanish! obedient to my will;
Come, hurry—hurry, in the rear,
All panting at my horse's heel!"
Then far and farther, trot, trot, trot,
Swung the black horse and halted not,—
Snorting full loud as on he bicker'd,
While from his hoofs red sparkles flicker'd.

How flew to right, how flew to left,
Shrubs, trees, and mountains, grass and tillage!
How flew to left, and right, and left,
Hamlet and city, town and village!
" Shudders my love? the moon shines clear—
Hurrah! the dead ride swift! dost fear
To bide with the dead, my lovely one?"
—" Oh William! let the dead alone!"

—" See there—before the judgment-seat,
Around the wheel of torture dancing,
In the moon's gleam, with printless feet,
An airy crew are here advancing,—
Halloo! halloo! ye airy crew,
Come here—come here—and follow too!
Your gambols cease until the wedding,
Then dance round us the bridal bed in!"

The airy crew came rush—rush—rush—
Behind him hustling, hustling, bustling—
Like whirlwinds in the hazel-bush,
Through the dry leaves and branches rustling.
And far and farther, trot, trot, trot,
Swung the black horse and halted not,—
Snorting full loud as on he bicker'd,
While from his hoofs red sparkles flicker'd.

How fled the place his heel had touch'd,
With lightning's speed—how fled it far!
How fled the moon, as on they rush'd,
How fled the heavens and every star!

—"Shudders my love? the moon shines clear—
Hurrah! the dead ride fast! dost fear
To bide with the dead, my lovely one?"
—"For pity, let the dead alone!"

—"Horse! horse! methinks the cock I hear!
The hour-glass sand is nearly run—
Horse! horse! I scent the morning air!
Despatch, my horse! despatch—begone!
Now finish'd, finish'd is our race—
This is the hour, the bed, the place—
The dead ride far, the dead ride fast—
Our journey's done, we're come at last!"

Full to an iron-grated door,
With slacken'd bit and reins, they drew;
The clashing whip—one stroke, no more—
Wrench'd bands, and bolts, and bars in two;
Wide, creaking, flew the double leaves,
The road lay over new-made graves;
And here a tomb, and there a bone,
The moon's pale lustre shone upon.

Oh, look! how in a moment's space—
Oh, look! look there! a fearful wonder—
The rider's vesture, piece by piece,
Fell off, like touchwood rent asunder!
In place of hair and cheek so full,
His head became a naked skull;
Wide yawn'd his ribs, distinct and spare,
His hand a scythe and hour-glass bare.

Loud neigh'd the horse, and bounding rear'd,
His nostrils snorted fire around,
Then fathom deep he disappear'd,
And sank beneath her, under ground!
Growlings and howlings in the air—
Faint wailings fill'd the lower sphere;
In Ellen's heart the struggling breath
Lay all convulsed 'twixt life and death.

Then, flitting in the moon's pale glance,
Thin ghosts, with ravens, bats, and owls,
Round in a ring began their dance,
And spake these words, with dismal howls;
"Submit, submit, though the heart rive!
With God Almighty never strive.
Now, free from earth and earth's control,
The Lord have mercy on thy soul!" *

* "Bürger," says the 'Quarterly Review,' in criticising the 'Memoirs of William

II.

ETERNITY.

(By HALLER.)

Ye woods, impervious to the genial light,
Where reigns, with Silence, ever-during Night,
Cold, still, and gloomy as the awful grave's!
Ye rugged rocks, and those damp cheerless caves
Whose entrance drear no gladsome foot invades,
But owls and ravens, screaming, seek your shades!
Ye streams, whose listless course exhausted creeps
Through your parch'd shores to reach the distant deeps,
Or in the greedy swamps your currents lose!
Ye blighted fields, where herb nor floweret blows!
—Caves, woods, and streams, night-birds, and blasted heath,
Come—picture forth the sullen hue of Death!
Come, with chill horrors—come, my griefs renew,
And spread Eternity before my view!
—Dead is my friend! still present to my mind
His form I see—I hear his accents kind!
Ah, vain mistake! he on that rigid shore
(Which trodden once, we measure back no more)
Is firmly bound in adamantine tie,
ETERNITY!
Vanish'd each pleasure—vanish'd all his woes,
Nor Hope nor Fear disturb his long repose.

Taylor of Norwich,' "is, if not the greatest, at least among the very greatest, of modern ballad-poets, and 'Lenore' remains his masterpiece. Taylor's version was the earliest, and his biographer considers it as the best in our language: a casual recitation of it suggested, as is well known, the apprentice effort of Sir Walter Scott, which is certainly, in general accuracy and finish, inferior to Taylor's, but in which we cannot but think there is more of the spirit of poetry. In truth we have no thoroughly satisfactory English 'Lenore.' William Spencer's is wordy and pompous, and gives no idea whatever of Bürger's nervous and fiery style. On the other hand, Taylor, and after him Scott, shrunk from strict imitation of the stanza—whereby, as both Coleridge and Wordsworth have observed, a pervading and pathetic beauty of effect is sacrificed. Scott and several others have followed Taylor in some variations of the story itself, which Mr. Robberds thinks judicious; but here again we have the fortune to disagree with him. Bürger, for instance, lays his scene at the end of the Seven Years' War—Taylor and Scott carry us back to the Crusades. In our opinion the date of the original was well fixed. The ghost superstition, say what we will, has survived to this day everywhere; at all events, there can be no doubt that it was far from being extinct in Germany when Bürger was writing. . . Besides, whenever there is an alteration there will be some ugly trace of the rent. Many circumstances in the 'Lenore,' when introduced into a story of the twelfth or thirteenth century, whether in England or in Germany, are at once perceived to belong to a much more modern era, and these therefore give an air of patchwork and falsification to both Taylor's version and Scott's, from which the ballad itself is free. . . In fact, the whole sentiment of the piece is, like Bürger's own language and rhythm, modern; and especially the picturesque minuteness of the description throughout is proper in reference to a superstition that lingers on and influences the heart and imagination, but is already disparaged and condemned, and stands in need of support. A story like that of 'Lenore' would have been told by a mediæval bard with a Job-like darkness of hints or a Gospel-like simplicity and brevity." Tom. lxxiii. p. 31.

He saw the busy world—'twas but to-day!
A keen spectator of life's motley play;—
The curtain falls—the scene is o'er—
And all that teased or charm'd before
Like the thin texture of a dream,
A vagrant sound, or meteor's gleam!
The world of shadows, with its fearful night,
Around him throws a thick impervious veil;
And nought remains of all his projects bright
But thoughts and wishes vain, without avail!
And I—am I of higher sphere?
Ah, no! I am what he was once!
E'en now the printless feet of death advance,
Like him, to lay me breathless on my bier!
Past is my early morn,
On rapid pinions borne,
With hasty wing flies on my mid-day light;
And long ere eve, may dark and sudden night,
Which with no cheering hope of morning glows,
In everlasting sleep my heavy eyelids close!

Unfathom'd sea of dread Eternity!
Primeval source of worlds and time!
Grave of all times and worlds that e'er shall be!
Stable possessor of the NOW we see!
From ashes of the past, in thee
Spring forth renew'd, in glorious prime,
The vigorous wings of young Futurity!

Eternity! who measures thy vast whole?
With Thee worlds are as days, man as a glance—
Perhaps the thousandth Sun now hastens to his goal!
And thousands more, each in his turn, advance,
Like yonder clock, by power of balanced weight
Poised by the hand of God,—leaps forth a Sun,
Another takes his place, his destined purpose done.
Thou, thou alone remain'st, nor heedst their momentary fate!

Yon azure vault, yon stars that gem the sky,
Wandering or fixed beyond the baffled eye—
Hasten to nought, like grass in parching winds;
Like the young rosebuds of the morn
Ere night of all their lustre shorn,
Before thee fades each sign the sparkling zodiac binds!
Ere yet Existence struggled into birth,
Or on its axis turn'd the half-form'd Earth,
Ere yet the falling stone the central power had proved,
Or from old Chaos and coeval Night
Stream'd forth yon flaming orb of light,
Thou wert! as far as now from thy First Cause removed!

And should a second night this world entomb,
And warm Creation leave a chilling blank—
Should other heavens and stars of higher rank
Appear—or vanish, in their mortal doom—
Vigorous as now, from death as far away,
Remains as vast thy boundless period, as to-day!

The viewless fancy's rapid flight—
Which leaves behind
Time, sound, and wind,
And even the winged light—
Hoping no goal, toils after thee in vain!
By Science led thy empire to explore,
To mark the bounds that gird thy wide domain—
I seek accumulation's figured lore—
The magic force of numbers try,
Millions on millions heap—and time on time—
And world on world; till, from their verge sublime,
I strive at last some limit to descry.
But when my dazzled sight
Looks down astonish'd from the giddy height
To which my straining thought had dared to climb,
I see the immense expanse around me lie
A shoreless ocean still—of vast Infinity!

Hail, Universal Cause! hail, Nature's God!
Hail, central Sun! source of unmeasured time,
Unmeasured power, and everlasting prime!
Thy even light, in Noon's eternal blaze,
No dawning owns, no nights, no setting rays—
While one vast NOW before thee ever plays!
Yes! could it be.. thy wondrous force could shrink..
Thy hand forget its power.. the world thy nod..
With hideous crash, earth, seas, and stars would sink,
Convulsive hurl'd! Fair Nature, Time, and Light—
And thou, Eternity! in one dread night
Sink—as the dewdrops yonder oceans drink!

All-perfect Being, thou alone art great!
What is presumptuous man,
Who dares thy ways to scan?
A worm—a fly—a grain of dust—
Created but to die,
Arraigning where he ought to trust,
Judging all nature with a half-shut eye!
Nature itself, a point—at its Creator's feet!
—Half-ripen'd Nothing—creature of to-day,
That half-existence gone ere night is past!
Fading, as mid-day visions fade away,
How shall man's course aspire with Thine to last?

Something from me apart and foreign still,
Not from myself I am, but by thy will!
Thou spak'st the word—I was!
Thy living breath inform'd
The yet unconscious mass—of vegetating clay!
And though, by thy creative virtue warm'd,
With pulses new
The embryo grew,
No voluntary power to move I found;
But, fix'd as rooted grass,
A sluggish senseless animal, I lay!
To me the world in vain
Spread forth its wonders, all its charms disclosed—
Shut was mine ear, mine eyes with films enclosed;
And even when conscious growth of light and sound,
All that in me was mind
To mere sensation still was long confined,
And all my knowledge—hunger, thirst, and pain!
Nature the helpless being fed,
From step to step progressive led;
My feeble limbs gain'd power—mine ear, mine eye
From milky juices early vigour drew;
Something till then unfelt, unknown,
Each new-touch'd sense began to own;
Each day the idiot thoughts aspire
To feel, to reason, and desire:—
My feet, through falling, learnt to walk—
My tongue, through lisping, learnt to talk,—
And with my body grew my soul—
It proved, with joy, its forces new,—
And, (as the chrysalis's cauls unroll,
Half worm, half insect, to the view,
The scarce-wing'd reptile, struggling, strives to fly,)
Wondering I gazed on Nature's plan,
Grew rich each day with new ideas stored,
Measured, compared, and reckon'd—chose and loved, abhorr'd,—
And err'd, and sinn'd, and slept—and was a Man!

Already tends this frame to native dust,—
Time o'er my limbs his numbing languor flings;
Joy shakes his pinions, and, with adverse wings,
Flies to gay youth, and leaves me to my woes!
The light of heaven is dimm'd by cold disgust,
Whose hopeless apathy o'ershades my heart;
Blunted each feeling, listless and inert,
My weary soul pants only for Repose!*

* Another version of this poem may be seen in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' tom. v. p. 149.

III.

REPOSE.

A Fragment.

Evidently the Continuation of 'Eternity.'

"My wearied soul pants only for Repose!"
—Cessation mild from Suffering and from Thought—
Arm'd round with stings of future, present, past;
Repose from Reason—power too dearly bought,
Since all thy boasted gifts still end at last
In beaconing out those rocks, that dangerous shore,
Where hope and joy are lost—to rise no more!

Repose—Ah where?—within the silent tomb,
Where lie the peaceful ashes of my friend?
Or where, in beauty's pride and youth's gay bloom,
Smote like the blossoms of the opening year
By blighting death, bedew'd with many a tear,
These hands interr'd my bosom's dearest prize?
—Left here alone 'mid errors, follies, lies,
'Mid which I've wander'd without peace or end,
Borrowing from Hope till Hope no more would lend—
Nor shall the wrinkled bankrupt pay
The fond engagements of her early day!

Hail, then, kind mansion! for thy narrow cell
Gives more than palaces of lofty roof
Or beds of down—Repose in thee shall dwell.
Wrapt round and round in adamantine woof
No sigh shall heave the mouldering heap,
No wrong shall fire the icy heart;
Death's power is past, his dreaded dart
Lies blunted in eternal sleep.
Eternal sleep!—what means this sudden chill,
This nameless horror in my frame?
Strange contradiction in my will,
Which, panting, asks—then sickens at the name!
Is it not rest? a strict Repose
From all thy fears, from all thy woes?
Gently to drop—to cease to be—
From every ill for ever free,
Dull, as the sod thy ashes binds
To bleak descending rains, or winter's angry winds?

. . . . A mouldering clod?
This heart alive to bliss or woe—
This active mind that dared to rise,
And count the stars that gem the skies,

And, rising still with bolder flight,
Though blinded with excess of light,
The Heaven of Heavens essay'd to know—
Climbing from Nature up to Nature's God?

. . . . This restless spark, this searching fire,
'Mid wishes vague or fix'd desire—
Which finds each bliss possess'd a toy,
And feels capacious power of joy,
Which nothing tried can realize—
Spark integral of Spirit free
Which constitutes this creature, Me—
Which cries I AM and SHALL BE! and defies
The Sceptic's doubts or bolder Atheist's lies?

Repose? a dream, a vacant sound
Of spacious sense, but nowhere found!
—Thinkst thou that this mysterious thing
That bids me move, or weep, or sing,
Which can of peace my being rob,
Or teach my heart with joy to throb,
Exhaling, leaves the eyes to close?
Think'st thou the cold and stagnant heart,
Bereft of life's material part,
Shall rest inert in dull Repose?

Vain thought! air, water, fire, and earth,
Reclaim their own by Nature's laws.
The Etherial fire alone could bind
The jarring elements confined;
But, once dissolved the wondrous chain,
Nature is freed to act again;
'Midst dissolution she prepares
New vigorous forms, new earths, new airs,—
No moment idle—for no moment still;
Such her august Creator's will!

Can then this changing body say,
"IT IS MYSELF?"—each little day,
Each instant steals that self away!
E'en as the stream that rushing pours
Her careless waves to ocean's shores,
Although her course retain its name,
Is not a moment's space the same:—
E'en Ocean's self, changed by the sun's warm beams,
Exhales the tribute of a thousand streams.

This fleshy garment which I wore,
And other forms have worn before,
May crawl a toad—or sail a swan,
Blush in a rose, or frown in man,—

May rise a meteor—fall a dew,—
Just as the atoms by the wind
Are scatter'd wide, or lie confined,
Still, still unchanged, yet ever new.
—As soon shall this frail mortal arm
Mould flaming suns new worlds to warm,
As find the means, 'midst Nature's wreck,
To exterminate the smallest speck
Of water, fire, or earth, or air—
HIS arm alone, which launch'd the earth,
HIS voice, which call'd it into birth—
And bade the crude,
The soft, the rude,
Exchanged, renew'd,
Together work, and work for good—
Annuls an atom or a sphere!

If matter thus immortal be—
(Which thinks not, acts not, has no will,
Nor of itself hath power or skill—
Whose changing parts are never We—)
How shall that disembodied soul,
Which needs no parts to make a whole,
That conscious, pure, etherial flame,
Which marks our essence and our name,
Doom'd to Annihilation's womb,
Prove the sole victim of an endless tomb?

IV.

ADDRESS TO HOPE LEANING ON AN ANCHOR.

"Oh thou who flying still evad'st our clasp,
Elusive when thou seem'st within our grasp,
Thou painted cloud of passing air,
Say, cruel phantom! is it fair
The stable anchor's boast to bear?

"Thou sail'st on seas without a shore,
For ever within sight of land;
Thou pay'st thy slaves from Fancy's store,
And feed'st them—with an empty hand!
What are thy rudders—anchors—boat?
But straws that bend, and leaves that float!
What is the cable of thy line?
It is the spider's brittlest twine!
What is the wind that fills thy sail?
But mortal sighs, which nought avail!

What are thy vows? but idle breath!
When dost thou keep them? after death!
—Go, lay thy luring ensign by!
Go—trick thee in the rainbow's dye,
Nor longer mock my heart and eye!

"Go! fly like it o'er bog and brier,
Lead on our steps from hill to hill;
Thy vot'ries faint, but never tire,
And, while they curse thee, follow still!

"Is't not enough thy lovely face
Has every cozening charm and grace,
But that thy Parthian wings should deal
The keenest darts our bosoms feel?

"With anguish struck, and faint with toil,
We droop and pant upon the ground,
Antæus-like we touch the soil,
And spring revived with stronger bound.

"Again deceived, our arms we spread,
With glowing heart and whirling head,
Experience throw to winds and skies,
To follow—what for ever flies!

"Go phantom! leave my weary heart,
I here abjure thy fatal charms;
Come, Apathy! come take my part,
And fold me in thy listless arms!

"Alas! *thou* hast no power to move!
Thy arms have neither nerve nor bone!
I woo thee with the zeal of love—
Alas! we two can ne'er be one!

"Come, then, Despair! with sable robe and stole,—
Efface illusive Hope's fantastic cloud;
Thy gangrened wounds no pleasure shall enroll,
No cruel ray of light shall mark thy shroud,—
But all one sober, sullen colour wear,
Nor Hope's false smile insult thy gloom, Despair!

"Come, come!—though Joy
Be light and coy,
Who courts Despair,
Fierce child of care,
Will find the goddess at his prayer.
Come, come!—thy Gorgon features shewn,
Turn each tormenting wish to stone,—

Come, with thy petrifying art,
Physician stern of hopes and fears,—
Thine is the ægis Wisdom bears;
Extend thy shadows o'er my heart,
Till Death arrests, with kind though gelid palm,
Life's turbid stream—congealing into calm."

Impatient of the pangs I felt,
With passion, on the earth I knelt,
To Heaven I raised my aching heart and view—
When Hope, long lost, again before me flew!
More sober was her air,
Less flattering was her smile,
Yet still, though heavenly fair,
I knew she could beguile.

I closed my dazzled eye,
I stopp'd my trembling ears,
I felt her round me fly,
I felt her wipe my tears,
I felt her atmosphere around;
Her balmy breath the witchcraft crown'd.

She laid her soft reviving hand
With tender pressure on my frozen heart;
Doom'd to obey the maid's command,
Again the busy pulses start.
With transport strong and sweet,
My bosom heaved to meet
And hail, in reason's spite, the lovely, lovely cheat!

My eye, suffused with gentle tears, I ope,—
"Leave me," I said, "O leave me, treacherous Hope!"
With smiles and pity in her glistening eye,
She fann'd me with her wings, but did not fly.
"Mortal," she said, "of vapour and of earth,
Endow'd with soul of bright ethereal mould!
Hear my kind voice, and better know thy birth,
Attend, while truths divine my lips unfold.

"Ere man the paths of Error trod,
The Heaven of Heavens was my abode;
In angel bosoms still I dwell,
Diffusing every good I feel.

"But, when Pandora fabled Eve
Disdain'd her Maker's sole request,
And, suffering flatteries to deceive,
Broke through the dire mysterious chest;

Mix'd with the thousand varying ills
Which the fallen earth with misery fills,
Ten thousand wishes, false and vain,
Broke forth to rack the world with pain!

" 'Twas then Hope own'd a mortal birth,
By Mercy sent to sooth the earth,
With Charity, my sister fair,
And Faith, with fix'd, enraptured air,—
We are the Heavenly Graces Three—
Unseal thine eyes and look on me!
My wings, which make thy cheek turn pale,
Fly from thee, fill'd with passion's gale!
Elusive I evade thy grasp,
When bliss destructive thou wouldst clasp;
When most I pay, I seek to pall,
And nothing give by giving all.
Mortal the date of mortal joys,
The tasted sweet for ever cloys.
The anchor that I rest upon
Reposes on no mortal ground,
The rainbow-colours that I own
In Heaven alone are real found;
The peaceful port for which I steer
Excludes all pain, all death, all fear!
The cable of my lasting line,
Conceived by thee the spider's twine,
Is cordage spun by hands divine
To draw the restless human soul,
Through seas of sorrows, to its goal,
Fair Happiness, which yet, unveil'd, man never saw.
She draws all hearts, by Heaven's unerring law,
Even as the precious amber draws the trembling straw.

" Mix'd with the life-blood in thy breast,
Alike the foe to grief and rest,
I lead thy ardent footsteps on
To make them form One Hope alone.

" To me none pays his vows in vain,
Hope, heavenly Hope, cures every pain;
But wishes, vapours sprung from earth,
Low creeping flames of putrid birth,
Lead on, 'tis true, through bog and brier,
To whelm thee in the shining mire.

" My vows, thou say'st, are idle breath,
The time of payment after death—

Oh! justly, mortal, hast thou said,
For then alone Hope's vows are paid;
Then is the palm to Virtue given,
And Hope is paid by Joy in Heaven!

"On me, then, bend thy tearful eye;
Beyond the mists that dim the sky,
I go to fix thy bless'd abode
Beneath the mercy-seat of God.
Farewell!—Although I fly before,
I leave my sisters for thy guard;
Bid Charity increase thy store,
And Faith ensure thy vast reward;—
With them still dwell, and ere thy race is run,
'Mid pain, or death, thy future Heaven's begun!

No. XLIX.—Page 399.

Extracts from 'A Pilgrimage to Balcarres.'—Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

"'The merit of the ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray' has been acknowledged by learned and unlearned, high and low. Sir Walter Scott speaks of it as 'that real pastoral which is worth all the dialogues which Corydon and Phillis have had together, from the days of Theocritus downwards.' Mr. Hazlitt says—'The effect of reading this old ballad is as if all our hopes and fears hung upon the last fibre of the heart, and we felt that giving way. What silence, what loneliness, what leisure for grief and despair!

"My father urged me sair,
My mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face
Till my heart was like to break."

The irksomeness of the situations, the sense of painful dependence, is excessive; and yet the sentiment of deep-rooted, patient affection triumphs over all, and is the only impression that remains.' To these testimonies add the tears of the multitudes who have heard it warbled in succession by a Billington, a Stephens, and a Wilson, and it will appear that hardly any composition of the last hundred years has been more entirely successful than this.

"I had long desired to make a pilgrimage to the scene of the birth and early years of the authoress of 'Auld Robin Gray,' and an opportunity at length occurred about the close of last August. A brilliant morning—alas! only too brilliant, as it proved—saw me making my way by a provincial coach, through a somewhat out-of-the-way part of Fife, towards the ancient house of Balcarres, near which I was set down early in the forenoon. It was gratifying to find the place worthy of a poet, not to speak of an ancient and noble family. Seated on the southern slope of the county, about three miles from the sea, it commands a view of magnificent extent and beauty, including nearly the whole

expanse of the Firth of Forth and the opposite Lothians. Among the objects which the eye takes in by a short sweep are the 'sea-rock immense' of the Bass, the distant Lammermuir hills, and lofty, smoke-canopied Edinburgh, the long terraces of which, though above twenty miles off, can here be seen gleaming like an illumination under the reflection of the evening sun. The house was formerly a plain old mansion, with no merit but its position in the midst of a park full of old wood; but of late years it has been altered and decorated, the principal part of the interior being, however, left in its original state. Two hundred yards to the east is 'Balcarres Craig,' or Crag, a high rock worth all that twenty Browns could do for any place in conferring romantic beauty, and on the top of which a small tower with a flag-staff has been erected. From this crag the view is even more magnificent than from the house. Such is Balcarres, once the seat of the line of Earls taking their title from it, of one of whom our authoress was a daughter, but now belonging by purchase to a younger branch of the family, while the main line is settled at Haigh Hall, in Lancashire. I could have sauntered half a day with pleasure among the woods and cliffs, but was soon admonished by a heavy shower to seek the interior of the mansion.

"The kind intervention of a friend of the proprietor enabled me, in his own absence, to see all that was to be seen there under the auspices of the servants. I shall not, however, detain the reader with Colonel Lindsay's handsome new drawing-room and library, though from the window of the latter there is one of the most beautiful peeps of landscape—disclosing Kilconquhar church and lake—which I have ever anywhere seen. The dining-room is metal more attractive, for it is old, and characteristic of old times, even to the furniture. It is, however, chiefly curious for a ceiling of decorative stucco-work in compartments, presenting in the centre the arms of James I. of Great Britain—and thus indicating its age as between 1603 and 1625—while, in others, the busts of four heroes of antiquity appear in high relief, mailed and helmeted, with their names inscribed thus—David Rex—Hector Tro.—Josve Dux—Alexand. Rex. How often has the company of this banquet-hall been changed, excepting these ancient gentlemen only! How often has the authoress of 'Robin Gray' sat under them! Familiar must they have been to the eyes of all her predecessors, back to the very first Lord Balcarres, so created at the coronation of King Charles in Holyrood. And there they still are, likely to look down on many future scions of the gentle-natured race of Balcarres, who, in their turn, must pass away, leaving still these eternal guests sole-remaining. I was most earnest, as may be supposed, in my inquiries for the chambers which the tradition of the house connected more particularly with Lady Anne, and was led to a long winding or (as we call it in Scotland) *turnpike* stair, which ascends from the original, but now superseded entrance-hall, and gives access to all the older portion of the mansion. Two flights of this stair conduct us to a floor in which there is a moderate-sized bed-room, usually called Oliver Cromwell's Room, from his having once occupied it, and which now appears remarkable only for the great thickness of wall disclosed by the opening of its single window. This, according to the best accounts, was the apartment of the authoress of 'Robin Gray,' but probably only was so when she revisited the house in later life, during the proprietorship of

her brother; for in one of her letters she speaks of having had a more elevated retreat in her younger days—in the same staircase, however—being thus lodged appropriately for an intellectual labourer—

'Where Contemplation roosted near the sky.'

"Having seen all that was pointed out to observation within doors, I was next led to the wood-screened ruins of a chapel near the house, which the family use as a place of interment. A deep gloom and silence rest on this building, the walls of which are nearly clothed all over with ivy, while two or three narrow lanceolated window-spaces seem formed expressly as haunts for melancholy night-birds. In the interior, the sod shews a few heaps, betokening funerals of no remote date, and in particular two which lie along in one line, and are of more notableness than the rest. A plain stone informs us that the upper grave contains the remains of Mrs. Anne Murray Keith, in whom some readers will be prepared to recognise the Mrs. Bethune Baliol of Scott, though that fancy portraiture fails, I am assured, to realise the singular intelligence, spirit, and grace of the old lady's character. Mrs. Keith and the dowager Countess of Balcarres (mother of Lady Anne), being the children of twin-sisters, lived together for many years in the greatest harmony, calling each other playfully husband and wife. Time saw them at length deposited together in this spot, having died within little more than two years of each other, both at an advanced age. The grave of Anne Keith certainly adds about six feet of classic ground to the already hallowed precincts of Balcarres. It is only to be lamented—though I am perhaps too much of an enthusiast on such points—that Lady Anne was not placed for her last repose in a scene associated with the history of her beautiful ballad."

No. L.—Page 403.

Analysis of 'Alfred' and 'Edward the Black Prince,' dramas by Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart.

Each of these dramas is in three Acts,—I commence with the first published, 'Alfred.'

Alice, a village-maiden of Taunton, in Somersetshire, is beloved by Godwin, but prefers Ulf, although secretly and without return of her affection. Ulf is a rough gallant forester, Godwin of a more timid and retiring character. The villagers are attacked during their evening pastime by a party of Danes, under Ubbo, a rude chieftain, who carries off Alice,—her Christian heroism during the scenes that follow proves the remote but providential means of the conversion of the invaders. Godwin escapes to the woods to seek help from Alfred, but Ulf, offering resistance, is wounded and left senseless on the green; he is carried off by the Elves, who propose paying him as their substitute for the seven-yearly "tine of hell," due on the approaching Hallowe'en, the day after the morrow; the Fairy-queen, however, determining to

save him, from a mingled feeling of compassion and of pique—at her intercession in his favour having been disregarded by the King of the Elves, her husband—commissions Mayflower, one of her attendant spirits, to inform Alice in a dream of Ulf's danger, and of the manner in which she may rescue him.

The second and third scenes introduce us, respectively, to the Saxon and the Danish camp—contrasting the calm, wise, and statesmanlike bearing of the Saxons, with the rude, undisciplined, careless, but chivalrous deportment of the Northmen, energy itself in action but listless in repose. In the former of these scenes Godwin is examined by Alfred, who determines to visit the Danish camp in person and ascertain with his own eyes the chances of success in an attempt to retaliate. In the latter, Guthrum, the Danish King, is informed by Ubbo of his having captured Alice, and that she had spoken of Alfred; he sends for her to inform himself more minutely concerning Alfred's appearance and stature, in order that he may recognise him in combat. Meanwhile his wife, Eduna, communicates to him a dream of evil omen, the narrative of which, with the examination of Alice by the royal pair, occupies the fourth scene. I quote the opening of it:—

" *Guthr.* You 've dreamt this thing again?
Eduna. Ay, my sweet lord.
Guthr. With every circumstance re-mirrored back?
Ed. As vivid as at the first.
Guthr. The third time too!
Repeat me o'er this dream,—'tis very strange.
Ed. As I told you, a drowsy lethargy
Crept o'er my frame, my blood seemed clotted ice,
My limbs were in a vice, and wearily
My pulses beat,—
Time shewed a blank, for light had fled my sight:—
Whilst thus entranced I lay—
Guthr. What hour was this?
Ed. The bell had then told one—
Methought I stood on Hecla's icy top;
The Northern winds swept by, and roared as loud
As doth the Maelstrom struggling to get free
From some gigantic frost; upon the winds
Came, scatter'd past, spirits that shrieked and moaned,
Huddled together, or alone in woe:—
'Who 's that?' quoth I, 'Who rides the whirlwind there?'
For I beheld a spirit all in arms,
Who madly seemed to strive against the blast;
Upon his helm there streamed a meteor wild,
And in his hand he reared a blasted pine;
A moment, and no more, they seemed to fight
With equal force—'I 'm Odin!' shouted he—
Then, driven backwards by the storm, he fell.
'Twas then he shouted twice on thee, my lord!
He called thee recreant, and bade thee turn
And help him in that plight,—you did not come,
And he was hurl'd into dark Hecla's pit.
Guthr. It is a damned lie, it cannot be—
He call'd me recreant, yet I came not? Tush!
Some cursed spirit made thee dream this thing.
I fear not Odin's self, invulnerable—
I 'd fight him to the death!
Ed. Offend him not!
Remember 'twas a dream.

Guthr. Ay, that is true;
But it is lawful to encounter gods."

—A sentiment which those familiar with the Scandinavian Sagas will recognise as by no means an uncommon one among the rough Northern Vikingr, who treated their gods occasionally with such little ceremony, such levity and even contempt, that one ceases to wonder that chains so light should have fallen off so readily when a truer and profounder faith presented itself to their apprehension.

The characters of Guthrum and Eduna are contrasted throughout with those of Alfred and Alice, the types of the Saxon as they are of the Danish life—of a society, that is to say, in the cradle, as contrasted with one old, comparatively, in years and civilization. Guthrum represents the genuine Northman, frank, generous, impulsive, fierce to man, gentleness itself to woman; Eduna the woman of all ages in her sweetness and tenderness, but with the startling under-tone of energy and decision of the daughters of Scandinavia when roused to action. She is very young—younger than Alice both in years and mind, while this is compensated for by the habits of authority which marriage and a more free and independent life have given her.

Alice, in the mean while, is in Ubbo's power, and, passing over a scene or two of minor interest, we have an interview between them in which Ubbo endeavours first to persuade and then to terrify her into compliance with his lawless wishes. She acknowledges that she loves another, thus occasioning a fierce struggle in the mind of Ubbo, a bold but not a bad or an ungenerous man, pitying her in spite of himself, but wounded in his self-love and racked with jealousy. He spares her—and the scene changes to a solemn festival in the tent of Guthrum; various unpropitious omens are recounted, and consternation spreads through the assembly. Ubbo takes his resolution, and, rising up, devotes Alice as a propitiatory sacrifice to Odin, after the usage of the Northmen, in such exigencies, to bestow upon the gods whatever they held most precious,—

"She shall die pure as melts the morning snow,
And so farewell, cold Alice!"

The tent is shaken by a blast of wind; the High Priest accepts the offering, declares the satisfaction of Odin, and confidence is restored. At this juncture Alfred arrives, disguised as a Saxon harper, and sings before the Danes; Alice's description enables Guthrum to recognise him, which he does in a tumult of generous exultation:—

"Here, keep this golden chain—I guess him well,
He is so big o' bone, and yonder scar
Looks nobler than his crown.—A word, Sir Scald!
I know you, and you're safe.—A noble foe!
I can scarce keep from laughing with delight—
Yes! I could give him all that I possess,
So he would fight me now.—Here, take my sword!
It is a gift"—

when he is interrupted by a Danish minstrel, envious of his rival's success, who strikes in with a war-song in memory of Eduna's father, "Sewold the

Proud," ending with a denunciation of the intruding Saxon—who would assuredly have been torn to pieces but for Guthrum's interposition,—

" Back, madmen! he 's our guest. Here, Sedrock, Ubbo!
Do you conduct this noble forth the camp.
Sedr. Is he a noble?
Guthr. Yes—protect him well.
When shall we meet again?
Alf. To-morrow.
Guthr. Thanks!"

And so the First Act closes.

I must content myself with a brief summary of the Second. It opens with the preparations for the sacrifice, on the evening of the same day. Alice is decked out by the fair hands of Eduna; her piety and resignation make the deepest impression on Eduna's mind, already predisposed by her dream to expect the fall of Odin. Eduna attempts to comfort her,—she has never as yet known sorrow, and does not know how to set about the work of consolation. Ubbo's mind in the mean while fluctuates between patriotism and love in a chaos of contending passions—he insists on Alice's being slain at once—Sedrock requires the observance of the law that the victim shall bleed to death—Ubbo is obstinate, and they part in anger. In a succeeding scene Eduna describes to her husband the appearance of Alice as she slept, dreaming of heaven, after sobbing herself to sleep, and her converse after waking,—

" She told me all;
And as she spoke, her eyes led captive mine,—
Her voice was low, and thrill'd me to the bone;
She seem'd not of the earth, for I felt awed,—
She ceased and all was silence, whilst I sat
Like one, who, long entranced by melody,
Feels still the music echo in the soul,
Though sound has died away."

—But Guthrum listens carelessly—little interested, and solely through the impression made on Eduna. She is deeply in earnest, and this conversation with Alice is another link in the chain which ultimately attaches her to Christianity.

The hour of sacrifice at last arrives,—all is in harmony with it—the sunset gloom—the advance of the procession, the lights appearing and disappearing through the trees—and the wild burden of the Hymn to Odin, "filling the grove with *song*." Alice is presented at the altar by Sedrock, and accepted by the High Priest—the hymn of invocation is resumed—the hollow murmur that rises moaning around them, and the lambent flames playing on the spears of the Danes, attest the presence of the deity—the hymn suddenly ceases—a profound silence ensues, and all is ready.

" *H. Priest.* Take off these garlands—they but hide her neck,
And now are useless; cut her hair away—
It is too long and cumbers much my arm.
Bring me the knife."

—But at this moment Ubbo rushes in, dashes him back, and seizes the knife—

" Here, Odin, God! I offer thee myself,
As well as this poor child. Accept the gift!"

—when she is saved by a sudden attack of the Saxons, headed by the Earl of Kent and guided by Godwin; Godwin is killed by Ubbo, and, the latter being forced away in the combat, Alice is left on the field unheeded by the victors till recognised by a Saxon soldier from her own village, who places her under the care of an aged hermit, Dunstan, a dweller in the neighbourhood. The closing scene of the Act, between Dunstan and a wounded soldier, his guest, and their evening converse, interrupted by the arrival of Alice, is a relief after the hurry and excitement of the preceding scenes.

The Third Act opens with the morning of the third day—that of the Battle promised by Alfred at the festival, rife with the fate of England—and that of All Saints or Hallow-e'en, fraught, as I have already intimated, with that of Ulf and Alice. I quote the whole of the opening scene, in which Guthrum arms himself in his tent:—

" *Guthr.* Alfred has kept his word.—This strap is weak;
You 'll find another in your broken helm.
You saw the Saxons then—do they come on?
Attendant. They line the western range of hills, my lord.
Guthr. Do they give promise of a tough day's game?
Att. So promising a sight I have not seen
For near a year or more.
Guthr. I am right glad.
Take down my father's sword—look! there it hangs;
Wipe off the dust, for it must serve to-day.
Att. I had half a mind, my liege! to crack the scull
Of yonder Saxon scald, who bore away
The sword you used so long—but that I thought
It might displease you.
Guthr. Saucy knave!
Look! here 's a speck of rust upon my shield—
What sigh was that? Eduna! are you here?
Ed. I have been here since you began to arm;
Your wife is quite forgotten when you talk
Of how the war comes on.
Guthr. Sweet one, to-day
Each time I strike a Saxon to the ground
I will remember thee,—'twill nerve my arm.
Ed. The strongest arm is mortal and can die;
I scarcely think you know it. Give me here [*To the Attendant.*
The sword you 're cleaning—give it me, I say!
It is familiar, though my hand looks small
Upon so large a hilt. (*Bending it.*) 'Tis right good steel!
See, husband! I can tell when steel is good.
Guthr. No marvel, sweet! thou art old Sewold's daughter,
And yet the sword and you are strangely matched.
—But I forget the foe—Bring me my helm!
Ed. Here—I 'll brace on your sword. Be trusty, friend! [*Addressing the sword.*
Now look'st thou well, and like the God of war;
I love to kiss thee so! (*Embracing him.*) Oh, my dear husband!
Guthr. How now, Eduna! you are not in tears?
That were an evil omen.
Ed. No, no—'tis nothing!
'Twas but a moment's weakness—forget it, Guthrum!

Enter SEDROCK.

Sedr. My lord, my lord! I thought you were abroad,
But saw your horse champing his bit without—
Mount, mount! the foe have gained the vantage-ground,
And you are waited for. [*Exeunt.*
Ed. My heart misgives me."

One cannot but feel deep sympathy with poor Eduna, in her anxiety to identify herself with her husband's feelings and her but partial success—in her longing for a kind word of notice—her snatching the sword from the attendant and bending the heavy steel, and especially the volume of feeling implied in those simple words, "Be trusty, friend!"—while he, passionately attached to her as he is, but looking to the fight as the very breath of his nostrils, a pastime and a joy—never dreaming of defeat and unsharing in her prescient apprehensions of evil—hurries out at last without one word of farewell.

But Eduna is soon to be roused to shew herself indeed "old Sewold's daughter." In the second scene, Alfred addresses the Saxon army in a hero's speech, short, pithy, and to the purpose; the *mêlée* commences—he crosses swords with Guthrum, but they are parted by the press—the battle turns against the Danes—they give ground; Guthrum's fears are roused for Eduna, and he sends a messenger to secure her safety, but all the fire and impetuosity latent in her character rise up at once,—

"*Ed.* Arm the old men—think you we'll idly rest
And watch the battle lost? Fetch me a sword!
I feel my Norse blood boiling in my veins—
I'll die with Guthrum, for I know he'll die
Ere he deserts the fight.
Mess. My orders were—
Ed. Obey me, Sir! I am your mistress now—
Go bid each maiden who doth love her sire,
Each wife who loves her husband as she ought,
Each matron who hath sons, each white-haired man—
Even the widows and the orphans tell—
I'll lead them now, to die with all they love!
Said you the battle was quite lost?
Mess. I fear—
Ed. Speak out, and tell the truth.
Mess. I fear me, yes.
Ed. Away, begone! and do as I command. [*Exit Messenger.*
Oh God of Alice, thou art in the fight! [*Looking towards the battle.*
Valhalla's halls to-day will be right full
Of noble guests,—And I will pour the mead
For my own husband, when he feasts with gods! [*Exit.*"

—Meanwhile all is not yet lost—Ubbo and Sedrock meet—a few rapid words of reconciliation pass between them—Ubbo rallies the Danes, and the battle rages again—but the master-spirit of the Northmen has been quelled; Eduna is discovered mortally wounded by an arrow—she dies, confessing herself in broken accents a Christian; Guthrum, after a desperate resistance, is taken prisoner—the Danes fly, and England is free. I must again quote part of the scene of Eduna's death:—

"*Ed.* Give me your hand! while it doth rest 'twixt mine,
I am very happy. This is not your blood?
Guthr. It is indeed, indeed! your blood is mine.
Ed. Grieve not for me, dear friend! ('twill soon be past—)
'Tis but a shallow wound—see! I can rise— [*Attempting to rise.*
But feel a little faint. [*Sinking back.*
Guthr. Eduna! oh—
Why came you to the field? [*Drawing his hand from hers, and putting it to his brow.*

Ed. Take not away your hand, it gives me peace !
I feel my life is ebbing, 'tis a dream . . .
And all around me seems an unreal show . . .
Guthrum, where is your hand ? Husband, sweet friend !
Guthr. It is between your own.
Ed. I feel it not !
Stoop down your head, so—let me see your face ;
I would die thus while gazing in your eyes . . .
I feel a chilly calm o'er all my frame . . .
Say but one word, a word to break this trance—
Guthr. Eduna, leave me not ! One moment more !
Ed. I am not mistress of this fleeting world,
Or I would stay for thee ! [*Faints.*
Guthr. She 's breathing yet !"

—Her final words, broken and disjointed—" I am—I . . . dear husband—Christian—Alice—God !" are not lost on Guthrum,—who in the mean while is carried away by the victors and imprisoned in the vaults of Glastonbury Abbey.

And now the eventful eve draws nigh—Hallow-e'en—that of the fairies' septennial ride to hell—that on which Ulf is to be reclaimed to life and salvation by the devoted Alice. She has become greatly changed during the last few hours of misery. She is reintroduced conversing with the hermit Dunstan, to whom she has communicated the dream sent her by the Queen of the fairies ; he admits the warning to be true, but endeavours to dissuade her from attempting the rescue of Ulf. She declares herself resolved, and, in answer to his question whether it is not worldly love which prompts her, expresses her intention to take the veil and become the bride of Heaven :—

" Father, my love of earth
Will soon be cloistered in a convent's shade.
This hath cost tears, but now they 've pass'd away.
Three days ago seem now a many years,
In which griefs, crosses, deadly fears and pains,
Have made me long for rest. I 'll be a nun—
But I will rescue first his soul from hell !
Dunst. Then be it so !"

—He promises to accompany her to the spot, and gives her a cross, made of the true tree, for her protection and behoof.

It is now verging towards midnight—but there is another captive to be released—the noble Guthrum, from the chains of misbelief and heathenry. The scene is in a vault of Glastonbury—a light burning—a stone table and stool—Guthrum seated, his face sullenly averted :—

" *Enter* ALFRED *and* Attendant.

" *Att.* In truth, my liege ! the holy man spoke much,
And shewed how all the heathen gods were false ;
He was convincing,—yet, 'tis very strange,
The prisoner hath not moved himself an inch,
Nor raised his head, nor spoke a single word,
Since first he sat him down,—he breathes heavily,
Or one might call him dead.
Alfr. Leave us alone,
And let me hear thee going. [*Exit* Attendant.
—Guthrum ! Alfred will wait till you give ear
In soberness to what he has to say. [*Pause.*
—A noble soul mopes not when griefs throng round,

But stems and hurls them back. [*Pause.*] You do me wrong
To treat me thus. As foe you loved me well;
Treat me as nobly now I 'd be your friend. [*Pause.*
—What, silent still?
Then, spite of silence, I will speak right out
What I have got to say. You have lost all—
Your Gods, if they be Gods, have turn'd their backs,
And left your nation blasted to the roots;
Serve them no more—defy them to their teeth—
Become a Christian! and this very hour
My people shall share England with your Danes,
And I will cleave my crown and give thee half!

Guthr. 'Sdeath! will you taunt me thus? And do ye think
A crown—a better God—a heaven—
Even Eduna's life, could make amends
For honour lost?—Yes, every word I hear
With patience from thy mouth heaps my disgrace,
And drives me farther from Valhalla's hall.
—Eduna! I shall see thee now no more!
—Yet there's one way! Take that, thou Saxon hound!
[*Leaps up and strikes* ALFRED.
Coward! why draw you not? defend thyself.

Alfr. Guthrum!. it is not generous to strike me.

Guthr. Are you a soldier and endure a blow?
Kill me, I say!—Alfred, I saved thy life—
Oh! do me this good deed; give me at least
Thy sword, and let me do it for myself! [ALFRED *offers to speak.*
—Give me not words—thy sword, thy sword, I say!
You will not? well— [*Sinks back into his seat.*

Alfr. I fear it is in vain. [*Aside.*
Guthrum! I will return at dawn of day;
Till then I'll pray God for thee. [*Exit.*

Guthr. (*after a pause*). "Serve them no more"—"Defy them to their teeth"—
"Become a Christian"—thus?
[*The bell tolls twelve. Slowly raises his head and rises.*
—Ring out, ye drowsy peals! the dirge of hours,
And let the soft-down'd wings of fleeting time
Bear on to dark oblivion what has pass'd!
My life's stain'd records blot from out your page,
That e'en the Gods may know not what is writ!
—Oh! how this world fades like the melting mists,
Like flitting moonshine or like wreathed clouds,
With all its brilliant deeds, its storms and crimes,
Its puppets and its pleasures, phantoms, fools—
Which now, like sable sand or sunny motes,
Crowd o'er its chequered scene—ay, let it go!
For life is not reality; 'tis but the shade
Of something yet to come—
The darkling image of the great To Be!
[*Sinking down and relapsing into his reverie.*
—"Your Gods, if they be Gods, have turn'd their backs"—
No, no! this is degenerate and base!
—And shall I never see her more? no more!
And must she wander through Valhalla's halls,
Watching and wearying till her husband come?
And ever as some noble guest appears,
All fresh from fight, gilded all o'er with blood,
Will she put forth her sweet pale face and look?
—'Twill be in vain, Eduna! [*Pause.*
—'Tis cold—my teeth are chatt'ring—
How dim this taper burns!—Ah! what is that?

Enter Ghost *of* EDUNA.

Is 't thou? and in thy winding-sheet, pale girl?
Upbraid me not too deeply!
Ghost. Odin is folly, Thor is but a lie;
Believe in Christ! [*About to pass away.*
Guthr. Stay, stay, sweet wife! oh stay—and speak once more!
Ghost. Guthrum, believe! and we may meet again. [*Vanishes.*
Guthr. Surely it is not her! she ne'er refused
The lightest boon I ask'd; her voice did soothe,
Yon voice did wring my soul.—I am a fool!
What have I shrunk to now!"

Alice and Dunstan have in the mean while quitted their hut and arrived at the spot which the fairy procession is to pass, conveying Ulf to hell. The scene is a blasted heath, half in gloom, half in moonshine—two ash-trees in front, under which Alice and Dunstan shelter themselves; Dunstan leaves her there—the powers of evil muster thick, and make every effort to induce her to quit the protecting shade and join their revels; her mind is already yielding to their incantations when the fairy cavalcade appears—she rushes on Ulf and clasps him in her arms—the unearthly rout vanish, and he is saved. But I am again anticipating:—

"*Dunst.* We are now upon the heath.
Alice. The wind blows cold through these pale ashen trees,—
Look at yon falling star!—the North flames red,
As if the sun would rise beyond the pole.
Dunst. I've seen in distant climes the North pole blaze
And stream with livid light, as 'twere hell's jaws,—
But not till now within a Christian land.
—Yet fear not, maiden; for within thy breast
Thou bear'st a sacred and a saving thing;
Trust but in Him who suffered on this cross,
And He will shield thee from the powers of ill.
Remember my instructions, and take heed
You pass not from the shadow of these trees,
For they are hallowed.—Hark! the Northern winds
Roar o'er the distant woods and bid me go,
And I must leave thee here. (The changing hue
Of yonder pale-faced stars, and the red moon,
Warn me they come, and tread the cumbered earth.) [*Aside.*
Alice. Oh God! how the ground trembles—leave me not yet!
Dunst. 'Tis the earth shudd'ring at the touch of guilt.
Alice. Stay yet! the stars
Do dance before me—give me your hand!
Courage, my heart! beat not so fast and thick—
Father! one moment more—
Dunst. Good angels guard thee! [*Exit hurriedly.*
Alice. I feel as if some horrid thing crept nigh,
And yet I see it not.

The form of the Monk *reappears, hooded.*

Why comest thou back?
Why art thou hooded o'er? and oh! methinks
Thy face looks ghastly pale! your eyes burn bright—
Hast thou seen hell? speak! I go mad with fear.
Form. And well you may! Fly, woman, whilst there's time;
Leave this broad blasted heath—they're coming thick!
Hark to the jocund owl's loud laughing scream—
Well sung, old bird, I say!—Come on, come on!

Alice. Whither shall we fly?—you are so strangely changed—
Come nearer first.
Form. I cannot! See'st thou not
The moon shines bright, and throws that ash-tree's shade
Right 'twixt thy form and mine?
Alice. He has no shadow, and the wan moonbeam
Gleams through his sullen form—it is not he!
Elvish laughter. Not he!

[*The Figure shrieks, and, throwing off the cowl, appears as a spectre.*
ALICE *sinks on her knee—the spectre dances round her, singing—*

Come through the grisly night
In frolics gay,—
For the Northern light
Fades away,
And yon blighted moon
Pales her ray!
Hark! hark!
Our spirits come—
By the hum
And the dark,
I know they come!
Reel away
Through the gray,
Reel away!

[*Dances out—*ALICE *continues kneeling.*

Alice. Sweet Saviour! thou who wert in agony,
Look on this fearful thing—look, look, oh God!

Enter two Warlocks, *&c.*

* * * * *

Enter Third Witch.

3 *Witch.* Make way for the Night-hag, make way!
She's wrapt in a cloudlet gray!
1 *Witch.* What art thou fumbling?
Why art thou mumbling?
3 *Witch.* I mumble for joy,
For I have been feeding
On the heart of a king,
And left it all bleeding.
Shall I tell you who?
1 *Witch.* Yes, do!
3 *Witch.* For once I'll speak true:—
The marriage-feast waxed loud,
The bridegroom king drank deep;
He was reckless, vain, and proud,
Whilst the poor did weep.
He saw not in the crowd
A woman gray and old,
With palsy double-bowed,
With fingers sharp and cold.
He raised the cup to quaff,
Then pride exposed his soul—
In his eye there was a laugh,
As he kiss'd the bowl.
An elvish yell! he groaned,
He bounded up—
He shivered and he moaned,
And down he hurled the cup.
'Twas I, 'twas I!
I crouched close by,

I bit his heart—
'Twas I, 'twas I—
Ha, ha!
Ever since that time
King Alfred's heart I 've gnawed;
He was then in prime,—
Now his head is strawed
With locks of gray.
—I must away!
I travel far—
My tooth is remorse!
All men feel its force—
Hurrah! *

The Night-hag *rushes by.*

Alice. My lips but murmur, whilst my heart prays not;
I cannot draw my eye from those weird things—
God help me!

1 *Witch.* Ah! who spoke that name?

2 *Witch.* Give me yon rod
Of serpents entwined,—
'Tis potent to bind
The conscience in slumber,
And to fetter the mind
By magical number.

1 *Witch.* 'Twas under those trees
I heard the voice sound;
'Tis a maid on her knees—
She is gazing around.

3 *Witch.* I begin to feel sick,
And my pulses beat quick;
When pure things are nigh
I must shudder and fly. [*Ex.*

Spirits, Witches, *&c., rush forwards and dance in a ring round* ALICE, *singing*—

Dance round her, all thronging,
'Twill give her a longing
To mix in our revels—
Halloo! join us, ye devils!
Sing along!
Swing along!
Join in the song!
With words wildly dancing
Her spirit entrancing,
All her soul stealing
Till her heart loses feeling.

Alice. Oh! my brain is a reeling!

Chorus. Thy heart loses feeling.

Alice. Oh! I grow mad—

Chorus. Be merry and glad!
Like spiders we 're weaving,
Thy senses deceiving.

Alice. Ah! the ground is all heaving!
—Ye seem all right merry—

Chorus. Yes; very, oh very!

Alice. My fear is fast going—

Chorus. Thy pleasure is growing.

Alice. I must join in your throng—

Chorus. Yes, yes! come along,

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* Alfred was seized at his marriage-feast, when quite a young man, with an excruciating internal disease, which, with brief intervals, never quitted him, and made the remainder of his life one long agony.

And take up the song—
Our wild notes prolong—
Alice. Your wild notes prolong—
Chorus. Here! take thou the rod—
Alice. Have mercy, oh God!
Chorus. Our charm is broke,
And ends in smoke!
Away, away! whirr! [*Disappear, shrieking and laughing.*"

At this moment the fairies ride past—Alice draws out her cross—the spirits fly in all directions—she rushes forward and seizes Ulf, exclaiming,

"Ulf, Ulf! thy soul is saved—oh God, be thanked!"

She falls senseless, and the scene closes.*

The concluding scene of 'Alfred' opens with the morning of the fourth day; Guthrum, in front of the great porch of Glastonbury Abbey, professes himself a convert to Christianity, and all the Danes follow his example except Ubbo, who, true to the last to his creed and character, denounces Guthrum in words of withering sarcasm:—

"I'll have thee cursed by all thine aged sires!
Vaulted Valhalla shall resound their curse—
What! turn to grovel in a Saxon sty
And be a Christian?
—Guthrum, thou living shame! thus I accuse thee— [*Stabbing himself.*
I die, thou Nithering,† a Dane!"

—expiring with the words of a celebrated Norse hero,

"Odin, I come!—I die laughing!"

—Alice, meanwhile, has disappeared—the converter of the Danes, through the influence of her piety and heroism on Eduna first, and through Eduna on Guthrum, and through Guthrum on the whole nation—an influence unknown to herself, unknown to them, but visible to us throughout the whole—she has passed away as if she had never been; a casual remark in answer to the enquiry of Alfred, that the hermit had left the Abbey early in the morning, being

"Expected at high noon
At Taunton nunnery, where a maid to-day
Betroths herself to heaven,"

is all we hear of her—and Alfred's rejoinder, "How is Guthrum?" shews the like indifference. This is true to nature—or, as I would rather term it, to the course of that Providence which effects great results by secondary and occult means. And if any one should feel regret that Alice's heroism is not rewarded by marriage with Ulf and earthly happiness, I would refer him to one of the most beautiful passages ever penned by that great moralist, Sir

* The closing lines of this charm, especially—with their strange fascination of sound, enweaving itself round Alice till she takes the initiative herself, and is saved only by the incautious suggestion, through the rhyme, of the name of God—remind one of those wild witch-dances of the Lapps and Finlanders, in which, circling round a blazing fire, they reeled and sang in frantic delirium, while every now and then, yielding to the excitement, half voluntarily, half resistingly, one of the ring was flung into the flames.

† The word of bitterest reproach among the Saxons, Guthrum's adopted countrymen.

Walter Scott—that in the Introduction to Ivanhoe, in which he answers those who would have assigned Rebecca to him she loved in lieu of Rowena, by an earnest protest against the doctrine that temporal bliss is necessarily the reward of virtues which possess a truer heirship in eternity.

I now turn to Sir Coutts's more recent volume, 'Edward the Black Prince,' —but I shall adopt a different mode in analyzing it. In 'Alfred' I have traced the story step by step through the scenes *seriatim*, but the plot of 'Edward' is more complicated, and the historical groundwork less familiar. I shall preface my citations therefore by a rapid sketch of the singular episode in English history which has furnished the subject of the play, as detailed by Sir Coutts's authorities, the ancient French chronicle of Dugueselin, compiled within a few years after that hero's death, and the more authentic but scarcely more graphic narrative of Froissart.

No character in Europe for many a century had been viewed with such unmingled horror by all classes as that of Pedro surnamed the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon, about the middle of the fourteenth century. Like his contemporary Charles of Navarre, every outward charm and every inward vice were blended in his person. He was brave and accomplished—possessing all the points externally of a perfect knight—but unmatched in dissimulation—subtle as the serpent when his will mastered his passions, bloodthirsty as the tiger, from habit, even when his passions slept—rapacious withal, and licentious, heedless of every moral obligation, owning Self as his God in all things. He oppressed his nobles, he imprisoned and pillaged his clergy, he persecuted his three illegitimate brothers, especially the elder, Henry Count of Transtamare, and banished him from Spain—and was by many supposed to have caused the death of their mother, the erring but lofty-minded Eleanor de Guzman. But there were stains yet darker on his character. He sought his councillors and familiars, not among the Christians, but the Jews and Saracens, and was suspected of a league with the Moslem kings of Grenada, Fez, and Tremezen, for the subjugation of Christianity. And last of all, he was known to have murdered his wife, Blanche of Bourbon, the loveliest and saintliest of the daughters of St. Louis, by the foul hands of his Jewish minions:—nothing is more piteous than the description of her death in the old chronicle, wrapping herself modestly in her mantle, and lying down on her bed, with her taper in one hand and her 'Hours' in the other, commending herself "to our Lord, to our Lady, to the twelve Apostles, and generally to the whole Court of Paradise"—and praying for her demon husband—whilst the Jews, Daniot and his companion, crushed her to death.

In all these deeds of evil, Pedro's mistress, Maria di Padilla, stood by his side, his prompter and his guide. She was beautiful and dark as night—a soul of fire, burning with ambition—a sceptic like himself, unscrupulous, and remorseless—but not, like him, wholly demonized—not bloodthirsty or cruel for the mere sake of cruelty, like Pedro.

Every power and interest of Christendom, every sentiment of humanity and virtue, was thus armed against the King of Castile—the Pope and the Church, in the first instance—France, through the insult offered to the lilies and the blood of St. Louis—and the chivalry of Europe, generally, through abhorrence

of the patron of the infidels and the murderer of Blanche,—while two enemies in particular couched at his very door—the King of Arragon, whom Pedro had insulted and injured to the utmost of his power for having sheltered and assisted his brother—and that brother himself, Henry of Transtamare, who returned Pedro's hatred with equal intensity, and panted for revenge. Henry had many fine points, and many too of a less favourable character, but ingratitude at least was not his vice, and he was a devoted Catholic. The latter merit recommended him to Rome, and he had done good service to France, while serving in her armies during his exile.

Pedro, however, in spite of this universal odium, might have retained his crown in peace, untroubled at least by foreign interference, but for peculiar circumstances which made it the interest of the King of France and of the Pope—who then, it will be remembered, reigned at Avignon—to deprive him of it. The war of succession in Britanny had lately ended by the death of Charles of Blois at the battle of Auray, and the peaceable succession of Jean de Montfort. Duguesclin, who, as the champion of France, had espoused the cause of Charles, was a prisoner in the hands of Lord Chandos. The Free Companions, so long engaged on either side, found their occupation gone, and lay as an incubus on France—or rather moved from province to province like an army of locusts, laying everything waste or under contribution. Charles of France and the Pope, Urban V., had made repeated but fruitless attempts to get rid of them. The happy idea now presented itself of employing them against Pedro—of discharging these pent-up waters on the fair provinces of Spain. Pedro's insults against the Church had become more and more intolerable—the Pope had summoned him to Avignon—he had laughed the summons to scorn—the moment was propitious, and, in concert with France, Urban formally excommunicated and deposed him, and at the same moment legitimated Henry of Transtamare, and declared him his father's heir and lawful King of Castile. The King of Arragon offered his cooperation in any ulterior measures, and nothing remained but to treat with the Free Companions, and influence them to the wishes of the kingly conclave. There was but one man breathing capable of doing this, and of ruling those wild spirits of the age—and that man was Bertrand Duguesclin.

The name of Duguesclin is almost forgotten in England, and is but faintly remembered (popularly) in France—but he figures in the chronicles like a Wallace or a Maccabee. "He was a man," says an old writer, "simple and without dissimulation, open of heart and of countenance, ever ready with a cheerful word, gay and engaging in manner, liberal in largesse of all he had, and deeming nothing his own, not even his wife's jewels—and she was as little chary of them as himself—so long as a prisoner remained unransomed from the English. And he would ransom even the English themselves occasionally, in time of truce. He was wise in counsel, prompt in execution, was at the enemy's elbow when they thought him thirty leagues off—cool and collected in the midst of battle, as in his chamber—furious, impetuous, and stubborn in combat, like a raging lion. Never fortress held out against him but he took it, either by escalade, sap, or surrender—save very few. He governed armies which princes nominally commanded, but with such modesty that they believed the suggestions they acted upon to be their own,—the day was ever Dugues-

clin's, and every one's ambition and self-love were gratified."—On the other hand, his personal disadvantages were great; he was short in stature, square-built and ungraceful—ugly in short, and almost deformed—and one of the old romances introduces him saying,

> " Jamais je ne serai aimé ne conveïs,
> Ainçois serai des dames toujours trés éconduit;
> Car bien sçai que je suis laid et malfettis,
> Mais puisque je suis laid, estre veux bien hardis."

—And hardy indeed he was, "un tres vaillant, large, loyal, et hardy chevalier," as ever trod battle-field in his knightly spurs.

Such was the destined champion of Don Henry, and avenger of Lady Blanche. The Pope, the King of France, and Henry of Transtamare ransomed him from Lord Chandos for one hundred thousand livres. He negotiated with the chiefs of the Companies, and they unanimously agreed to accompany him to Spain, to depose Pedro, and instal Don Henry in his place —with the ulterior vision, according to the biographer of Dugueselin, of subduing Grenada and 'Belmarin,' or Fez, Alexandria and Jerusalem, and regaining all that Christendom had lost since the days of Godfrey of Boulogne. They adopted the title of the White Company, from a white cross embroidered on their shoulders, and proclaimed their expedition a crusade against the Jews and Saracens, and the enemy of the cross, Don Pedro.

Besides the Free Companions, many of the English knights then resident in Aquitaine—of which the Black Prince had now been for some years in possession, as Sovereign Lord and Prince, independent of France—joined Dugueselin. Among the chief of these was Sir Hugh de Calverley, one of the most renowned warriors of the age—a very gentle and courteous knight, high-minded and generous, and a personal friend of Dugueselin—and especially celebrated for his conduct at the battle of Auray, where his valour and discretion mainly contributed to the victory of Jean de Montfort. The chronicler of Dugueselin represents him as one of the leaders of the Free Companions, but this is an error; Froissart makes a marked distinction between him and them. He engaged himself, however, to Dugueselin under a stipulation of release in case of a summons from his liege lord, the Prince of Wales. Sir Matthew de Gournay and other knights, of England and Aquitaine, likewise joined the expedition; the combined forces were put under the nominal command of Jean de Bourbon, Count de la Marche, a near relation of the murdered Blanche; and they entered Spain at the beginning of January 1365-6, fortified with a plenary absolution for all their sins from the chair of Avignon. Before quitting France, Henry put forth a manifesto, denouncing Pedro as a supposititious child of Jewish parentage, and declaring that his own mother, Eleanor de Guzman, had been legally affianced to his father Alfonso, and that he himself, as the first-born of that alliance, was consequently lawful King of Castile.

Everything was propitious to the invaders—Pedro's cruelties had alienated every rank and order of his subjects—with a single exception, that of Don Hernan de Castro,* his nobles abandoned him to a man—and destitute of

* He is said to have been brother of the unhappy Inez de Castro—but this is doubtful.

everything, he fled successively from Burgos to Toledo, from Toledo to Seville. It seemed like a dream—Henry was received everywhere with open arms—Pedro had disappeared—not a blow had been struck, and he stood master of Spain. He sent for his wife to Burgos, and they were crowned together. She was lovely and graceful in mind and person, and of the most engaging manners; and the description of her approach to the city, of her welcome by Dugueselin and Sir Hugh de Calverley, and of the subsequent festivities, are given most graphically in the chronicle of Dugueselin,* and have furnished Sir Coutts the hint of more than one of his most graceful scenes.

Henry shewed no lack of generosity in rewarding those who had established him on the throne; he created Dugueselin Constable of Castile and Duke of Molina, and Hugh de Calverley Conde de Carion—and bestowed the Great Chamberlainship upon Don Gomez Carrillo, a powerful noble who had been one of the first to join him; the circumstances of his defection from Pedro are not known, but the bitter hatred of that King, and the implied reprobation of his conduct by the Black Prince on a subsequent occasion, justify Sir Coutts in representing him as emphatically a traitor, and despised by the very men whose interests he had subserved and promoted.

All being accomplished apparently for which the expedition had been planned, the more youthful knights and the leaders of the White Company began to grow impatient for change. According to Froissart, Henry wished to employ them against Grenada; according to the chronicler of Dugueselin, this was their own proposition, and it was only through Don Henry's arguments and the tears of the Queen that they were persuaded to remain. Sir Coutts has preferred the latter version of the story. The funeral services performed at the tomb of Blanche by the command of the Count de la Marche are also said to have reanimated their rage at this moment against Pedro.

Meanwhile Pedro, though out of sight, was actively engaged in measures for the recovery of his throne. An alliance had existed for some years between him and Edward III. of England; by Hernan de Castro's advice, he applied to that monarch, and sailed to Bordeaux in person to solicit the like assistance from the Prince of Wales. Edward received him kindly; his winning address and glozing tongue won on his ear, and the sight of majesty in distress touched his sympathies—the Princess of Wales, true to her woman's heart and intuitive perception of human character, warned him against him—Chandos and Sir Thomas Felton, his two chief councillors, remonstrated, urging his tyrannies, his cruelties, the murder of Blanche, and his excommunication, the chastisement of God—but Edward was firm, perhaps obstinate; he replied that Pedro had erred undoubtedly, but that he had paid the penalty of his errors, and was penitent—that his deposition involved an insult to royalty—and that it would be unworthy of kings and of the sons of kings to permit a bastard to usurp the seat of a lawful sovereign, born of loyal marriage,—while it is not improbable that, after the example of his ancestors, he

* The passage may be found at p. 203 of the 'Histoire de Messire Bertrand Du Guesclin,' edited by Menard, Paris, 8vo., 1618—which presents the racy original text of the fourteenth century, far preferable to the *rifacimento* of the seventeenth, printed, under the title of 'Anciens Mémoires sur Du Guesclin,' in the collection of M. Petitot.

disputed the authority of the Pope to dispose of crowns at his pleasure as in the days of Hildebrand. He urged also, though with lighter emphasis, a better reason—the treaty of alliance existing between Pedro and his father. He sent messengers to Edward, seeking permission to act in Pedro's behalf, and on receiving a favourable reply, in an ill-omened hour, frankly took his part and engaged to accompany him into Spain.

The first step taken by princes at the commencement of a campaign in those adventurous days was to recall to their banner such of their followers as might be serving, for honour or their ladies' love, in the ranks of the enemy. No tie was so sacred as that of vassalage, and the duty of obedience to such summonses was universally recognised. Those who had feasted together at the beginning of the week were frequently fighting with each other at its close, and with the same friendly understanding and good will. Edward forthwith summoned Sir Hugh de Calverley, Matthew de Gournay, and their companions, to join his banner. All obeyed. They took leave of Don Henry and of Duguesclin with the exchange of many courteous speeches and fair gifts, and returned to Aquitaine, and ten thousand English soldiers followed in their train.

An important question had to be adjusted, however, before the expedition could proceed. The barons of Aquitaine demanded security for the payment of the levies raised in Don Pedro's cause. Pedro was unable to do more than promise—but the Black Prince solved the difficulty by making himself personally responsible for the whole, Pedro on his part engaging to repay him on the recovery of his kingdom.

All at last being prepared, and a treaty having been arranged with Charles of Navarre for supplies to the army while in his territories, the English entered Spain by the pass of Roncesvalles, crossing in three "battles," or divisions, on three successive days. They rendezvoused at Pampeluna, and proceeded to Vittoria, where Edward proposed to encounter the enemy.

The campaign opened, as usual, with a series of skirmishes between the advanced parties of the opposed armies, respectively led by Sir Thomas Felton and Don Tello, brother of Henry of Transtamare. Gallant deeds were performed on both sides, but the honour, though not the advantage, remained to the English through the gallantry of Sir Thomas Felton and his knights, who were surprised at a distance from their main body by the whole force of Don Tello. Though not more than two hundred in number, opposed to above six thousand, they took advantage of a small hill, and defended their position from noon till evening, repeatedly charging the enemy, killing numbers, and resuming their position in good order. Numbers at last prevailed, and they were all either slain or taken prisoners.

Meanwhile days passed by, and provisions began to be scarce in the Prince's camp—a loaf sold for a florin—the King of Navarre, a traitor to both sides, furnished no supplies—and after a week passed in extreme distress from want of food, Edward was compelled to remove and encamp at Navarrete. Henry followed him thither and occupied the town and palace of Nagarra on the other side of the valley, a little river, the Nagarrilla, dividing the opposed armies. Great dissensions now prevailed among the Spanish leaders. The scarcity in the Prince's camp was well known, and the wisest of them were

desirous of avoiding a battle, and conquering him by delay—by cutting off his supplies, and starving him where he stood. These counsels were overruled however, and, after a night of anxious debate, it was determined to offer battle on the morrow.

The battle of Navarrete was fought on the 3rd of April, 1367. The rival armies were marshalled by the Black Prince and by Don Henry at the earliest dawn of day, and the sun rose upon a sea of waving banners, glancing crests, and glittering spears. The trumpets sounded and the armies were approaching each other, when Edward called for his helmet, and, offering a short prayer to God, gave his hand to Don Pedro, and put himself at the head of his men, giving the word of onset, "On, banners, on! in the name of God and St. George!" The armies joined, and after a long and desperate struggle, of which I have not space to give the particulars, with the exception of the unaccountable flight of Don Tello and his division almost at the beginning of the action, and the capture of Dugueselin by Chandos at its close, the victory remained with the English. Pedro fought gallantly the whole day, seeking his brother everywhere throughout the field, but without encountering him. Henry, who had rivalled him in prowess, and thrice rallied his broken forces before the rout became irretrievable, was at last forced from the field against his will by his followers, and escaped to Soria, and from thence through Arragon to the Pope at Avignon. It was evening before the victory was complete. The Prince planted his banner in a large rosemary-bush on the top of the hill, and sounded a recall. One of the last that obeyed it was Pedro, who returned splashed and dripping from the butchery, and, flinging himself from his horse, bent his knee to Edward, and hailed him as the restorer of his throne,—to which the Prince replied in the simple words recorded by Froissart and preserved by Sir Coutts Lindsay,

> "Sir, give your thanks to God and not to me;
> All crowns are held from Him—be His the praise!"

On the following morning a revolting scene occurred. When the Prince had dressed and come forth of his tent, his knights met him with their usual greeting, and Don Pedro among the number—who besought him to deliver up to him all the prisoners captured on the preceding day, and especially his brother Sancho, that he might behead them as traitors; and it was only on the Prince's entreaty as a boon to himself, that he consented to pardon and permit them to renew their homage. The Prince, however, excepted Gomez Carrillo specially and by name from this act of grace, and Pedro no sooner quitted the presence than he had him beheaded before his eyes.

The kingdom was now as tranquil under Don Pedro as a little before it had appeared to be under Henry of Transtamare. Pedro had regained his throne —every city, every noble tendered homage and submission. Edward continued encamped near Burgos, and for some time a series of tournaments and festivities amused all parties. But at last the Prince began to think of returning home, and, hearing nothing from Pedro on the subject of the subsidies, was compelled to remind him of his engagement. Nothing, however, was farther from Pedro's intentions than the thought of fulfilling it—he professed that his exchequer was empty, and that he had no means of refilling it at Burgos—but

that he would repair to Seville, and raise the sums required as soon as possible, recommending the Prince to remove in the mean while to the Val d'Olif, a more fertile district, near Valladolid. Time however slipped away, and the summer heats began. A wasting disease broke out in the English camp—the soldiers died by thousands—Edward himself was attacked severely; he sent messengers to Seville, renewing his instances with Pedro—who replied that the Free Companies had so exhausted the resources of the country, that it was utterly impossible for him to keep his promise at the moment, and that Edward had better return to Aquitaine, and the money should be sent after him. Edward saw too late the character of the man he had trusted, and with bitter regret determined to retrace his steps. By this time the army was reduced to a fifth of its original numbers, and the Prince himself was so enfeebled by sickness that he was obliged to travel in a litter—it was generally believed indeed that he had been poisoned. Yet in spite of all this—while actually on his retreat homewards—smarting under Pedro's ingratitude—with the weight of untold responsibility on his back—and bowed to the earth by sickness, the result of Pedro's studied delays—Edward had the generosity to complete the work he had undertaken by detaching the King of Arragon from the interest of Don Henry, and negotiating a most advantageous treaty of alliance between him and Pedro—thus heaping coals of fire on the head of the perjured villain who had betrayed him.

Edward arrived at Bordeaux the wreck of his former self, his health blighted for ever, and in the words of his historian, Mr. James, "the remaining part of his history is but the detail of a tedious death."

Such is the story which Sir Coutts has dramatised,—it is unnecessary to my purpose to trace it further, or I might tell how Duguesclin, after a few months, was ransomed from the Black Prince—how he rejoined Don Henry—how they raised another army and drove Pedro a second time from his throne—how Pedro sought help from the Saracens, and encountered Henry near Monteil, and was defeated and captured—and how the brothers met in the tent of the Bégue de Vilaines, and grappled with each other like wild beasts, rolling on the ground and stabbing at each other till Pedro expired—how, according to the old ballad, Maria di Padilla flung herself from the summit of a high tower on hearing of the catastrophe—and how Henry afterwards ruled well and wisely in Spain:—And how, turning to another class of actors, the embarrassments of the Black Prince in consequence of the non-payment of the subsidies by Pedro, and the imposition of the *fouage* tax, brought on the war of Aquitaine and the consequent embroilment with France, which ended in the loss of that fertile province to the English—a war in which Chandos, Calverley, Felton, Knolles, and the Captal de Buch (Edward's beloved friend, so celebrated in the old chronicles, who accompanied him into Spain, and figures likewise in Sir Coutts's drama) fought like paladins round the drooping banner of their dying Charlemagne—to drop off like stars, one by one, as the chill of the early morning, the cold cheerless dawn of the fifteenth century, rose in the horizon—till at last few or none remained but the Prince himself and his friend the Captal—but parted, alas!—the latter lingering out his days in a cheerless captivity, to die at last by voluntary hunger on hearing of the death of him he had loved so well, Edward of England.—But of these later

events Sir Coutts, of course, takes no notice. The story is complete in itself without them. He has adhered to the facts, upon the whole, very closely, and modification is allowable where the spirit of history is preserved. He has indeed ventured upon one stroke which trenches on the very limits of permissibility—he attributes the alleged poisoning of the Black Prince to Don Pedro—and it would be perhaps an unjustifiable aspersion even in fiction, were it not that Pedro's character could scarcely be blacker than it is painted in history, and that, after all, the tooth of his ingratitude was equally envenomed in his avowed treatment of Edward—under the mildest epithet, a prolonged murder.

Many of Sir Coutts's scenes are expressly founded on those in Froissart and the chronicle of Dugueselin; and in the speeches, especially, he has adhered to the phraseology with almost scrupulous exactness. With the graver historical incident is interwoven a lighter tissue, of the loves of Hugh de Calverley and the fair Inez Carrillo, daughter of Don Gomez, and maid of honour to Don Henry's Queen; Inez and her sister Ilda are, with the exception of a few minor personages, the only purely imaginary characters in the drama.

I need not observe that Sir Coutts has undertaken an arduous adventure—to overcome our repugnance to the Prince's engaging in such a cause as Pedro's, and to vindicate in his character and person, as contrasted with that of his betrayer, the triumph of virtue over vice, even when vice is victorious.

The piece opens with a scene between Pedro and Maria di Padilla, at the moment of the news arriving of Henry's coronation. It transports us at once *in medias res*, and is intended to prepare us for what is to follow. The second scene presents us with the approach of Don Henry's Queen to Burgos, with her fair maidens Inez and Ilda, and their welcome by Dugueselin and Hugh de Calverley. In the third, Pedro crosses our path in his midnight flight from Toledo—separated from his attendants in a gloomy forest, cursing and blaspheming. In the fourth, we mingle with the revels of Don Henry's court at Burgos, and gain a glimpse into the ambitious aspirations of Dugueselin, and into the hearts of Inez and Hugh—Inez is represented as very young, dreamy, and fanciful, full of trust, buoyant in spirit, and unchastened as yet by sorrow—a sunny contrast to her sister, the nun-like, devoted, and dying Ilda. To her we are introduced in the fifth scene, closeted with her father Gomez, and vainly endeavouring to comfort him in his remorse and grief, which vent themselves in bitterness upon herself. Lastly, we have the Oath-scene—in which, after the abandonment of their new-born intention to take arms against the Moors, Dugueselin and his knights renew their vows at the tomb of Blanche, under the auspices of the Bishop of Burgos. It is short, and I quote it entire:—

"*Cathedral of Burgos—Midnight lauds singing—the Church half in moonlight, half in shade.*

Enter Bishop, DUGUESCLIN, *and* Knights.

Bishop. Tread softly, Sirs! we'll rest till lauds be sung;
Bring not the torches in, we've light enough;
See how the full moon down the chancel streams!

Dug. Do not the place and these sweet solemn sounds
Make your blood curdle strangely?.
Bish. Fancy works strongly on the mind; with me
Yon voice that echoes through the distant aisles
In falling cadence, I could well believe
The voice of Lady Blanche, for very oft
She sang in this same church:—
Under yon oriel, where the moonbeams stray
Through the bright colours of the painted glass,
There is her tomb.
1 *Knt.* Where?
2 *Knt.* Let us see!
3 *Knt.* Come on!
Bish. Her effigy is on't, I'll shew it you. [*They all crowd round the tomb.*
Look, here it lies—how calm and silently!
2 *Knt.* How beautiful!
3 *Knt.* She almost seems to breathe!
1 *Knt.* I knew thee well, sweet saint!
How often have I gazed on those mild eyes!
Your parted lips, alas! how pale they are—
Pardon my rudeness! [*Kisses the statue.*
—I'm old, Sir Knights! the weakness of old age
May be forgiven.
3 (*to* 2) *Knt.* 'Tis said he felt great tenderness for her.
1 *Knt.* Oh! thou vile monster, to destroy a thing
So wondrous sweet and fair!
2 *Knt.* Upon her breast
The moonlight has cast down a bloody stain,
As if to mind us of the cruel deed.
Dug. He was a swine who trampled under foot
The sweetest flower that ever bloomed on earth!
For this—revenge becomes a holy thing;
I'll never rest, betide me what God will,
Till I see Pedro dead beneath my feet!
1 *Knt.* Nor I!
2 *Knt.* Nor I!
3 *Knt.* Come, let us swear—the altar's lighted up.
Bish. Sir Knights! all is prepared—the altar's there,
There is the sacrament,—you are well avised
Of what ye undertake?
Knts. We are, we are!
Bish. Then draw ye nigh, and God approve the deed!"

With the Second Act we are introduced to Edward Prince of Wales and his wife—her parting with him (as Sir Coutts has represented it) at Pampeluna—her last expostulation, and his reply; I give it as the expression of his motives, his self-justification for espousing Pedro's cause:—

"*Princess.* Yet stay a moment—bid me first adieu.
Edward. Nay, dearest! 'tis but for a month or two.
Princ. To bid farewell when all the world looks on
Gives but the heartache and the moistened eye,
Which chokes one in the hiding. Know you not,
If said alone, there's nothing one need hide?
Edw. Nothing to hide, dear friend? I'll stake my life
Against those pleading eyes, you've something hid
Which you do long to say!
Princ. It may be so.
Edw. Tell it me then. [*Pause.*
—Well, lady mine! shall we stand here all day?
Princ. So I might stay with you!

'Tis what I 've said some fifty times before;
Will 't trouble you to hear it once again?
Edw. Yourself shall answer that.
Princ. Oh then, for love of God, let not this king,
Don Pedro, share your counsel or your love!
However nobly you may shape your course,
The trail of such a serpent in your track
Will mark your path with slime,—your brightest deeds
In his foul atmosphere will tarnish o'er,—
The flower of chivalry
May be polluted by the unholy touch
Of the vile reptile that doth seek its shade.—
—Forgive me, Edward!
My heart 's a garden that doth own in thee
The rarest flower that grows on the wide world—
If 'twere to fade, that heart would wither too!
Edw. Fear not for me, dear wife! I love him not,—
His life hath been too full of evil deeds.
'Tis not the man that I feel bound to guard,
It is the principle he personates;
Rebellion hath unthroned him—can I stand by,
Who have the power to help, and see usurped
The holy seat that God hath given a king?
It were against my conscience."

Meanwhile the news of Edward's alliance with Pedro have reached Don Henry, and we have his consultations with Duguesclin, the hurrying to and fro of the citizens, with all the unfounded rumours of such a moment—the arrival of Edward's herald to recall Sir Hugh de Calverley and his friends—and the parting of Inez and Hugh with each other and with the Queen, a sweet but simple scene, and the more impressive from their being all engaged in doing heroic things without the least apparent consciousness of it. We are then "denned" with Maria di Padilla in her lair, a castle in the mountains which she holds out for Pedro. She paints herself in a prolonged soliloquy, and in the reception of messengers successively from Pedro and from Grenada. In the sixth scene, the morning before the battle, we have Edward and his friend the Captal de Buch—the one the prince, the commander, and the husband, his mind filled with a thousand anxious thoughts, political and domestic—the other the adventurous knight, without wife or kingdom, dreaming but of honour and renown—conversing as they patrol the hill, awaiting the dawn:—it is as follows:—

"*Edward.* If, as you say, we have so much at stake,
The greater stress that we should end this war.
I think they cannot choose but fight us now.
Captal. Indeed, my liege, the vantage they have gained
Over Sir Thomas Felton and his knights
Will brace their stomachs for a second bout.
Edw. 'Twas an ill-got advantage, when they fought
As nine to one. Poor Felton! so thou 'rt dead,
And in men's minds no more wilt thou be counted!
Thou 'lt stir no more in any man's behalf!
Capt. 'Tis said he fought most like a paladin;
And whilst his steel held truly to the hilt,
A hundred of the foe scarce mated him.
Edw. The bare account
That ninety knights, match'd 'gainst eight hundred spears,
Fought from noonday till eve, speaks its own praise.

Capt. Will you retire, my liege? a little sleep
Would bring the dawn in swiftly.
Edw. No, good friend!
The time creeps slowly, but I never felt
More wakeful than to-night.
Capt. The hours 'twixt night and day are wont to beat
A drowsy march to the dull ears of men,
But sleep hath been a niggard to us twain.
—It is a lovely night!
Edw. 'Twas such another night when you came in
Before the fight at Poitiers. Do you remember
The hamlet on the hill of Maupertuis,
Where you, the Earl of Oxford, and myself
Paced to and fro amongst the mulberry-trees?
Capt. Right well I do!
Poitiers there stood, much as Nagarra stands,
Rivalling the sky with thousands of bright lights;
—Upon the Nagarrilla the stars stream
Just as they shone upon the river Clain,—
Even the breeze stole up the hill as now,
Sighing as it had crossed a desert wold
Instead of plains swarming with living men.
Edw. Truly, more interests are at stake this morn
Than I had thought to peril. Lose this day,
And every foot upon the main of France
Were but a slippery stand for Englishmen.
—Now, by our Lady! but the East doth blush
At these faint thoughts of mine.
—A busy day is on the morning's track.
Capt. The morning there shall be a type of us:—
See how along the East the burning clouds
Muster their battle 'gainst the grey of night,
And the bright couriers of the rising sun
Dart on the opposing stars!
Edw. And yet, methinks, the starry host of night
Keep well their vantage ground.
—How limitless the spangled heavens do seem,
And yet how thickly peopled! [*Pause.*
—I marvel how our friends in Aquitaine
Do pass their time; Bordeaux, I think, lies there? [*Pointing.*
Capt. Indeed, you do mistake, 'tis farther west,
Under the milky way.
Edw. That were a glorious road to travel home!
—I'd give my hand to know if all's at peace
Upon our border-towns. The King of France
Is pledged to keep the peace. [*Reveille sounds.*
—There's the reveille—it were full time we armed—
Greet me Don Pedro, as you pass his tent—
Look that Sir Robert Knolles defends the ford—
Lord Chandos' quarters are astir, I see.
Capt. 'Tis well, my liege. [*Exeunt.*"

The battle-scenes that succeed, and especially the surrender of Dugueslin to Chandos, are dramatized from the chronicles, and the Act closes with a scene in which a new agency is introduced, and from which a new epoch in the drama dates—the scene in which Maria di Padilla persuades Don Pedro to poison the Black Prince. Events have in fact reached their consummation, externally, in the battle, and the remainder of the play is the lull after the hurricane—but while the oak, loosened by the blast, is bowing to its fall; the progress ceases, but not the interest—it is a dull, monotonous, thrilling calm

—stagnant as the Dead-Sea, or at least ruffled only by the storms that rise up from its own bosom. I quote from this scene the passage where the Doctor who is to be the agent in the villany is described:—

" *Pedro.* Death and the devil! what's the Prince to me?
He did me services, which now are past.
Maria. True, he has done you many services;
You are prepared to pay the subsidies?
Pedro. I'll go no further in't;—to him, at least,
I'll deal in all good faith.
Maria. Ha, ha! 'tis so—
And in your mind conception has forerun
That which I ne'er expressed! [*Pause.*
—So, give attentive ear. There lives a man
Much in the Prince's confidence, a leech,
Of grave and sober habit, who doth stand
His close attendant; to the world he gives
The softest charity, the holiest maxims,
And seems the child of churches and of tombs;
Mournful religion on his forehead sits,
But in his heart a fiend, whose greediness
Acts as an alchemy; which turns his faith
To gold, his hope to gold, his charity
To gilding of himself. This man's my friend,
As far as money makes one,—at Bordeaux
He did me useful service; now this same,
With little handling of his master-key,
What 'twixt the hoping and receipt of gold,
Will slave-like do your will,—and, sooth to say,
Such store of weapons 'gainst man's inward strength,
Easy or painful, quick or slow, all death—
I never saw before. Go buy the man,
And you have gained your wish.
Pedro. So easy is't?
Maria. Come, come, my liege! you've long decided on't.
—For yonder swarm of traitors, leave them to me;
Six months, and in Castile there shall not beat
One heart disloyal to you.
Pedro. Would God it might be so!
—Thou twin to Satan, beautiful deceit!
I almost wish I'd never met with thee.
—Yet the scheme's good, the scheme's exceeding good. [*Exeunt.*"

—The development of this plot is reserved (as I said before) for the concluding Act. I need only add that this scene is the passing-point in Pedro's course as matched with Maria's. Maria has had the lead till this last worst deed is resolved on—Pedro then takes it, and keeps it to the close.

The opening scene of the Third Act presents us with the terrace at Burgos —parties of the English and Spanish allies pacing backwards and forwards, Chandos and the Captal, Pedro and the Doctor; from the former we gather that the sickness in the camp has already begun, and that there is little chance as yet of the subsidies being paid—from the latter we have an insight into the hearts of two villains, dodging each other in crime; the character of the Doctor, as sketched by Maria, especially his religious self-deceit, is fully justified.

The succeeding scene introduces us to Gomez in prison—sleeping uneasily, and watched by his daughters Inez and Ilda; Inez expostulates with Ilda for her self-neglect—she is wasting away day by day, and takes no heed of it,—

Ilda endeavours to reassure her; but while they are conversing, Gomez suddenly starts up struggling in his sleep in a paroxysm of terror,—

> " Give me a hearing—I will plead my cause—
> This is no judgment—what! to hang a knight,
> Gibbet a knight?
> *Ilda.* Father, you do but dream.
> *Gomez.* Ah! 'tis illusion—so!"

They endeavour to comfort each other—or rather Gomez attempts to comfort himself, to rekindle the hopes well nigh extinct in his bosom; and he is partially succeeding when they are interrupted in a fearful but not an unlooked-for manner by the entrance of Don Pedro's soldiers and the Gaoler, who carry him off to execution. And the scene ends by an offer on the part of the Gaoler to shelter Inez and Ilda in his brother's cottage in the mountains—which, considering the character of the master he served, and the injunctions he had received to guard them carefully, appears rather improbable.

The succeeding scenes depict the progress of the disease in the camp, and especially the first seizure of the Prince of Wales; his character develops itself nobly in the midst of all this suffering. In the fifth he is introduced visiting the sick; Chandos—and even the Doctor himself, his murderer, touched with his patience and heroism—expostulate against his incurring the risk. But Edward has no thought of self:—

> " What mean you, friends?
> To break my heart? By God's grace, I am here
> Not merely thus to suffer, but to die
> Upon my duty. Was I made a prince
> To take the goods and shun the ills of rule?
> What! think ye not that God hath power to guard
> Me weakly as when strong?
> *Captal.* Thou noble spirit!—help! he faints away.
> *Edw. (recovering).* 'Tis but this faintness—what! my kind good leech,
> Be not distress'd! have you the bonbonnière?
> The raisins in't revive my spirits much—
> Nay, give me one.
> *Doct.* My liege, my liege! I would not—stay, 'tis not
> About my person.—Would the raisins were
> A hundred leagues down hell! [*Aside.*
> *Capt.* Nay, there it is,
> Within your hawking-pouch.
> *Doct.* Ay, very true; here, Sire! [*Giving some.*] The thing's been done,
> And now 'twill hurt him little—would 'twere ended! [*Aside.*
>
> *Sir* ROBERT KNOLLES *is carried in on a litter towards the hospital.*
>
> *Edw.* What! is that Knolles? [*Goes up to him.*
> The kind old head which hoary grew for me
> Through perils numberless—the arm that served
> Me and my father well—is't come to this?
> How fare you, noble heart?
> *Chandos.* He takes your meaning, Sire! but cannot form
> The answer which is struggling in his breast.
> *Edw.* You fought by me in my first battle-field,
> And oft-times bared your breast in my behalf,
> And wert my very pattern of a knight
> To take ensample from.
> *Chand.* He offers you his hand.
> [EDWARD *takes Sir* ROBERT'S *hand.*

Doct. You tempt infection far too much, my liege.
Edw. Now, by St. George! if this same venerable
And well-remembered hand were stretched to me
To lead me to the grave, I'd grasp it willingly.
Doct. Death is a fearful thing to frail humanity!
Edw. Nay, by the Lord! I take it but to be
A glorious leap into another world,
Where with a power limitless
We shall serve God.
—Farewell a little till we meet in heaven! [*Kissing Sir* ROBERT.
—Good Doctor, you'll attend Sir Robert Knolles,
And I the hospital. I feel myself
Gather up strength—I'll on, while I have power.
—Come, Chandos, come! see, I can walk alone! [*Exeunt.*"

—A touching episode—of a Vivandière, the companion and nurse, alas! not by the most legitimate bond, of one of the dying soldiers—is interwoven with these scenes of suffering. Her character is but slightly touched, but much of the original sweetness of the rifled flower lingers around it. The soldiers, by the way, are gallant, generous fellows, and thorough Englishmen, every inch of them.

But I hasten towards the conclusion. We are in Edward's sick chamber—Hugh de Calverley and Matthew de Gournay have just returned from their mission to Arragon—the Prince endeavours to assume a cheerful tone with them, but the effort fails:—

"*Edw.* Now God be thanked, Sir Hugh! that you're returned,
And you, Sir Matthew! Ne'er had I such need
As now, for muster of all loyal hearts.
—To-morrow's dawn,
I trust, will see us on our homeward road.
—So you have gaily fared this many a day;
How like you Arragon? I've heard it said
The court's a merry one.
Hugh. Alas! my liege,
Even the memory of merriment
Is quite o'erpowered in this sad surprise.
Edw. Nay, nay—enough of that. I counted on
A reinforcement of kind mirth from you,
A little freshness—disappoint me not!
Ever of old you used to be for me
Mirth-gatherer—what! have you nought to say?
—Lord, help me then! I must to business.
Give me your papers; I will read them now.
Lend me your aid to raise me on the couch—
I thank you, Sirs! My eyes of late are dim. [*Reads.*"

—He is presently interrupted by the approach of Don Pedro, to take leave of his victim:—

—"Captal, your arm!
I will receive him standing.
Capt. Nay, my liege!
Respect was never due to those who play
A part so double-visaged.
—You are too weak to stand.
Edw. Courtesy, dear cousin,
Is due to all, then how much more to one
Whom God hath made a king!"

— Don Pedro enters, and renews his protestations respecting the subsidies, and even imputes depredation to the English knights, but this Edward speedily puts an end to, and Chandos interferes with

" Now, Sir King!
The Prince is much exhausted; it were time
This conference were ended; short adieux
Are always best.
Pedro. Fair Sir, with all my heart!"

—But Edward rouses himself for a few parting words:—

" A cup of water! [*Drinks.*] Chandos, by your leave,
I've somewhat yet to say. Part we, Sir King!
As sovereigns should—I do not grudge the cost
Of having aided you; I have done
What was my duty.—Now, farewell indeed!
For never more we meet upon this earth.
—And in this pardon me,—
Counsels from dying men, they say, have oft
An import from the world beyond the grave—
I would say thus:—
Treat all your nobles with an equal hand,
Blot from your memory all treasons past,
Hearken no calumny 'gainst well-tried friends,
For false accusers often mar the poise
Of nicely balanced confidence—and, in fine,
Be just e'en 'gainst yourself; remember that
The world, circling around you, sits at gaze
Upon your deeds—nor mortals only, all
Whom the Omnipotent hath formed to judge
Of right and wrong; tier above tier they throng,
Eyeing your path, a cloud of witnesses;
Earthlings and beings of yon fiery spheres
Whom we ne'er learnt to name, sit dimly round—
Then angel-hosts, unnumber'd,
Spread their vast circles silently and still;
—Beyond them, sight and thought drop pinionless,
For, crowning all, compassing all within
His everlasting arms, sits God himself,
His eye upon us both, thy Judge and mine!
—Pedro, farewell!—a little space, and then
We meet before his throne.
Pedro. Lord Prince!—The devil give me utterance! [*Aside.*
Why gape ye all at me?—Hell and devils!
I came not here to be insulted thus.
Chandos. Sir King! your audience is concluded.
Pedro (recovering himself). Kind cousin, pardon me!
Your zeal for me hath much exhausted you. [*Exit.*"

—And with this sneer on the lips of the victor villain, the heroic Edward, the sage Chandos, the faithful Captal, disappear from our view, and we see them no more.

Calverley, I should have mentioned, had been called away before the entrance of Don Pedro—it was to attend the Bishop of Burgos, who had to communicate the tidings of the death of Lady Elda.

" *Bishop.* She's now at journey's end, and the bright soul
Hath to its frail companion bid farewell.
Scarce had she passed the convent-gates when life
Began to sink apace.

A sweeter parting never graced the world,
For, after she had ta'en the Eucharist,
She felt her earthly pilgrimage
Was drawing near its close; often she stroked
Her sister's hand, and with her eye gave thanks
For any little service the poor nuns
Were fain to do her; once or twice she spoke,
But with a thick and heavy utterance,
And so her end drew on.
Hugh. Was it a troubled parting?
Bish. Even as the wane of moon, no more but so—
A bird-like flutter of the failing heart,
With some half-score of gently-heaved sighs—
Then broke a pale grey smile, which tremblingly
Kept rule upon her lips, and, fading there,
Merged into endless calm.
Hugh. Ah, well-a-day! this is a weary world,
When all the good are leaving us!—Father,
The Lady Inez, does she take to heart
Too deeply what has passed?
Bish. As sister should,
Who grieves a sister's death, new gone to heaven.
It was a homily to see them part.
As two meek pilgrims, who the livelong day
Have been each other's solace,—lingering,
They on the parting of their mutual road,
Stand sad at gaze awhile—the path of one
Leads straight unto the goal, the other still
Hath many a weary mile to travel round—
So with a silent gesture of farewell
They parted peacefully, in hope assured
To meet again in gladness.
—The Lady Inez fain would see you, Sir;
'Twas for this cause I sent for you.
—You are betrothed to her; 'tis therefore fit
I speak with you, for she is ward of mine,
And all her lands at present are my care. [*Exeunt.*"

—And with the fair future prospect thus held out, we bid them too farewell.*

And now there remains only the concluding scene, completing the catastrophe. My citations have been copious, but I present it without curtailment.

"*Palace of Burgos—Past midnight and before dawn—Don* PEDRO *and* MARIA.

"*Maria.* The game is finished, and the kingdom won!
By move on move, for many an anxious moon,
We've gain'd this wished-for victory; the board
Shows us triumphant—all is cleared away
That cumbered us, and now we stand to-night
Resistless as alone. Is it not so?
Pedro. No doubt it warms your heart to stand alone
Upon this devil's pinnacle, whereto
We've clambered with such zest—it pleasures you.

* I may add that the memory of Sir Hugh de Calverley still flourishes in the traditions of Cheshire—that he is remembered as a knight of gigantic stature, who brought home as his bride the Queen of Arragon—that he died without children—that the estate of Calverley, from which he derived his name, passed by marriage, through his niece and heiress, to the Davenport family, and is at present in the possession of Edward Davenport, Esq., of Capesthorn, Cheshire—and that Sir Hugh's monument still exists in Banbury church, close to Calverley.

Maria. Long have we laboured on the marble block
Of circumstance, and many a tool have broke
Whilst hewing out our end, and now at last
Our own device stands out sharp from the rough
And crude material. This gives me joy,
And should to you.
Pedro. No doubt, no doubt! it does—
Exceeding joy! I'm brimming o'er with mirth,
Roaring with merriment. Now get you gone—
I'm in no humour to be chuckled to
About the past.
Maria. What! when the thing is done,
And the long chain of deeds have link by link
Been boldly clench'd, to let your triumph fail—
Art conscience-smitten, to repent at last?
Pedro. Woman! I have no conscience—and what's done
I'd do again! I hope no more for heaven,
Nor fear for hell. Beware you plague me not,—
You do not please me now.
Set me the stoups of wine, and clear the hall. [*To an Attendant.*
Stay, bring me here a goblet. [*Drinks.*] Fill again. [*Drinks.*
Again—and get ye gone.

[*Opens the casement—the distant march of the* BLACK PRINCE *is heard.*
Ha, ha! thou'lt never beard me more! no more
Will thy advice be winded to my ear
At every step I take. Ay, go thy ways,
And let thy trumpets wail along the breeze,
For they have reason. Prince! thou journeyest
But to thy grave!—Ride on, proud knights, ride on!
But I have cozened you, and from you all
Have filched the jewel that ye valued most;
And now—
Weary Heaven's ear with prayers, ransack the earth
For remedies, abolish night and day
With watch unceasing, still the Prince's life
Is mine! I have it, grasp it, trample on it,
And none can pluck it from me!

Enter the Doctor.

Doct. Good morrow, noble patron! in each word
I would express the fealty of my heart.
Pedro. Ah! in truth,
Fellows like you must have a brazen face;
Did you not hear you distant trumpet-call?
How doth its music like you?
Doct. Nay, my liege!
I am your servant now.
Pedro. You've been an excellent sure tool, at least.
Maria. My lord, you're mad! you're melancholy mad!
And are most graceless to a well-tried friend.
Come, shew some entertainment; by my faith,
His services demand your gratitude.
Pedro. Gratitude, ha! Gratitude, ha, ha, ha!
You make me merry! [*Leaping up.*
So, entertainment is't? Why, take it then!
Here is the wine, and you shall have a swill
Will pay you for all pains—drink down, I say! [*Forces the wine on the* Doctor.
Maria (to Doct.). Nay, baulk him not—drink! it will quiet him.
Doct. I pray, my liege!
Pedro. Drink and be damn'd! [*The* Doctor *drinks.*
How like you it? 'tis a high-flavoured vintage
I keep for special friends—

And you are worthy of 't—and it of you! [*Aside.*
—And now, my mistress! we will have a pledge.
Maria. Together—from one cup.
Pedro. Ay, as you will—
I mean no evil, but a hearty pledge.
—Here's to the happy parting of a friend,
And may we meet him once again in hell!
—'Tis a mere pleasantry. [*They drink.*] You 'll see its force
Anon.

Enter an Attendant *with a despatch.*

Who comes? What news?
Att. My liege, these papers. [*D.* PEDRO *reads.*] I was at the gate,
When up there came a score of Englishmen;
The leading knight halloo'd me to his side,
Said somewhat of the livery I bore,
Toss'd me these papers, and—
Pedro. Death o' me! must I never more be quit
Of obligations?—Go, tell your Prince from me,
I want no treaty patch'd and cobbled up
By him—I spurn the thought of peace with Arragon,
With all its vantages, so bought—I 'll none of it!
Down, villain parchment! [*Throwing it down.*] Dirty matter, out!
[*Trampling on it.*
—Now, tell your Prince how I have trampled on
Him and his kindnesses—
On this fair written treaty, say, I spat!
Att. I am no servant of the Prince, my liege!
Pedro. Out, slave! [*Striking him.*] Out of my sight! [*Strikes him again.*]
I say, begone!
[*Exit* Attendant—PEDRO *sits down, and is silent a moment.*
—Good Doctor, do not counterfeit an ague!
Had you been glared at by a basilisk,
You could not more have trembled. Brace yourself,
And keep those coward knees from knocking thus
Against each other. I am much your friend.
Doct. My gracious Sovereign, I am heartily
Rejoiced to hear you say so.
Pedro. And feel disposed to heap you with rewards.
Doct. You 'll find me, Sire! most grateful for the scraps
You fling me from your table.
Pedro. Ah! indeed!
—You wish, no doubt, your full reward to-night?
Doct. I do not feel quite well—somewhat of pain;
Fain would I leave your presence, and what guerdon
You condescend t' allow me, I 'll take with me.
Pedro. You do not feel quite well—a little pain—
Suppose this pain should gnaw away your life,
Would you not take it as the quittance due
Of all your villanies? There be some men
So full of crimes that Justice shoves her hand
Athwart the common course that nature takes,
To seize upon her prey; might not this be
The case with you—suppose, this very hour?
—I see you do not like the thoughts I rouse,
'Tis a sore subject, we will drop it then.
Doct. Oh, for Heaven's sake, my liege, let me go hence!
I am burned up with pain—I know not what
Is stifling me.
Pedro. Nay, but the full reward,
The diamond ring! I 'm in a chatty vein,
And cannot let you go.

Doct. My head! my head!
Pedro. Tell me, good Doctor!—I am curious,
And you, they say, are learned in such lore—
Are there such things as devils on this earth?
I doubt it much.—How feel you now?
Doct. Oh! worse and worse, my liege!
Maria. Pedro! if you have poisoned him, 'twere well
To tell the wretch the truth.
Doct. Poisoned! [*Snatches up the cup, looks into it, and lets it fall.*
Pedro. Fool! did you think that I would let you live?
Doct. Poisoned! Oh God! I die—
What poison is 't? upon my knees—what drug? [*Kneeling to* MARIA.
Oh, lady! tell me—I have antidotes;
Speak, speak! upon your words I live!
Maria. Nay, Sir! no more—I 'm innocent of this.
Pedro. Innocent! You talk of innocence! The word
Should blight those wicked lips.
Maria. Pedro, have done with this, I do implore of you!
Doct. The darkness comes! Tell me while light is left—
It gathers round me, shrouding up my eyes—
Help, oh! [*Falls.*
Pedro. Nay, we are here—you need not shout so loud.
Maria. This is too much, to dally with your victim;
I cannot bear it.
Pedro. Woman, 'twas you who taught me first to stride
In Satan's foot-marks—now I lead the way,
I 'll drag you after me.
Doct. A priest, a priest! Out, fiends! what—touch me not!
I sign the cross—hold, that should scare ye all—
A priest, a priest! Not you, Don Pedro, no!
Maria. Now, God ha' grace!
This is too horrible—I dare not stay.
Doct. (*to Maria*). Leave me not here alone.
Pedro. Good friend, I 'm by!
Doct. Not you, not you! for by your side I see
Them crouch and nestle. I will none of you;
Stand off, stand off! [*Exit* MARIA.
Pedro. Ho, there! Maria, stay!
—She 's gone!
Doct. Oh, keep them off! help, help! the evil ones—
They gripe me now—I 'm lost! [*Dies.*
Pedro (*after a pause*). My hell 's begun!"

And thus the piece ends—the gloom thickening to the last—character after character dropping off and disappearing till the guilty triumvirate alone remain—the gigantic wickedness of Pedro looming darker and darker through the night of his crimes—while the distant trumpets of his departing victim "wail along the breeze," and the tool of his treachery expires at his feet—even Maria shrinking appalled away, and Pedro remaining alone at last, a solitary Vathek, in his glory and his abasement—successful, but with the hell in his heart lighted for ever.

END OF VOLUME II.

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